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Cosmopolitan

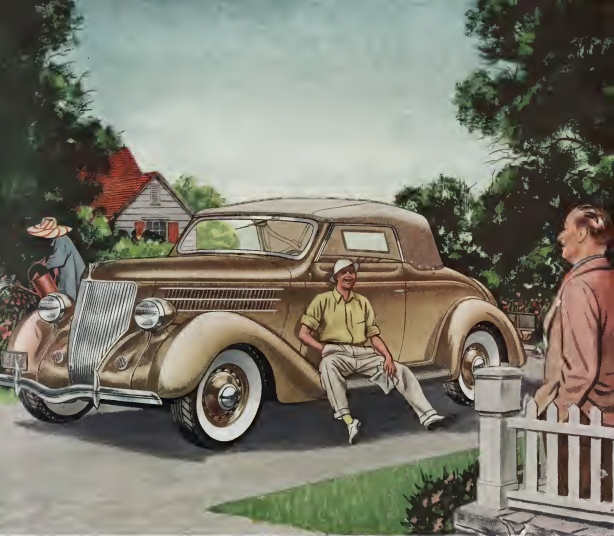
AUGUST • 25¢

BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

by ALLENE CORLISS

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART REX BEACH URSULA PARROTT ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

LLOYD DOUGLAS A. J. CRONIN S.S. VAN DINE NINA WILCOX PUTNAM



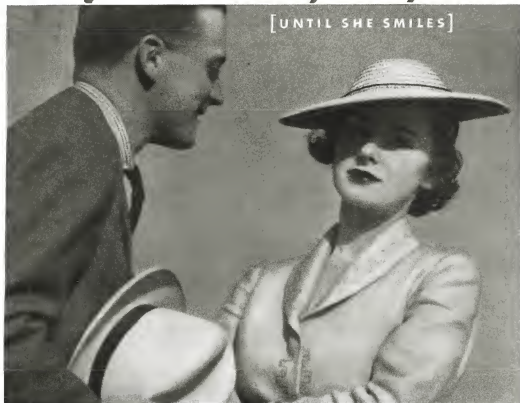
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MORE miles per gallon is a good talking point in selling an automobile. But there's something that means far more to you as a motorist. And that is more miles per dollar. You get this all-round economy when you buy a Ford. . . . Take a total of all costs from the time you buy the car until you trade it in—divide by the number of miles—and you will find that today's Ford V-8 is the most economical Ford car ever built. . . . This is not an opinion but a fact—based on the experience of millions of Ford V-8 users. That includes companies operating large fleets of cars, as well as individual owners. Figures show that the Ford V-8—everything considered—costs less per mile than our former four-cylinder car. These records include every motor car cost—first cost, finance charges, up-keep cost and depreciation, as well as fuel and oil. All should be considered when figuring automobile economy.

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It's immensely and vitally important—that first impression . . . when boy meets girl—when man meets woman.

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But if she's been careless, heedless—her smile may be just an unpleasant glimpse of dingy teeth, of tender gums . . . and that "moment of magic"—that "instant of glamour" is lost forever.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

For the sake of your own good looks and good health—go directly to your dentist whenever you see that tinge of

"pink." It may be a symptom of a serious gum trouble. But it is far more likely to be a simple warning of gums that need more exercise, more stimulation—gums that will quickly respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

Modern dental teaching emphasizes this fact—today's soft foods are largely responsible for tender, ailing gums. They need far more work and exercise than they get to keep them *firm and healthy*. And that is why Ipana Tooth Paste and massage is so widely recommended—so widely practiced. Rub a little extra Ipana

into your gums every time you brush your

teeth, and the reason is soon evident.

For those lazy gums waken. Circulation increases. Gums feel stronger. You'll notice a firmer feeling, a healthier look. They're less "touchy," and more resistant.

Ipana is especially designed to benefit the gums as well as the teeth. So when you use Ipana in *addition* to massage, you are using the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of teeth and gums. You are giving the really serious gum troubles far fewer chances. And you are adding, every day, to your own beauty and your own power of attraction.



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because they
**STAY
BRIGHTER
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H. P. BURTON
Editor

Hearst's International
condensed with
Cosmopolitan
(Published by Reg. in U. S. Pat. Office)

VOL. CI NO. 2

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1936**

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"If you want the truth—

—go to a child." And the old saying is certainly true, isn't it?

Here was the case of a young woman who, in spite of her personal charm and beauty, never seemed to hold men friends.

For a long, long time she searched her mind for the reason. It was a tragic puzzle in her life.

Then one day her little niece told her.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant. It puts you on the safe and polite side.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. The entire mouth feels invigorated.

Get in the habit of using Listerine every morning and night. And between times before social and business engagements. It's the fastidious thing to do. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

For
HALITOSIS



and
LISTERINE



OVER THE Editor's SHOULDER



E. M. Jackson's vivid illustration for David Garth's story, "Ten Goal Lady," coming soon.

WHEN Katharine Brush's novel "Don't Ever Leave Me" was running in *Cosmopolitan*, Walter Winchell gave it bokays of okays in his column. He paid tribute at the same time to "Anything Kate Brush plays on the typewriter, for that matter."

We have a new story by Miss Brush, a condensed symphony called "Mannequin," on the theme of passion and pity, with hard-boiled variations, as sweet a piece of music as could be played on anybody's typewriter. This, for the information of Mr. Winchell, Mr. and Mrs. North America and all-the-ships-at-sea, who like to read a first-class story.

COSMOPOLITAN circulation reached a new peak of 1,805,000 during the first months of this year, with newsstand sales of 175,000 more than during the same period last year—a sure indication of its strong hold on the interest and affection of American families.

WOULD you like to have a list of the United States spas about which Nina Wilcox Putnam writes in her unique vacation article in this issue, "Go Spa Hunting This Summer?" Write to "Over the Editor's Shoulder," care of *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, and we will gladly send it to you.

YOU never know what you can do until you are put to the test. Josephine Keizer Littlejohn had plenty of money, attractive children and an engineer husband whom she adored. Then came the crash, and all of us know how dark it made the skies for a while. But the Littlejohns pulled together as cheerfully as in the richer days, and with the courage that belongs to fine people in adversity. Now they are out on the other side, and the sun shines for them again. Mrs. Littlejohn has used their difficulties and triumphs as the basis for her novelette, "Dark Moon," which we shall publish in an early issue. It is reality woven into an imaginary romance.

NOTE for parents, worried about their flippant young ones: The young do not really mean the hardness they pretend. They are frightened and overwhelmed by the mysterious world that they do not understand, and so they cover their timidity with a cloak of hardness, a bright red herring across your path.

Agnes Sligh Turnbull, author of "The Rolling Years," a well-received novel of Pennsylvania life, has made a good story out of these frightened flippancies, calling it: "They Don't Feel a Thing." *Cosmopolitan* will publish it in an early issue.

ALLENE CORLISS, whose book-length novel, "Summer Lightning," in this issue reads so sweetly that it seems "swift as a shadow, short as any dream," is young as one of her own heroines, and lives in the setting of this novel, a Vermont town. She has been writing short stories and novels for seven years, has accomplished almost a million words, and every one of them has been published. And that is not all—she has accomplished almost three children. She looks like a little girl in spectacles, cunning and feminine, as she says to you solemnly: "The nicest thing about me is my husband."

ANNOUNCEMENTS of *Cosmopolitan* stories being made into moving pictures fall upon our desk as thickly as leaves from tired trees in the autumn. Lately we noticed some that showed the intense interest of producers in the *Cosmopolitans* of years past, as well as those of today. Among the new moving pictures will be Ring Lardner's "Golden Honeymoon," published in *Cosmopolitan* in June, 1922; Meredith Nicholson's "A Chevalier of the Cumberlands," which began in January, 1928, and Rupert Hughes' "A Nightingale Flies Home," from the June, 1929, issue.

Good stories are ageless because they touch the human heart closely, and that heart is the same today as yesterday.

WE WERE astonished to read a book review by Dorothy Canfield Fisher of "An American Doctor's Odyssey," by Victor Heiser, which is the nonfiction feature in this issue. We did not understand how she could review it as a book when it had not yet appeared in *Cosmopolitan*, and everybody knows *Cosmopolitan* publishes all its material FIRST. The mystery of the premature review was solved by an editorial note: "Dr. Heiser's book has just been selected by a book club and in consequence the publication date has been postponed."

Mrs. Fisher cheered lustily for the book, saying: "It is not so much a book as a man talking. And such talk! You'll never have another chance to hear anything like it. (Continued on page 6)"

Mrs. Pitt Took a Ride in her Husband's Car

—THEN SHE BOUGHT A PLYMOUTH, TOO!



"THE FIRST TIME I rode in my husband's Plymouth," says Mrs. William Pitt, Stamford, Conn., "I knew I wanted one, too. It just spoiled me for any other car!

"The Plymouth is so roomy...the seats are like easy chairs...it's so easy to drive that I never tire. And, since interior decorating is a practical hobby of mine, I am quite in love with the beauty of this new Plymouth, inside and out! And it's amazingly economical to operate.

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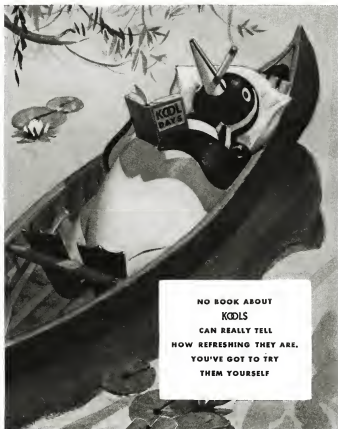
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OVER THE

Editor's SHOULDER

(Continued from page 4)

I thought as I laid that remarkable record down, "What a wealth of good reading for every adult member of the family—especially, perhaps, for the men."

It is not yet a year since Cosmopolitan began to publish condensed magazine versions of forthcoming nonfiction books—which is our own somewhat solemn title for our tales of actual adventure and truth. In that short time, we have printed Peter Freuchen's "Arctic Adventure," and Dr. Victor Heiser's "An American Doctor's Odyssey," both selections of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and Negley Farson's "The Way of a Transgressor," Literary Guild Selection and best-seller all over the country.

THE printed challis dress in an illustration for "Never See Snow Again" in this issue and the dinner gowns in "Summer Lightning" were designed for Cosmopolitan by Nanty Frocks.

LAST month, on page 8, we offered prizes for the most interesting experience that our readers have had with Cosmopolitan's time-and-money saving "Who Sells It" service.

Many interesting letters have come in. A Richmond man found he could buy a "really good automatic pencil" for a reasonable price—a dealer was located next door. A gay young visitor at Atlantic City forgot her bathing suit—but she telephoned "Who Sells It" and kept her swimming appointment with a young man. An invalid who acts as the purchasing agent for her household found that it saved her time and patience.

On page 7 of this issue you will find the "Who Sells It" service to readers fully explained.



This is Carolyn Jean Filson, sixteen months old, of Hattiesburg, Miss., beginning a long and joyful friendship with Cosmopolitan.

HOW COSMOPOLITAN READERS* USE "WHO SELLS IT"



* On request we will send the name of the reader who submitted this true example of Cosmoopolitan's service.

SEE in *Cosmopolitan* what you want to buy—look for the telephone symbol—consult this list for the "who sells it" office in your city. A courteous voice gives you the names of several convenient dealers. Save time, save money, save steps. (If you do not live near these cities, write to *Cosmopolitan*.)

[illegible]

Hemlock 51210
 3-57190
 74335
 Hemlock 63665
 5-01955
 Pinus 22272
 7-46502
 Wawock 02044
 4-51448
 Pennsylvania 63665
 Pennsylvania 6-69665
 (Grant 54326
 67200
 3-10135
 Franklin 71069
 Parkway 25644
 Prospect 30220
 University 41322
 Jackson 78119
 3-25116
 2-39043
 Randolph 95619
 Main 66669
 5-11227
 Trinity 2-60800
 Greenleaf 60206
 2-62919
 3-99932
 Anthony 91220
 4-42322
 9-44855
 2-32953
 Lehigh 61311
 239307
 Talbot 92146
 7-14448
 9-33846
 Republic 9-33846

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LEXINGTON, KY.
LINCOLN, NEB.
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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
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MOBILE, ALA.
NASHVILLE, TENN.
NEWARK, N. J.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
NEW YORK, N. Y.
NORFOLK, VA.
OAKLAND, CALIF.
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.
OHAMA, NEB.
PASADENA, CALIF.
PATERSON, N. J.

Journal Square	2.43
Valentine 71	2.05
	72
F-12	69
	81.5
Trinity	30
Wabash	39
	91
	7.66
	3.21
Marquette	05
Midway	61
Dexter	46
	8.16
Market	2.13
	6.59
Franklin	6.60
Pennsylvania	6.60
	215
Higdon	12
	5.41
Jackson	73
Terrace	51
	2.03

PATERSON, N. J.
PAWTUCKET, R. I.
PEORIA, ILL.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
PORTLAND, ME.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
READING, PA.
ROANOKE, VA.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
SACRAMENTO, CALIF.
SAINT LOUIS, MO.
ST. PAUL, MINN.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
SAN ANTONIO, TEX.
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TACOMA, WASH.
TACOMA, WASH.
TOLEDO, OHIO
TROY, N. Y.
TULSA, OKLA.
UTICA, N. Y.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
WICHITA, KAN.
WILMINGTON, DEL.
WORCESTER, MASS.
YONKERS, N. Y.
YOUNG, OHIO

Silverwood	2-4282
Perry	7900
Leland	4-1136
	7080
	4-3432
Court	2360
	2-0549
Broadway	0505
Gasper	3133
	3-4662
	4-7031
	2-2549
Glenwald	1492
Capitol	2780
Grand	1169
Midway	0181
Whisper	4539
Fascini	0912
Douglas	5303
	4-3399
	5562
Elliot	6682
	4-5443
	2-1167
Broadway	3168
Main	6531
	8264
	8348
	5620
	4-3212
National	8030
	2-4429
	8-2011
	2-2128
	4-1724
	4-1113

Write Us a Letter About "Who Sells It"
Win \$10

To the COSMOPOLITAN reader who writes us (in 200 words or less) the most interesting letter about her use of our "Phone to Find WHO SELLS IT" service, we will send a check for \$10. A \$5 prize will be given as a second prize. All letters must be mailed before July 30. Address: Anne Thomas, 900 8th Avenue, New York.

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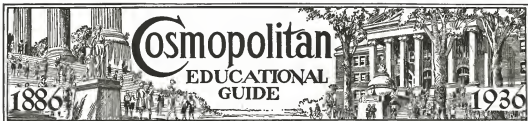
We recommend to readers the schools listed in the directory beginning on the next page. The heads of these schools will be glad to send you full information and booklets. The coupon on page 15 will suggest the details your letter should cover.

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August 1936

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THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Photographs by
Charles Phelps Cushing



Drawing by
George Sankilinen

TO

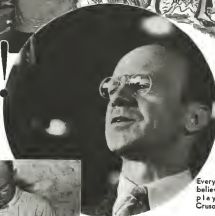
OUR QUESTION:

*What interests you most in
this Cosmopolitan World?*

Chores!

answers **DEEMS TAYLOR**

Composer of the grand opera,
"The King's Henchman"



Every man likes to
believe he could
play Robinson
Cruoe if necessary.

I MADE BUTTER not long ago. With an egg beater. I wanted to see whether I could, and it's a great comfort to know that I can. For whereas other men may be devoted to golf, or hunting, or backgammon, or what not, the thing in the world that amuses and interests me most is—chores.

I can do household chores—cooking, bed making, cleaning and dusting—without, I admit, excessive enthusiasm. But besides these domestic accomplishments I know something of several trades. I am more than a fair carpenter and woodworker; I know enough about masonry to put up a stone or brick wall. I can do any reasonably simple job of electric wiring, and have been working for years on a marvelously complicated switchboard for a toy theater, not yet built.

Incidentally, I am by no means alone in this vice of tinkering. I know a score of addicts, white-collar men who have the perverse hankering to practice trades, as amateurs, that they would never dream of practicing as professionals. I can, for example, boast that I am a pupil of Percy Rector Stephens, the famous vocal teacher. But it was not singing he taught me, but the only proper way of scrambling eggs, and how to frame a house and shingle a roof.

Ben Hecht, what time he is not busy with books, plays and movies, is an expert furniture builder. Richard Boleslawski may be famous as a motion-picture director, but his heart is in his carpenter shop in Hollywood. Charles Waldron, whom you saw as the hated



When not composing (top) or broadcasting (circle) the author can turn his hand to cookery, carpentering, woodworking—any of a dozen recreational jobs.

father in Katharine Cornell's "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," is a forger—I wonder if that's the word I want? What I mean is, he has a forge, his specialty being wrought iron. Another ironworker is James Stanley, the radio singer, who makes and sells the Stanlite, a patent piano lamp of his own invention. Josef Hofmann, the famous pianist, is another mechanic and inventor. The Hoffmann shock absorber has netted him a small but quite visible fortune.

My own amateur standing is impeccable. I don't pretend to make or save money by doing odd jobs. I could earn the money to hire someone else to do them in much less time than I spend on them. I classify my chores under the head of recreation and have made it a standing rule to do them only so long as they are fun. Once they become real chores, I can no longer afford to do them.


My favorite chore is woodworking. It is, of course, merely a refinement of the oldest brain-resting device in the world, whittling. I seldom sit down at a typewriter or a music desk, for instance, without having some pieces of wood and a few tools within reach. Then, when ideas refuse to come, I knock wood—or gouge it, or saw it, or hammer it.

The completion of almost every ambitious piece of work I have ever tackled has been coincident with the finishing of some job of carpentry that served to fill in the unproductive hours. The fruits of the last time I settled down to write a grand opera are not only "Peter Ibbetson" but a (Continued on page 102)



SUMMER *Lightning*

COSMOPOLITAN BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL COMPLETE



As the last skyrocket exploded into a thousand fragments, Ives said to Brenda, "Listen, Kitten, you're all chewed up about Julie Shew and me, aren't you?"

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

by **ALLENE CORLISS**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MCCLELLAND BARCLAY

*Modern as tomorrow is this
romantic novel which proves
that love, unlike lightning, can
strike twice in the same place*

THE FIRST THING he noticed about her was her voice—her lovely, light, breathless voice. Later, he noticed other things about her: that she was a small woman of twenty-six or -seven in a pleated yellow linen skirt and a thin white wool sweater belted snugly with a narrow brown leather belt.

Later, he noticed that she wore flat-heeled white oxfords with brown saddles and white wool socks and that her ankles were slim and sunburned and that a fair-haired child clung to her hand. But first, all he noticed was her voice. He thought he had never heard any woman's voice quite so enchanting.

"This is my daughter Michael," said Julie Shaw.

"How do you do?" said the child politely. Then she said, fixing her dark brown eyes on him gravely: "Do you think it's funny that I'm a little girl and that my name is Michael?"

"No," said Tony Conant; "I think it's fine. I think Michael is a fine name for anyone to have." And he remembered that years ago, before he had come to Westboro, Julie had run off to Paris with a young man named Michael Shaw. He also remembered that these law offices, which for five years now had been his, had previously been occupied by her father. She had undoubtedly come here today because of that and to see Cora Moffat, the elderly secretary he had inherited along with the furniture and the law library when he bought the practice.

He said now: "Wouldn't you like to look around a bit? We've left things more or less the way your father had them."

"Why, yes," said Julie, "I'd like to."

"Mummy," said the little girl, her voice sweetly plaintive, "you said we could go now."

"Yes, darling," said Julie Shaw, but she didn't go, and she didn't stop looking at Tony Conant.

"Listen," said Cora Moffat, who thought it was too bad that this grandchild of the man she had worked for for thirty years did not look more like him, "why don't we go buy a couple of ice-cream sodas?"

"I'm sorry, Cora. She's been ill, you see, and if I'm not dreadfully careful—"

"Please, Mummy! I want to go. I want to go with Miss Muffin."

"It's not Muffin, darling, it's Moffat."

"Muffet, I mean. Little Miss Muffet sitting on a tuffet."

"Not Muffet, darling, Moffat."

"I want to go with her and get an ice-cream soda."

"No, darling."

"I'm going to scream," said Michael, stiffening her small figure, clenching her hands.

"Listen, darling."

"Ice-cream soda," said Michael in a tight, choked voice.

"Grape juice," said Julie, "nice cold grape juice in a little glass with a straw."

"With a straw?" said Michael.

"Yes, darling. A nice little straw."

"Well," said Michael doubtfully. Then,

"All right, grape juice with a straw. A

nice little straw. Come on, Miss Muffet sitting on a tuffet."

"Michael," said Julie, "stop that this minute! You're being extremely rude."

"Sorry," said Michael, flashing her devastating smile on all three of them; "sorry, Mummy!"

"Never mind," said Cora Moffat, jamming on her hat, grabbing the child by the hand. "Muffet or Moffat, it's all the same to me. Didn't her grandfathers call me 'Toots' everywhere except in court for twenty years?"

"See here," said Tony, "you're trembling."

"Yes," said Julie, "I expect I am. She would have, you know."

"Would have what?"

"Screamed."

"Good Lord!" said Tony. "And she

looks like such a golden-haired cherub."

"I know," said Julie. "Well, she isn't. She's a holy terror. Sweet, you know. But a terror."

"I believe you're afraid of her," said Tony.

"No," said Julie, pulling off her hat, "not afraid of her. Afraid for her, perhaps. It's not quite the same thing."

Tony saw now that her hair was black and very short and that it curled all over her head in soft little curls. He saw that if she stood close to him she would come just to his shoulder, and he thought idiotically that he would have to bend his head quite a way down if he wanted to kiss her—which was absurd, of course, because he had not wanted to kiss any woman except Carol for more years than he could remember. Well, for six, anyway.





"I don't like what you've been doing to me," said Brenda. "See how you like this!"



"He was a bum," said Julie Shaw dreamily, her gray-green eyes narrowing, her flexible, beautiful mouth flashing into a smile; "he was a perfectly swell gentleman bum. Did anyone ever tell you," she added softly, "that he was one of the most brilliant legal men in the state, and that every Saturday night he used to get drunk as a coot?"

Tony drove without haste along the Valley Road. It was getting along toward six o'clock and there were people coming for dinner and Carol wouldn't like it if he was late, but nevertheless he drove without haste. He was tired, or rather, he had been tired. He wasn't, curiously, very tired at the moment. He felt, instead, almost exhilarated. As if he had had a cold shower and a rubdown and a couple of Scotch and sodas . . .

That last half-hour in the office after old Moffat had gone off with the kid and left him alone with Julie Shaw had been fun. She had said she'd taken the old Carleton house and was going to stay all summer. She didn't tell him but he guessed she'd come back because of the child. She was worried about her. You could see that at once.

He remembered how her hands had trembled; and later, she had said, "You can't do two jobs successfully, and for a long time now, I've been spending most of my time on the wrong job." He had known she meant that she had been neglecting the child. Not exactly neglecting her, perhaps, but just not having time enough for her. She had said, grinning ruefully, "She's spent the last four years or so twisting incompetent nursemaids around her little finger."

She had looked scarcely more than a child herself, but her eyes were not the eyes of a child; they were too wise and too gay and too tolerant. He tried to remember what color they were and couldn't. Only he was sure they weren't blue.

Carol's eyes were blue, the clear, virginal blue of a summer's sky; and they held that same clear, remote serenity. Carol was, he decided, the most beautiful person he had ever known.

He had thought that for years—ever since that day he had seen her for the first time at Dick Fellows' wedding in Springfield, Massachusetts. She had come down the stairs, pale and remote and virginal in yellow chiffon, her arms filled with cornflowers, and he had fallen in love with her and in less than six weeks they had been married.

Her family was one of the oldest and wealthiest in northern Vermont, and people said that he was a very lucky young man. Six months later, when both her father and mother were killed in a motor accident, leaving her and her brother Ives each a cool half-million, people still said he was a lucky young man. Now, five years later, he suspected that there were some in Westboro who were not quite so sure.

But what the hell? You learned in time not to care what people thought; you even learned not to think yourself.

He brought (Continued on page 130)

"Do you mind?" Julie said, and walked ahead of him into the inside office.

He followed her, a tall young man, moderately good-looking in an undramatic, thin-faced manner, with a sensitive, disciplined mouth and an engaging smile.

He smiled now and said, "It's about the same, I imagine, as you remember it."

"Yes," said Julie. "That is, the carpet is more worn, if possible, but the desk is the same and the red leather chairs and the curtains. It's funny," she remarked reflectively, "that Carol hasn't done something about those curtains."

Carol was Tony's wife. Before she had married him, she had been Carol Towner. She had a brother, Ives Towner. It was Ives whom Julie was supposed to have jilted eight years before to run off

to Paris with his young cousin, Michael Shaw. At least, that was the story.

Tony said, considering her thoughtfully: "It's funny, but if you hadn't run off to Paris like that I suppose you would be my sister-in-law."

Julie said, "You mean Ives, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Tony. "Weren't you supposed to be engaged to him at one time?"

"Yes," said Julie Shaw. "I was. I was engaged to him, and I expected to marry him. But I didn't. I married Michael Shaw, instead." She added, dismissing Ives casually, "You never knew my father, did you?"

"No," said Tony; "he died the spring before I came here. But from what I hear about him he must have been quite a personality."

FRANCE



*Here it comes—the long-awaited race
for world supremacy in air transport!*

Course: The Atlantic Ocean.

*Entrants: America, England, France,
Germany.*

*International destiny hangs upon the
outcome. Can America maintain the
leadership established by Lindbergh's
epochal flight?*

Wide World

AVIATION'S *Last*

EMPIRE IS to be carved this summer. In London, Washington, Paris, Berlin, groups of frock-coated gentlemen will sit around mahogany tables and mete out national shares in transatlantic commercial aviation. They will be mapping the new world of the air, the trade world of the future.

What they decide, the way these suave gentlemen partition access to the Atlantic airways, will constitute a landmark which to historians of the future may be as significant as the Congress of Vienna.

Dominion of the North Atlantic sky, as the chancelleries of the world know, will secure to its holders the imperial power and greatness of the latter twentieth century. The real Age of the

Air may well date from such forthcoming conferences.

The instant agreement is reached, transatlantic commercial flying will be an actual fact. Technically, it's a fact now, and indeed has been possible for two years. For two years the United States has had the equipment, the skill and the experience to establish dependable air transport between Europe and North America. For the same period France and Germany have been flying the South Atlantic. Only the fourth has not been ready, and that brought the delay.

The fourth air power is Great Britain, without whose consent nobody can move in the North Atlantic! In the international poker game in which the transatlantic air routes are the stakes,

Great Britain happens to hold most of the aces. At last she is building overseas equipment and is ready to treat with competitors, and therefore regular, scheduled mail and passenger airplane flights between the Old and New Worlds are now about to begin.

When they start, they will close the final gap in a system of some 250,000 miles of commercial air lines with which ten crowded years of development have already netted the earth. The world will have been girdled finally by commercial airplane lines.

Air authorities everywhere expect that conquest to occur during 1936. In all likelihood, by next Christmas there will not be an important city on the globe more than a week's journey away from any American industrial center, wherever located. Before snow flies again the

The steamer *Westfalen*, rebuilt as a landing island for German transatlantic planes.

Wide World

GERMANY





Flying "Clippers," like the above, will be our first entry in the race for transatlantic honors. Above, at left: France will make her bid with 37-ton hydroplanes.

Frontier

by
WILLIAM CLEMMENS

crew of the Nantucket lightship may be watching transatlantic air liners dwindle to specks in the hazy east.

Indeed, transatlantic air service has already started. New York sat up one night in May to watch the new Zeppelin *Hindenburg* arrive from Germany on her maiden voyage. The millions gazing upward saw perhaps only the beauty and mystery of the ethereal visitant bathed in the rays of searchlights, but actually she was an omen as portentous as any comet that ever painted its blood-red prophecy upon the sky. To be sure, no dirigible can ever compete with heavier-than-air craft in speed or dependability in maintaining schedule; but behind the *Hindenburg* is the great German airway system Lufthansa, linked by Hitler with all national shipping in a single thrust.

At the partitioning of Atlantic air,

Germany does not intend to be left out if she can help it. She has little to trade for privileges, and so she rushes first into the transoceanic picture with her Zeppelin. The *Hindenburg* is Germany's blue chip tossed on the round table. In considering the claims of the powers no conference can laugh off a five-million-dollar passenger dirigible and its claim of priority.

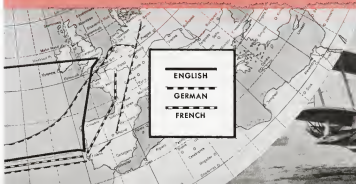
Though the Atlantic hop is one of the shorter segments of the world airways system, it is by far the most important. It connects civilization's chief financial, industrial and consuming centers by the swiftest transportation yet devised. Whoever can dominate transatlantic flying will be preeminent in the commercial aviation of the entire earth.

The importance of the transatlantic link has been advertised by the apparent diffidence with which the interested parties have approached the subject. Over the rest of the world air expansion has been swift, with an easy give-and-take among the nations.

With the Atlantic it is different. So far as aviation is concerned today, *the North Atlantic is a British pond*. Flying equipment being what it is, other nations must yet sue England for flying privileges.

Since the days of the Phoenicians, grandeur and might have accrued to the nation controlling the world's trade routes and the means of traversing them. Rome built post roads as her armies of (Continued on page 167)

Map of probable routes of North Atlantic airplane lines; also present Zeppelin course. Note "mother ship" in German route.



ENGLAND



Pittman, Inc.



The MAN who

CLARKE WELLINGTON could not remember just when he decided to kill Dolly. Probably the idea was one of slow growth, although he awakened one morning with Dolly shouting at him from her bed that it was time for him to get up, and apparently there was the idea, like a wart, practically fully developed before he had noticed it at all.

Dolly had gone back to sleep, and after he had shaved and dressed in the bathroom he went to the bedroom for a necktie and took a stealthy glance at her in her bed. She had drawn the covers over her head, however, to keep out both the light and the noise of the children getting ready for school.

All he could see was a longish and rather plump sort of hillock, very high in the center, which was Dolly's hips, and tapering off in two directions, one toward her head, which had once been pretty but now at thirty-five looked very little like the one he had married; and the other toward her feet, which would in due time be in slipshod bedroom slippers and would later teeter on high heels when she went to the movies or walked down the street looking for men to admire her. Not that things went any further than admiration. He knew Dolly. A casual pickup to pay her way into a picture show or for a free sundae at the drugstore was about her limit.

He kept on looking at her as he fumbled for the tie. He was seeing the bed

without her in it, but although there was relief in that, there was also a sort of terror. He was a sensitive rather than an imaginative man, but it was a long time since he had done anything on his own initiative, and as he neatly tied his tie he found his hands sweating.

The idea was still there, fully developed—except for the details, of course—when he closed the door softly behind him and went downstairs. The children were eating oatmeal and milk, and Clara, the untidy colored servant, was slapping down a plate of fried eggs.

"And you kids keep them off the tablecloth," she said. "That's the onliest cloth we got till Friday."

He looked around the room. The children were all right. He loved his children. Johnny looked like him and was quick at games, and Nellie had her mother's blond hair, but was repressed and too quiet. Neither of them looked really vigorous, he thought, and certainly they were shabby and neglected.

"Did you both brush your teeth?" he demanded.

"I did; Johnny didn't," answered Nellie virtuously.

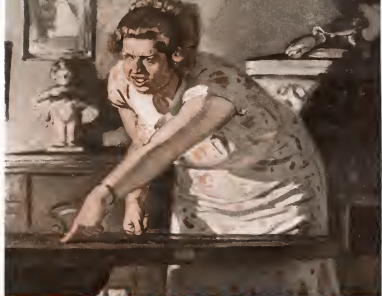
"I was afraid I'd wake Mother," Johnny defended himself.

Clarke picked up his paper helplessly. That was the alibi in that house for everything. Dolly was not to be disturbed, or Dolly had locked up the eggs, or Dolly was out and there was nothing for dinner. And he was a mouse and not a man. Well, even a mouse would turn—or was it a worm? He was not certain.

The children were wrangling over the tooth question, and his egg when it came was stale. He pushed it away and picked up the paper. On the gardening page it said that "Vegetables that may be planted as soon as the frost is out of the ground are 'smooth' peas, carrots, beets, parsnips, lettuce and onions." He always read the gardening page, although long ago he had learned that Dolly would never leave the city. Now he read it carefully. If he could take the children out of town and feed them fresh food and let them run free . . .

He glanced up when Clara set down his coffee cup. "Why don't we ever have parsnips, Clara?" he asked mildly.

"Mrs. Wellington, she won't have them in the house," answered Clara.



"So you want to move to the country!" Dolly shrieked. "Well, you'll do it over my dead body."

killed his WIFE



What happens when a man, goaded beyond endurance, sees only one way to freedom? With this theme America's best-loved author has written a haunting, dramatic story no reader can ever forget

by
**MARY ROBERTS
RINEHART**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HAROLD VON SCHMIDT



That settled it, of course. He drank the weak slop which Clara called coffee and got up. He kissed the children good-bye, using the tops of their heads because their faces were covered with egg, and went out into the brisk morning air. Not too soon, however, to escape Dolly's shrill voice from her bed above.

"What in the world are you loafing for, Clarke? You're five minutes late."

"I'll hurry," he called back obediently, and closed the door quietly. Dolly did not like him to bang doors.

He looked much like any other man making for his office as he left the house. He stooped a little, and his thin sensitive face looked tired; but that was all, save perhaps that he looked rather shabbier than the others. Which was odd, since he made rather a good salary.

Joe Smith, his next-door neighbor, took the same streetcar, but Clarke did not care to talk that morning. He sat staring out the window, and considered a possible vegetable garden in a possible future. An asparagus bed, for instance. One could buy roots and get early production. Also a few berry bushes. And rhubarb.

He was a country boy, and he could remember how early the rhubarb came. One pulled out the ripe center stalks and had rhubarb pie. As for eggs, the

hens would soon be beginning to lay. No storage eggs then. Going out morning and evening to search the barn and the haymow and even the horses' feedboxes.

He could see Johnny gathering eggs. Or perhaps what he saw was himself, long ago—a breathless small boy carrying in his booty, and not even knowing that there was a Dolly in the world. As a matter of fact, he became so absorbed in the possible garden and chickens—Leghorns laid well, and were also good for the pot—that he entirely forgot Dolly's connection with the situation until lunchtime. Then, counting his money and finding it had shrunk to almost nothing, he decided to forgo lunch altogether—and well, to remember her.

He lost no time justifying himself. He meant to save his soul and the children's, that was all. It was no way to bring up children—to neglect them and beat them, or lock them up in the dark without meals. They looked undernourished too, for of late years Dolly had developed a streak of meanness. She was always fighting Clara about the food.

"What do you do with all that butter? Take it home at night?"

"No, ma'am! The kids eat a lot."

"**A**ND YOU stuff yourself. That's the story. You'll eat yourself out of a job if you aren't careful."

Her voice would grow shrill, and Clarke would wonder if the neighbors could hear. True, the house was detached, but Dolly's voice had a peculiar carrying quality. When she fought him, and she often did, he almost always closed the windows as quickly as possible.

So he walked aimlessly about the streets that day at the noon hour. The sun shone on his worn shoes and his cheap suit, which was shiny where his office chair rubbed it. It shone also on his tall stooped body and his mild, rather gentle face. He was a totally inconspicuous figure. Nobody turned to look at him, nor did he see the crowds around him. He merely looked thoughtful.

What he was trying to decide was not how to get rid of Dolly—he supposed that would come later—but if there was any other and easier way out. He had mentioned a divorce to her once, in a moment of desperation; but it had been followed by such shrieks of fury that he had been afraid the police would come in. And if he simply left her she would keep the children, and that was out of the question.

If she had had any real vices it would have been simple; if she drank, or was promiscuous, for instance. Nobody could divorce a wife, however, because she lay in bed all morning and later on picked up men on the street to take her to the movies. Or because she was stingy with food and locked her children in dark rooms. Or because she had tantrums and threw things. Or even because she drew his salary every month and counted out his lunch money and streetcar fares and kept the balance.

Nobody, in other words, could divorce Dolly because she was destroying her family spiritually, making him into a mouse instead of a man and the children into hypocrites and liars.

It was not only Dolly he had to deal with, to go, he thought. He had to think of what she stood for: her refusal to let him do anything but what she wanted. He had to live with her as his wife for the rest of his life, and he would have another child. He had to live in an ordered house, and he had to live with the pinching on for a fresh shirt, D.C.

"I'll have to have a fresh shirt, D.C." "Well, you can't have it. You had one yesterday, and the way the laundry charges . . ."

He looked down at his clothes. Only yesterday he had told her that he needed a new suit, and she had been furious. "A new suit! I never heard of such a thing. A person would think you dug ditches."

"It's a year last March since I had one."

"Well, I don't care when it was. You can't have another. I pinch and scrape to get along, and if it isn't a suit or shoes or shirt, or heaven knows what."

He had turned and gone out, that being the only way to stop her; and it was probable that the idea was born then. For he had to have a suit. He had gone into the treasurer's office that day on some errand, and he saw Simonson eying him as they talked. It was when he was about to go out that Simonson cleared his throat and said:

"See here, Wellington, we're good friends and here's something I want to say. You're getting a good salary for these times, anyhow. You've had some raises in ten years that I know of. And you know the firm it likes its men to dress well, or as well as they can. Only yesterday the boss said to me about it." Then, looking at him, he said: "I don't want to say it, but for God's sake, can't you get some clothes?"

Clarke had seen the slow blood mounting to his face. "I'm sorry, Simonson. I don't like looking like a slob; but I've got a family."

"It's bad business, Wellington."

"I know it. I'll see what I can do. And thanks, Simonson."

So now he had to have a suit, and Dolly had all his money. She always had had all his money. It had started in the early days when she was young and pretty and given to stormy crying when she did not get what she wanted. Even then he had begun to pay a price for peace.

"All right, all right," he would say. "Have it your own way." And because he really loved her in those days he would add: "I want you to be happy, Dolly. You know that."

She had not been mean about money in those days. Careful, yes, but not mean. She was more careful than he was, and so one day when she said that as she did almost all the family buying his salary check might as well be made out to her, he thought it only fair and had it done.

He had been sorry ever since. Almost every month he had made up his mind to have a change made, but he would get as far as the office and then turn away. Because Dolly was capable of coming down on him making a scene, and at least he had kept the semblance of being a man so far as the business was concerned.



It seemed strange to him as he walked along that Dolly had to die because he needed a new suit. Yet it was an actual fact that if he had not taken that walk, to consider why she had to go—and the suit was a part of it—he might never have put his plan into execution. He had lost the habit of decision for quite a long time, and he might have looked at her that night and seen behind that mountain of flesh some faint resemblance to the girl he had married, and gone to bed shivering with remorse.

As it was, however, his overcoat was thin for that March day, and when he did go home it was early and he was shivering with a feverish cold. On the streetcar he bought a newspaper and hoped to see if there were any farms for sale cheap near the city, and for a time he forgot his misery in looking at one promising advertisement and seeing the children there. It would be fine, he thought, to take the children there and teach them all the things he knew; to show them how the apple blossoms turned in time to little apples, and to watch the first seeds sprouting.

His tired eyes closed, but then he began to sneeze again and became



Clarke had planned carefully! He knew the candle burned about an inch an hour. If he left five inches of candle—lighted—he'd have five hours in which to establish an alibi.

merely Clarke Wellington, almost forty and with a cold and possibly pneumonia, going home to a dingy house and a slatternly wife, and probably all his few handkerchiefs in the wash.

It was, in fact, the handkerchiefs which precipitated the matter. He found none, as he had expected, and Dolly being out as usual, he went to her bureau to find the paper tissues she used to take cream off her face before she put on a thick layer of powder. The drawer was a chaos of this and that, and he dug down into it without success. But he found something else, which slid to the surface like a mud puppy out of the ancient slime and served almost as revolutionary a purpose. It was a bankbook in Dolly's name, and it duly recorded that in the past ten years one Mrs. Dorothy Wellington had deposited to her account almost fifteen thousand dollars.

He stood staring at it, and suddenly his cold left his head and settled somewhere in the region of his heart, or his soul. There in his hand lay his ten years of labor, his small comforts and those of his children, the little pleasures, the

difference between penury and ease. Not only those, he considered, but his pride, his self-respect. They were there, too—in Dolly's name.

He put the book back carefully, and before Dolly came back he made a tour of the house, seeing for the first time with clarity the ragged carpets, the stained tablecloth Clara was laying on the table, the dirty curtains at the windows. The house itself was in poor condition: the plaster ceilings were cracked and the bathroom plumbing was out-of-date and troublesome. Considering that the rent had been raised—or had it been raised? Was that a part of Dolly's game, too?

He decided to ask her that point-blank when she came back; to assert himself for once and pay no attention to her shrill denials and demand the truth. The children came in before she did, however, and after thinking it over, he decided that the truth would get him nowhere, after all. She would still have his fifteen thousand dollars, along with the self-respect it had cost him, and he knew better than to try to get either back from her.

That night the idea came back to him

in full force while he slept. Probably he was still feverish with the cold, for he dreamed that he was strangling her with his hands, and he awakened in a hot sweat, shaking all over. He had sneezed, too, and she had awakened and told him to get out if he couldn't let her sleep.

He would have replied to that, but he did not want to disturb the children and—since the windows were open—the neighbors and the policeman on the block. So he kept very still, and after a while she began to snore again.

She snored all night now. She had, ever since she began to get heavy.

He always remembered the next day. It was a school holiday, and so the children were home. But there was no energy about them, and it was borne in on him that they were actually undernourished. Johnny's arms were like sticks, and Nellie was wan and lackadaisical.

"Why don't you go out and play, Nellie?" he asked.

"I don't want to."

"Why? It's a nice day."

"I'm kinda tired."

He went up to Dolly with that, looking more of a man than he had looked in that room for a long time. Dolly, however, did not notice. She surveyed him from her rumpled pillows.

"How are we ever going to get the work done if you don't get out of the house in the mornings?"

"You're not doing much work lying there, are you?" He saw, however, that she was about to raise her voice, so he added more mildly: "See here, Dolly, the kids look as though they don't get enough to eat."

"They get plenty. They run it off them."

"You have enough money to set a good table. You have all I get. Why don't they have cream on their cereal, for one thing?"

"Cream!" she said shrilly. "Do you know the price of cream? I think you've gone crazy, Clarke Wellington. Here I pinch and scrape to get along, and the way you talk you'd think I was starving my own children."

"Oh, you save, all right," he began. Then he saw suspicion in her eyes and modified his tone. "They look thin; the children, I mean."

"Maybe that dinky's eating their food," she said more easily. "I lay in enough, God knows."

That afternoon, however, he examined the bankbook (Continued on page 125)

ADJUSTED to a Tee

by JACK GOODMAN

"A BEAUTY!" said Barney Gillis fervently, as he watched a 210-yard spoon shot come to a well-deserved rest about eighteen feet from the pin.

Which was just as it should be. Every good caddy should feel a personal interest in the golfing fortunes of the man whose bag he carries, and Barney was the best caddy at Fern Groves.

But you would expect a perfect shot to have an exhilarating effect on the man who made it, too. This one didn't. Gregory Pearson watched the flight of the ball with a frown. When it landed on the green, he shook his head worriedly. And when he sank the eighteen-foot putt for a birdie, he frowned again.

He frowned because he was puzzled—and because it was the first day of June.

All things considered, June rates highly as a month. Poets make poems about it. Song writers make livings out of it. Question a lover or a weatherman or a small bird and you are likely to find June well up in their affections.

Gregory Pearson, however, was neither poet, song writer, lover, weatherman nor small bird. He hated June because it was unlucky for him. Intimate personal contact with twenty-six Junes had convinced him that the month bore him a violent grudge. Whooping cough, scarlet fever, measles, mumps—he'd had them all in June. He had been expelled from prep school when the headmaster found out who had smuggled the geese into chapel—in June. He had gone to the college infirmary for six weeks after stopping a fast-thrown baseball with his head—in June. He had lost his first job in an advertising agency. He had received a salary cut in another job. Both in June.

Which is why he didn't quite understand what was happening to him on this bright day during his first round of golf in the new month. He usually developed a hook as soon as June began. Today the hook hadn't appeared.

He had intended to play only nine holes. As he picked up on the ninth, he saw Barney looking at him quizzically. "You can't quit now," Barney said with finality. "You ain't never shot no thirty-four before for the first nine."

Greg nodded thoughtfully. The tingling sensation, combined with that slight hollowness in the pit of the stomach, which affects all golfers in sight of their best score, had taken possession of him.



*Lucky at games, unlucky at love
—or is it the other way around?*

ILLUSTRATION BY IRVING NURICK

and **ALBERT RICE**

"All right," he said. "Let's play a few more. It can't last—but let's see anyway."

"I seen enough to know that my eight smackers is in."

"Eight smackers? What eight smackers?"

Barney handed Greg his driver. "The eight smackers which Joe in the locker room is sucker enough to bet against my two. My two says that you cop the Class A cup week after next."

Greg snorted. "Not a chance!" he said.

"All I know is you wouldn't be no pushover for Sarazen today," Barney continued argumentatively. "You're booming them off the tee like you was a sixteen-inch cannon. You've taken twelve putts for nine holes. What I say is, my eight smackers is in."

Greg snorted again and split the fairway with a perfect drive, which caused two 30-handicap golfers who happened to observe it to press badly and slice into the pond.

An hour later Greg had discarded the snort. With awe, he found upon consulting the score card that after playing seventeen holes he had taken just sixty-three perfect strokes. And the eighteenth was a par 3.

Approaching the last tee, he played with the idea that his feud with the month of June might be over. Perhaps the law of averages was going to even things up by making this June exceptionally lucky. He glanced again at the score card and was almost convinced.

A warm glow suffused him. He fell into a pleasant, dream-like trance—a trance familiar to all golfers who find themselves actually playing through the round they have always dreamed about. He decided then and there to win the championship. He decided also to ask for a raise—on the basis of the excellent copy job for Poison Salad Oil on which his employer had complimented him highly.

"What is the course record?" he said.

"What do you care?" said Barney evasively. "Why worry about things like that? I know a guy once, he comes to this same hole needing a six to bust the record. He gets a seven. I know this," he concluded sadly, "because I am that guy."

Greg wagged his mashie with the nervousness of a man whose best previous score was 74 and who doesn't see how he can miss lowering it. "You can tell me. It wouldn't make me a bit shaky if I thought I had a chance at it."

Barney sighed deeply. "All right. And don't forget, you made me tell you. It's sixty-six. You (Cont. on page 109)

"If that's your ball," said Greg blankly, "where's mine?"



An American ODYSSEY



*Drawing by
E. J. Crook*

Reading from top:
Natives working under
Dr. Heiser's direction
in the Philippine
cholera campaign
of 1906; plague vic-
tims, Bontoc Hospital,
P. I.; the operat-
ing theater of the
Philippine General
Hospital—one of the
many Far Eastern hos-
pitals Dr. Heiser
helped to establish.

COSMOPOLITAN LONG NONFICTION
FEATURE COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

Doctor's

Celebrated healer, rolling stone, scientist, bon vivant, world traveler, prince of good fellows and great American . . . Dr. Heiser is all of these, and his autobiography, already chosen as a forthcoming Book-of-the-Month, makes the most exciting and amusing reading of the year—a richly human document that can be compared only with that other celebrated book by a doctor, "The Story of San Michele"



Top: Dr. Heiser. Left: The author at a Japanese Cabinet dinner in Tokyo—correctly shoeless.

by **VICTOR HEISER, M.D.**

Formerly Director of Public Health, Philippine Islands,
and Director for the East, Rockefeller Foundation

FOREWORD: Here is the remarkable personal history of a distinguished American doctor who for over thirty years has traveled around the world, his life dedicated to a single idea—the application of knowledge to the prevention of disease. Kings and tribal chiefs, soldiers and head-hunters, physicians and witch doctors, millionaires and the poorest natives have been his friends. The story of his wanderings is an exciting record of an extraordinary life.

—THE EDITOR

ALL DURING the latter part of May, 1889, a chill rain had been descending in torrents upon the Conemaugh Valley. The small city of Johnstown, walled in by precipitous Pennsylvania hills, was invaded by high water which stood knee-deep in front of my father's house on Washington Street.

Nobody seemed particularly concerned at the time over the dam which rich

Pittsburghers had maintained high up on the South Fork to provide water for their fishing streams. When the earthen dam had first been constructed, there had been some apprehension. There was a ninety-foot head of water behind the embankment, and only a small spillway had been provided. But the dam had never burst and, with the passage of time, the townspeople grew calloused to the possibility of danger.

During the afternoon of the thirty-first the overflow from the river crept steadily higher, inch by inch, through the streets of the town. Although it had not yet reached the stable, which stood on higher ground than the house, my father became concerned over the safety of his fine pair of horses which were tied in their stalls, and suggested that I make a dash for the stable and unfasten them.

I had loosed the horses and was about

to leave the shelter of the doorway when my ears were stunned by the most terrifying noise I had ever heard in my sixteen years of life. The dreadful roar was punctuated with a succession of tremendous crashes. I stood for a moment, bewildered and hesitant. I could see my mother and my father standing at an upper window in the house. My father was motioning me urgently toward the top of the building. It was only a matter of seconds before I was up on the roof.

From my perch I could see a huge wall advancing with incredible rapidity down the diagonal street. It was not recognizable as water; it was a dark mass in which seethed houses, freight cars, trees and animals. As this wall struck Washington Street broadside, my boyhood home was crushed like an eggshell before my eyes, and I saw it disappear.

I wanted to know how long it would

take me to get to the other world, and in the split second before the stable was hit, I looked at my watch. It was exactly four-twenty.

But, instead of being shattered, the big barn was ripped from its foundations and began to roll like a barrel, over and over. Stumbling and crawling, I somehow managed to keep on top.

In the path of the revolving stable loomed suddenly the house of our neighbor, Mrs. Penn. To avoid being hurled off by the inevitable collision, I leaped into the air at the precise moment of impact. But just as I miraculously landed on the roof of the house, its wall began to cave in. I plunged downward with the roof, but saved myself by clambering monkey-like up the slope, and before the house gave way completely, another boiled up beside me. I caught hold of the eaves and swung there, while the weight of my body drained the strength from my hands.

When my grip finally relaxed, I dropped sickeningly into space. But once again I was saved. With a great thud I hit a piece of the old familiar barn roof, clutched with all my remaining power at the half-inch tin ridges and bumped along on the surface of the flood, which was crushing, crumbling and splintering everything before it. The screams of the injured were hardly to be distinguished above the awful clamor; people were being killed all about me.

I was borne headlong toward a jam where the wreckage was already piling up between a stone church and a three-

Right: Native vaccinating against smallpox as a result of the author's medical missionary work in the Philippines.



Below: Galleon

Above: Japanese temple dispensary of the type in Culion Leprosy Colony in the



story brick building. Into this hurly-burly I was catapulted. The pressure was terrific. A tree would shoot out of the water; a huge girder would come thundering down. As these trees and girders drove booming into the jam, I jumped them desperately, one after another. Then suddenly a freight car reared up over my head; I could not leap that. But

just as it plunged toward me, the brick building gave way, and my raft shot out from beneath the car like a bullet from a gun.

In a moment more I was in comparatively open water. I was still being swept along, but the danger had lessened. I had opportunity to observe other human beings in equally perilous situations.

and left a number of buildings standing.

I passed close by a two-and-a-half-story brick dwelling which was still remaining on its foundations. I was able to hop to the roof and join the small group of people already stranded there. Realizing then that I was, perhaps, not immediately destined for the other world, I pulled out my watch. It was not



dancer (left) and a Philippine public school by the author. Lower left: The Philippines, founded by Dr. Heiser.

yet four-thirty; more than two thousand human beings had been wiped out in less than ten minutes.

For the remaining hours of daylight we derelicts huddled disconsolately on the roof. Now and then we were able to reach out a hand or a pole and haul in somebody drifting by until finally we numbered nineteen. We did not know whether our refuge had been undermined, but there was no way for us to escape to the surrounding hills. The cold rain was still driving down, and it was growing dark. We were so miserable that we decided to open the skylight and climb under cover.

There in the attic we spent the night, starting whenever we heard the whooo-sh which meant that another building had sunk. Dawn brought a transcendent sense of relief. The rain had ceased at last, and the water had receded until it reached only part way up the first story. Between us and the safe hills a half mile away was a mat of debris,



broken here and there by patches of dirty water. Scrambling over the wreckage, wading through shallows and rafting the deeper spaces, with an inexpressible feeling of relief I finally set my feet on solid ground again.

I started downstream at once, trying to find my father and mother. Everyone I met was on the same sad errand—looking for relatives or friends. Bodies were already being taken out of the ruins.

At last I met one of my friends whose house had not been harmed. His family



Ernest Gellman, Brown Bros.

Above: The Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, New York City; John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Left: Dr. Heiser lands a big one during one of his outings in the Philippines.

took me in, and gave me food and shelter. The people of the United States were unbelievably generous to the stricken community. The relief trains which soon were pouring in brought me clothes and money.

Day after day I searched among the ruins and viewed with a tense anxiety the hundreds of corpses constantly being carried to the morgues. Two weeks were devoted to this gruesome task, a most agonizing experience for a boy.

Eventually the body of my mother was found; my father never was identified with certainty. Most of the victims were buried in the "plot of the unknown dead," but I laid my mother in our own cemetery lot.

I was alone in the world.

The Johnstown flood ended the prescribed course of my life, which until then had been carefully planned for me by my parents. My education had been forced beyond my years. All winter long I used to sit (Continued on page 172)

Never See SNOW Again

*He was caught in the soft arms
of the tropics and a dusky island
beauty—and the natives said
he would never see snow again*

by **URSULA PARROTT**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. M. JACKSON



THE PRESIDENT'S BALL was as successful as the balls given by all the Presidents of San Bernadino always were—successful in the sense of being crowded. No one ever dared to stay away if honored by an invitation, since this President, like his so-numerous predecessors, was dictator in fact.

Yet even in the crowd, Geoffrey Norton was conspicuous as always because of his blondness. He was used to that conspicuousness, disliked it, but accepted it, as on the Island of San Bernadino he had learned to accept so many things.

Anyone present who was interested could have pointed half a dozen morals with him as illustration, but no one present was enough interested, except Anita Davila on his arm, and she was not given to pointing morals.

In San Bernadino City the present is

with the sugar and tobacco plantations and the American and Canadian banks that finance them. To these banks, housed in Spanish dwellings three centuries old, are sent young men from the North, under two years' contract, to learn about finance. These young men are paid higher salaries than they would earn at home, to compensate them for their exile. Some of them learn a great deal about banking, and go home after two years, or four, to lead very successful lives, and to forget the scent of the jasmine in San Bernadino's plazas.

A few of these young men (like Geoffrey Norton, for instance) learn more about *la vida* San Bernadino than about banking, more about the life that goes drowsily on according to some confusedly remembered Spanish tradition than is wise for an Anglo-Saxon with a future

in a saner climate. These never go home. In San Bernadino, it is said of any one of them, "He will not see snow again."

The sentence amounts to an epitaph.

Dinner at the Davilas' had been, as usual, lengthy, so that Geoffrey Norton and Anita Davila, his fiancée, were late arriving at the President's Ball. As they progressed in the long line of those waiting to pay their respects to that enormous mulatto who ruled San Bernadino by the grace of heaven, while his army stayed loyal to him, there was time to watch the dancers, to notice the long row of chaperons—perfumed, painted, appallingly white-powdered, gossiping chaperons, dreadful examples of the tropical version of women whose day is done.

Time to listen to the *dansón* music, beating and beating with a vague slow



One afternoon Señor Davila surprised Geoffrey in Anita's room...

A COSMOPOLITAN COMPLETE NOVELETTE

stir about it, a sort of tango music with an undertone of Africa. Time for Geoffrey to be conscious of Anita's warm arm within his arm, of her pale dark beauty, of her great eyes watchful of him.

There was even time for him to think. To think that her family was pure Spanish, one of the six families in the republic who could prove that there had been no admixture with Indian long ago in the time of the *conquistadores*, or with Negro in the careless centuries since, when the sun of glory over the West Indies was a very long time set.

(A hundred families in the republic claimed to be one of the six who could prove pure Spanish descent. Geoffrey used to laugh at that.)

The President stood smiling. "Señorita Davila. Mr. Geoffrey Norton. Upon your approaching marriage you are to be congratulated, Mr. Norton."

He was underlining the *Mister*. But his English was limited. That underlining might be accident.

Geoffrey was only sure it was not accident when the President said, "Well, Mr. Norton, you will not see snow again."

Anita spoke hurriedly. "I shall try to take care that he never misses the snow." So—she understood the implications of that English sentence, too.

The receiving line was pressing on behind them. Geoffrey bowed. The dance music began as they moved on.

The interior wall of the patio was lined

with mirrors. Geoffrey could watch Anita and himself in those mirrors, as he might have watched two strangers far away.

Geoffrey Norton, blond, blue-eyed, tall, dancing with lovely dark pale Señorita Davila whom he would marry in ten days' time.

Her warm voice said, "Do not watch us in the mirrors where we look like ghosts dancing, Geoffrey. The President did not know what he said. Tell me—are you happy?"

"Of course I'm happy."

If he was not happy, no need to trouble this child about it. No need to tell her that even dancing with her, with her altogether desirable warmth close to him, he could be haunted by remembrance of

other dances in a country where there were fir trees, not palms, beyond the dance floor; remembrance of going home from those dances through that snow he would not see again.

"Geoffrey, do you love me?"

"I have told you so."

"Yes. But my father forced this marriage upon you."

"Do you regret it, Anita?"

Very positive her "No!"

He smiled. If she had said "Yes?" If a miracle had been vouchsafed to him!

But no miracle would be.

She said, "If you had never happened to move to the house next mine . . ."

Why should her voice be suddenly wistful? He scrutinized her face. But her face showed nothing at all.

He tried to jest. "Did I ever tell you, Anita, that I happened to move because the new place had a better shower bath?"

APPARENTLY SHE did not hear him. She was bowing to three of his colleagues in the bank, who were watching them.

He could guess exactly what those three thought about him and Anita. It did not matter! Yet he guided her away from that side of the patio.

Anita said, apropos of nothing at all, "I am very lucky."

She did not sound as if she meant it. Whether she did or not, Geoffrey could find no answer. And he contemplated, not for the first time, the limited range of their conversations through the next half-century or so. However, whether they had much to talk about or not, her nearness was stirring.

A small voice within him said, "Take that for what comfort it may be." He ignored the voice. He gave his attention to the intricate steps of the *danza*. Anita danced beautifully.

In a little while she said, "You dance almost as if you were born here."

"In a few years one won't know the difference, Anita." Her glance was a little ironic, then. It occurred to Geoffrey that it often had been recently, and he said with some impatience, "I never have the least idea what you are thinking."

Her laugh was a warm deep ripple of sound, deep and soft as her eyes. "Of you. Of me. Of trousseaux; of wedding arrangements. Of my family's house in the hills where we shall live. Of the fact that I should ask you to take me home very early this evening, because I have so many things to do tomorrow."

"We can leave now, if you like. We've paid our respects."

Her repeated laughter had, as always, the power to disturb him. It was—it was so promising.

"My Geoffrey, you will never be as if you were born here, no matter if you live here fifty years."

He was contrite. "I didn't mean—" He stopped. He had not meant to sound as if he were tired of the evening, and her presence, but—he would like to leave. He hated these dances; the dreadful sameness of the music, of the wind in the palms beyond the rooftops, and within, the dowagers, the dancers, the much-decorated officials, the armed guard.

It all went on forever. And now it always would—for him.

So casual was Anita's chaperonage because since the wedding date was set that it was permissible to put the duenna in the back seat of the car and have Anita beside him for the drive to her house. She rested her dark head against his shoulder.

The night enveloped them, the blue-black noisy tropic dark. Beyond the oval of light the headlights flung was no reality except warm darkness, the stir of the sleeping city, salt scent and sound of surf where the road curved near the sea, and a distant beat-beat-beat like a heartbeat magnified. That was the drums of some dance in the hills across the river.

No reality, but the firm slim warmth of the girl beside him—and a short bit of his way ahead. The rest—the past, and any other life he might have lived, lost, gone as if the tropic night had swallowed it. Only neither the past nor the future he used to plan was recoverable, probably, in any blazing sunrise he might see.

So he bent his head and kissed Anita, who was inside the narrow circle of reality . . .

Outside the Davila gate the duenna stood motionless. Clearly, he was not to have his usual minute alone at parting with his affianced. The nuances of social intercourse in San Bernardino were infuriating.

Geoffrey bowed and started to make his formal good night. But Anita moved to him, put her young arms around his neck, kissed him lightly and murmured something. Then she went inside, her high heels clicking on the stone floor.

What had she said to him? She could not have said, "It is better to be reconciled to one's life as it is." She did not go in for uttering aphorisms. But he thought she had said just those words!

He was so puzzled that he stood minutes in front of the gateway before he turned away.

But Anita hurried up the stone staircase, dismissed her duenna quickly, and in her room alone shed tears.

Not often now, and not vividly—dancing with Geoffrey; driving beside Geoffrey; seated opposite Geoffrey at the family dinner table—did she remember another person.

It was wonderful to marry a North American. All her friends envied her. Besides, Geoffrey was very handsome, so blond and tall, if a little solemn. She was lucky! But when the orchestra played the melody she'd danced with Geoffrey tonight, she could not help remembering one tall, dark as herself, not solemn! Then her heart ached and ached, and she did not feel lucky at all.

If Raoul her cousin had not antagonized her father (who saw to it quickly that he left the island under the President's displeasure); if and if . . . Yet though Raoul returned tomorrow from Mexico, her father would still insist on her marriage to Geoffrey now. No use to weep. She had to do what he said.

She made herself remember that when Geoffrey kissed her, she forgot Raoul, nearly always. Very nearly always. She went to bed.

Long after she slept tranquilly and her tears were dry, Geoffrey drove about the city aimlessly, with no destination, but with a kind of rage driving him. Rage at himself, at Anita's parents, not at her.

And over and over his thought said, "What else could I have done?"

In that new apartment which he had chosen for the excellence of its shower bath, the living-room windows faced, beyond a narrow balcony and a street not much wider, a room where a young girl sat in the afternoons, sewing or embroidering or reading. Geoffrey had lived in his new home some weeks before he noticed her particularly. She was very beautiful. Shortly after, he saw her at a Spanish Club dance, had himself presented to her chaperon and danced with the girl—once.

He learned then that she was Anita Davila, the daughter of the Minister of Finance. Someone told him a story about her—that she had been in love with her distant cousin, Raoul Davila, who was exiled now, and that her people kept her secluded with unusual rigor because he had threatened to return for her one day.

Driving about and about through the dark city, Geoffrey suddenly remembered that story—and shrugged his shoulders at it. He could imagine that Raoul had swaggered. He had seen so many of Raoul's type! And Raoul had gone into exile long before Geoffrey began to watch Anita's pretty face through the sunny afternoons. Anita had never mentioned Raoul's name to him.

He and she used to talk to each other, after that one dance at the Spanish Club. Across the quiet of the street wrapped in siesta, Anita's sweet childish voice would recount the plots of the novels she read. And having heard somehow that his mother was gravely ill at home, she made polite inquiries about her health on days when she knew Geoffrey had letters.

Their acquaintance might have remained indefinitely on that slight basis. Geoffrey enjoyed it, even as it was. It was so long since he had talked to a pretty girl!

But an afternoon came when she said, "Señor, I am so bored. My parents are gone to the hills for a visit. I must dine alone. I must breakfast alone. If I were a man, I would go to the café of the Hotel of Columbus, have an *apéritif* and watch the people."

HE CONSIDERED with amusement the dimensions of the scandal if she appeared in the Columbus, escorted by him—or anyone else. But a temptation that had come to him once or twice before came then with much more force.

He said, "I'll mix you an *apéritif* if you like. I have everything here, even ice. Shall I bring it across to you?"

She appeared startled, and pleased. Her protestations were as he had expected. "But Señor, you can't go to the front door and ring the entrance bell. With my parents away, what would people think?"

He said, "It isn't necessary to go around to the front door. Wait and see."

He went downstairs and got a long plank. On that plank, walking carefully so as not to spill the cocktails, he crossed to her room and thus bridged the gap between Anglo-Saxon and Spanish conventions. He was tremendously entertained. He had not had such an adventure since his arrival!



There was no tomorrow, no yesterday, nothing real beyond that clear blue water, the golden sun—and Susal!

They shared some weeks of afternoons, a curiously unmodern relationship, something the generation before Geoffrey's might have called an "Innocent Flirtation." No *affaire*.

Geoffrey wanted an *affaire*, but something in standards, not standards of San Bernadino, held him back. From the island point of view, Anita was a girl of marriageable age. From his, she was too young, too helpless and innocent. He had no wish to harm her. He liked her too much.

All of which would have been, of

course, absurdly complicated to attempt to explain to Señor Davila, when one afternoon he burst through Anita's bedroom door.

Anita clung to Geoffrey, and the Señor raged and threatened, but it was extremely easy to quell the storm. It ceased when Geoffrey said, "I wish to marry Anita."

The arrangements of details took longer. It was clear to Señor Davila that Geoffrey would be obliged to resign from the bank. That was not a subject for discussion, the bank's prejudice against

having its managers "go native" being well known.

Geoffrey told the Señor also that he was not financially in a position to support a wife up North. Señor Davila said he could not consider letting his only daughter live in a foreign country.

Señor Davila needed a manager for his plantation in the hills, and he would indeed be fortunate, he was kind enough to say, to secure someone with Geoffrey's financial training and superior intelligence. He mentioned, in fact, that his succession of (Continued on page 162)

The Good

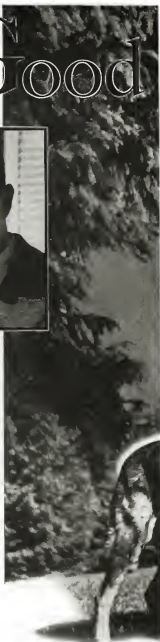


Richard Carver Wood

Alexander Woolcott (left) and Jack Humphrey, training director of the Seeing Eye, Morristown, N. J.

EVEN if you have never yourself been blind, and even if you don't love dogs, it seems to me that you cannot read Mr. Woolcott's true tales of the great dogs of the Seeing Eye without a stirred heart, Freedom and a Friend! Those are the gifts that bring bright dawn to end the longest of dark nights and lift any soul from despair. In illness have you ever felt an unhappy separation between yourself and healthy people who were moving freely and even blithely about their business, taking their parts in life while you, lying chained to affliction, had neither motion nor usefulness? If you've ever had that feeling you'll understand a little of what it means to a blind man to be restored to life by Freedom and a Friend.

BOOTH TARKINGTON



ABOUT A YEAR and a half ago, arriving a little late for lunch at a hospitable country house in New Jersey, I had slipped into my waiting place beside the host before I noticed one detail wherein this noon repast differed from all others in which I had ever shared—indeed, such a detail as made the occasion seem likely to linger even in the memory of one who does get about a good deal and who (whenever going without was the dreadful alternative) has been known to take his nourishment under the most bizarre circumstances. You see, of those of us who were stowing away the victuals spread on this New Jersey board, eight were blindfolded. Now, these men were under orders to eat in darkness because . . .

But perhaps I shall reach my point in fewer words if I begin by explaining the business which earlier in this year of grace took me overseas to Europe. I sailed to arrange for the extermination of two women—one French and the other English. Poison suggested itself as the obvious method and an adequate supply of prussic acid was doubtless available, but it seemed a pity to use one which, while indisputably toxic, would be so swift in its lethal action. Something more lingering would be the thing; something, as the Mikado used to say, with boiling oil in it.

It happens that a few years ago—back in 1927 it was or thereabouts—there arrived at the mountain village of Montpelerin near Vevey in Switzerland an

eager little Frenchman who had lost his eyes in the Great War. Now, he knew that at a blessed place called the Fortunate Fields they were breeding and training dogs as companions for the blind—those powerful, shaggy, lupine creatures which are properly called German shepherd dogs. To be sure, the English, ever since 1914, have insisted on calling them Alsations, on the theory, I suppose, that nothing so good could come

Companions

This is the Town Crier speaking . . . and it will do your heart good to hear his story of those shepherds of the Seeing Eye that, for the first time, are making this a world where the sightless can do something more than merely stand and wait

by

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

Author of "While Rome Burns"



Richard Garner West



Brown Bros.

Left: Morris Frank and Buddy—the original Seeing Eye team. Above: A Seeing Eye instructor watches blind pupils practicing with their guide-dogs.

out of Nazareth. And we in America (because some of the breed do do good work with the constabulary) have fallen into the silly and misleading habit of calling them police dogs. But German shepherd dogs is the right name for them. That's what they are.

Well, my little Frenchman was awarded an exceptionally faithful and intelligent bitch named Xenia and, after a month of training, off they went together into

the world. Some neighbor had had to pilot the little Frenchman's shuffling and frightened steps to Montpélerin, but he was able to go home with no one to help him. No one, that is, except Xenia. Jack Humphrey, the American in charge of the training—back in Saratoga Springs his mother named him Elliott, so everyone calls him Jack—Jack saw them off at the station. He noted with satisfaction how brisk and unafraid Xenia's master

stepped along the platform, how content these new partners were, how visibly content with the world and with each other.

He was the more surprised, therefore, when, a month later, a crate which arrived by train at Vervey proved to contain Xenia—Xenia, accompanied by her harness, her leash, her collar and her currycomb but by no word of explanation. How could (Continued on page 84)



Kougarok

Strangely enough a one-man woman can seldom understand a one-man dog

KOUGAROK WAS the best leader in Nome, and Jim Belton never would have parted with him had it not been for a dose of castor oil and a drink of whisky. The castor oil was in Kougarok, the whisky was in Jim and the net result was a profit to Mort Holmes of thirty-five thousand dollars—money which otherwise would have fallen to Jim.

Eve Belton never had liked Kougarok. Queerly enough, a one-man woman can seldom understand a one-man dog. Then, too, Eve was superstitious, and with Kougarok in the lead her husband's team numbered thirteen. The other twelve dogs were Eve's pets and she could do anything with them, but Kougarok ignored her completely. Naturally, she doubted the dog's intelligence.

Eve and Jim were at dinner on the night of the weekly stud game at the Benie Club—the first game of the winter—when Pete, their Eskimo dog wrangler, spoke from the kitchen doorway to say, "Kougarok little bit sick. All time sleep." "How long has this been going on?" Belton inquired.

It was his wife who answered. "Only a couple of days."

"Only!" Jim shoved himself back from the table and growled resentfully, "It's a wonder I wasn't told. Pete, get the castor oil."

"Surely you can finish your dinner," protested Eve. "After I've gone to the trouble of keeping it hot all this—"

"If one of the other dogs was sick you'd have told me quick enough. Come along, Pete; he'll take some holding."

Eve flushed at her husband's tone and the color did not leave her cheeks until after he had gone out.

Belton prided himself on his kennels. The doghouses were snugly built, and the yard was enclosed by a high fence

Kougarok defied Holmes despite his terrible lash and held tenaciously to the course his instinct told him to choose.



guarded at the top with triple strands of barbed wire. The space inside was sanded and graveled for summer, though now of course it was hard-packed with snow. It was well lighted, too, and sometimes the incandescent globes burned all night, for poisoned meat has been tossed into dog yards, racing dogs have been taken mysteriously ill just before the Sweepstakes. Belton was a careful man and he needed the prize money this year.

As Pete switched on the light there came a rattle of chains; out from the kennel openings were thrust wolfish heads with long, slanting eyes; there was a friendly thumping of tails.

Kougarok was the one member of the pack that slept unchained. This was because he had established his mastery over the others and cherished no jealousies or resentments.

Belton sank his fingers into the soft coat of the dog's neck and rolled his head affectionately; he addressed him in the tones of a lover.

Kougarok was magnificently furred: his inner coat, under the guard hairs, was as thick and silky as that of an otter, and although he was a huge, big-boned dog, he was so admirably proportioned that his full size and abundant strength were not noticeable.



by

REX BEACH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAN CONTENT



The other dogs were straining at their collars now; the night became a bedlam of wolf cries.

"Straddle him and get your hand on his collar," Jim directed Pete.

But Kougarok had never taken medicine. When he felt the neck of the bottle wedging his jaws apart he jerked away, upset Pete and flung oil over his owner. Belton swore, for his hands were slippery with the stuff and he realized that his clothes had suffered.

Followed a swift, furious rough-and-tumble that set the team frantic. Pete yelled as a fang pierced his hand, moosehide mitten and all; then Belton fell

upon the dog and held him pinioned.

It was Pete's turn to pry the animal's jaws apart, but again Kougarok rebelled savagely and this time he sent the bottle flying. Somehow, he flung Belton off and scrambled to his feet. Belton rose, gagging at the flavor of castor oil on his own lips; he sneezed, coughed and shuddered. He felt a warm trickle of the abominable stuff on his neck and uttered heartfelt profanity.

Pete was holding his injured hand under his arm and addressing the dog in an Eskimo jargon which sizzled.

"We should have put the chain on him," the white man panted. "He's

ruined my best suit of clothes, but we can't let him get away with it. We'd never be able to handle him again and—"

"Look-see!" Pete cried above the chorus of yelps from the chained dogs. Belton turned his head. Kougarok's bristling scruff had lowered; his curving plume was waving pleasantly and it was plain that he considered this wrestling game to be over. Between his feet lay the castor-oil bottle and he was licking up its spilled contents with obvious relish.

Jim had to wash up and change his clothes before he could dress Pete's wounded hand, and of course by that time Eve's supper was spoiled. Later that night, Belton told the story to the Eenies, without referring to the domestic squabble it had brought on, and it got a big laugh.

"Must be something wrong with your feeding, Notleb," Mort Holmes told him. It was part of the Eenie Club's ritual to reverse the spelling of its members' names. Holmes was Semloh, Hawks was Skwah, Fink was Knif, and so on.

"I'm feeding all right," Jim declared as he lifted the corner of his first hole card. "Kougarok is a skookum dog and he needs plenty work. He hasn't been getting it."

"It would be just too bad if anything happened to him," somebody said, and another agreed. "Sure! It would make Semloh's team the favorite. I could win with a string of weasels if I had Kougarok in the lead."

There was another laugh at this reference to Holmes' undersized racing team.

"They're due to lead the betting now," the owner declared with evident confidence. "You big-dog fanciers are just fattening the pot for me."

All that autumn, ever since his return from the Siberian coast with a yelping pack of lightweight Russian-bred Eskimo dogs, Holmes had been insufferably cocky about his chances for the Sweepstakes. He actually seemed to think it was in the bag.

Fortunes had been spent by these openhanded northerners in crossbreeding dogs for strength, speed and endurance, but no member of the Kennel Club had ever thought of experimenting with the strain from across the Straits. It was like Mort Holmes to outsmart the other fellow; he was always doing something

bold, unexpected—and usually getting away with it. That was what had made him the most successful, if not the most popular, lawyer in Alaska.

His enemies, of whom there were many, asserted that he would stop at nothing to win a case; his friends argued that he was merely shrewd, capable and ingenious. Enemies and friends alike agreed that he had the nerve of a road agent and that he was about the best poker player in town.

Jim Belton's quarrel with his wife had rasped his nerves and he drank a little too much that evening. The play upon which Kougarok changed hands came up as follows: Jim had a pair of jacks showing and he played them hard. On the fourth deal an ace fell to him and to Holmes also, whereupon the only other player, who was drawing to a small pair, folded up.

"Want to do business?" Holmes inquired, after some deliberation.

"You're beaten in sight," Jim told him.

"There's nothing to negotiate."

"What ails a pair of aces?"

"They're legal—if you've got 'em. Same as my three jacks," Jim tapped his hole card.

"A hundred says you haven't got more than two," Mort moved forward a stack of chips.

Jim waved aside the suggestion, covered the bet and raised it.

Mort pondered; he counted his checks before speaking, then he said, "Tell you what I'll do, Notleb. Here's twenty-seven hundred dollars, and the pot is worth having. Pull down what you've got in and put up Kougarok against my pile."

"Nothing doing," the dealer protested. "This is a table-stakes game."

Others supported him but Holmes argued. "You fellows are out: this is between Jim and me. He's got as good a chance to make another jack as I've got to pair my ace. Three thousand dollars is plenty money for a mutt."

Belton felt certain that Mort was grandstanding and had no idea his bluff would be called, but he had taken one drink too many. Then, too, Eve had been nagging at him about Kougarok and complaining that she couldn't drive the team with him in the lead. It would serve her right if . . .

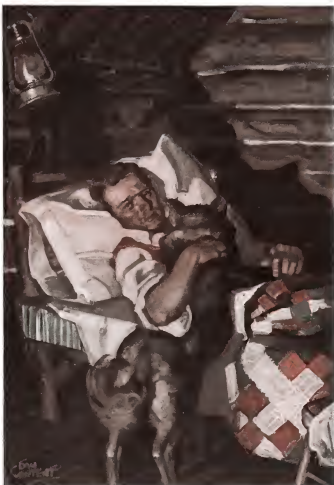
Before he knew what he was doing he said, "Take you!" and withdrew his chips from the center of the table.

The other players leaned forward; club members at the next table rose and came over to look on.

The last two cards to fall were a seven to Jim and a trey to Mort. Belton reached for the pot but Holmes laid a hand on his and flipped over his hole card, exposing an ace. He was grinning.

"Hey, Notleb!" somebody cried. "Show him the killer."

"He hasn't got a third jack," Holmes



declared confidently. "I knew from the start he didn't have it."

"I suppose you've got second sight," Belton said gratingly.

"Not at all. But you don't think I've played cards with you Siwash for a year and learned nothing? For instance, I can read Skwah like a book. He's always fingering his chips: lifting 'em and letting 'em fall. If he's got a winning card he lifts 'em high. He's a pushover."

Hawks flushed. "Wise guy! Notleb doesn't toy with his chips."

"No," Holmes exulted. "But he's as wide open as you are. Now that I've got the Sweepstakes won I'll tip him off—maybe it'll make a poker player of him. Whenever he makes a big pair he takes a second peek at his hole card. He can't believe his poor old eyes." The speaker laughed noisily. "Of course I took a chance on his two-pairing but I had the same percentage and I wasn't betting to win a dog; I was betting to win thirty-five thousand dollars in the Sweepstakes. Now I'm buying wine."

"I'll send the dog around in the morning," Belton said thickly as he rose.

The new Alaska is a different country

from the old. The radio, the airplane, railroads and auto roads have made life easier and speeded it up. The change, however, is superficial. Alaskan gold is still where you find it; climate and topography are exactly what they always were, and when the snows come, when quicksilver freezes in thermometer bulbs, when visibility vanishes and trails disappear, men creep about as slowly and as laboriously as they did during the Russian occupation.

Their discomforts and hazards on the trail are the same now as always and they still depend upon dogs to pull them. The sled dog is, and presumably always will be, the most dependable medium of arctic travel, for his spark plugs never fail; he needs no landing field; he can go anywhere, in almost any weather, and he carries his own radio compass, quite as accurate as the mechanical kind and infinitely more mysterious. As long as man lives in the deep snows the dog will continue to be his able servant and devoted friend.

Mortimer Holmes was a ruthless, unemotional person. Nevertheless, there was a soft streak in him: he loved dogs.



"Kougarok would give his life for you," Belton said. "I know," Holmes replied bitterly. "But not his heart, and that's all I want."

jumped over the two lead dogs and damn' near shook Kutluk to death before I could break it up. Boy! When he licks 'em they stay licked. And mind you, not one of those other dogs made a move to cut in.

"When I straightened out the tangle Cheater tried to pull the whole load. He came home with the curl out of his tail and his toenails bleeding. He's the best dog of his weight in the team, right now."

"I suppose Kougarok could feel him shirking."

"Sure."

After a moment Holmes said sincerely, "I'd give a thousand dollars if that dog liked me."

"Ain't it the truth? But he's sure got sense."

"Thanks for the compliment."

"I didn't mean it like that. He don't care much for me, either," Scotty confessed. "Know how I'm going to drive the Sweepstakes? Well, I ain't going to drive it: I'm going to let Kougarok run the show. I'm going to ride the runners and play stableboy. He's that kind of a dog."

"Don't you let anything happen to him in the meantime," Mort warned.

"Trust me, boss."

It soon became evident that Kougarok needed no watching, for he never picked a quarrel and hence ran no risk of injury. There was something wild about him which caused other dogs to give him a wide berth—a suggestion of incredible ferocity. The lighthearted members of Kougarok's team were forever trying into each other jocosely, but neither singly nor collectively did they presume to attack Kougarok. Neither did strange dogs molest him. They might start to gang him but when he bristled slowly, as a rattlesnake coils, and turned his blazing eyes upon them they found something else to do.

Belton was a mining man and a famous musher: he was one of the few Sweepstakes competitors who drove their own teams. Having replaced Kougarok with the best leader he could buy, he, too, went into rigorous training for the race. On one of his workouts he met the Holmes team and stopped to chat with its driver.

Scotty told Mort about it that night. "Kougarok recognized him before I did and froze in his tracks as stiff as a bird dog. I yelled at him—I bet I could of whipped him and he'd never of felt it. All he seen was Jim, and all Jim seen was him. Kougarok ups on his hind legs and they hugged each other, neither of 'em saying a word. When he spoke to me—Jim, I mean—his voice was thin and brittle. . . . Some men are funny that way. And dogs, too."

"What way?" Holmes inquired testily.

"Jim got the dog" (Continued on page 89)

In all that concerned them he was childishly sentimental, and from them he received the trust and devotion which human beings refused to give him. They were his "outlet." He would pick up any crippled cur, carry it home in his arms and care for it with the tenderness of a woman. It was by far his most redeeming characteristic.

He was both hurt and offended, therefore, when he discovered that he could not make friends with Kougarok. Here was something new and incredible in Holmes' experience, a challenge to his pride. He studied the animal carefully and tried in sundry well-considered ways to win the creature to him. Kougarok didn't actually dislike him—he had no positive dislikes; he merely treated his new owner as casually as he treated strangers. He was cool, reserved.

Back of the dog were generations of forebears who had known nothing except work, obedience, discipline, and Jim Belton had trained him well; therefore he withheld nothing except his affections. Those he felt free to bestow on whom he chose and he certainly did not choose Mort. Once in harness, he was

alert, obedient and lightning-fast, and his intelligence was extraordinary. He took charge of Mort's wild Siberians on the very day of his arrival, with scarcely more than a look or a growl. He became the Czar of all the Russians, and although he treated his subjects with a regal disdain, he soon made it evident to them that he would tolerate no shirkers.

Scotty Britt, Holmes' driver, had already begun training and a few days after Kougarok's arrival he came to Mort with a grin, to say, "I seen something today that I never seen before. You know that cocky little single-footer that carries his tail so tight curled?"

"Kutluk?"

"I call him Cheater because that's what he is. I've whipped him and I've stung him with my sling shot but he pulls just enough to keep his tug rope taut. If you tied an egg in his collar he wouldn't break it."

"Well, Kougarok got his number pronto and asked my permission to teach him the facts of life, but I was too dumb to understand, so I snapped the buckshot to him. After a while he whirled,



Above: Sun-bath beach at West Virginia's White Sulphur Springs.
Right: Springhouse and rock garden, French Lick, Indiana.



When the crowned heads of Europe "take the waters" they're really getting an inferior product! For right here in America we have the best medicinal springs with the greatest variety in the world. And are they good for what ails you? Well, if you don't believe it . . .

Go SPA Hunting this

by **NINA WILCOX**

ARE YOU the sort of person who thinks a spa is a part of a ship, or do you class with those who figure spas as places in Europe where rich people go to have disagreeable things done to them?

Personally, I am spa-minded, but up to a short while ago I thought of Europe as the home of all laughing waters excepting Minnehaha. Then one day my doctor, having listened to the small of my back through his lie detector, informed me that I ought to go to a spa and take a cure. I was delighted. This was something to look forward to, but it meant looking so far forward to the price of a steamer ticket that I'd need a telescope! Europe was out of the question, as I told him.

"Well," said the doctor, "you might go to an American spa."

This was an idea. Of course I knew vaguely that we had such things. Nobody could have motored in this country as much as I have and not have noticed signs which said: "Whatchamacallit Springs, 4 1/2 M." On the other hand, I'd

driven through many a Springs which had no sounder claim to the title than the fact that somebody had thrown an old bed-spring on the city dump.

I had also driven through Saratoga, but quickly, sitting tight on my purse and looking neither to the nose, the place nor the show. And at various other times I had cast inquiring glances at a dozen other famous health-spots. Now I began to wish I'd been less inquiring, and so did my doctor; for when I asked him to suggest a spa, all he could do was assure me that there must be lots of places and that I could easily find out all about them.

In the first instance he was right: there were lots of places. In the second, he was wrong. Uncovering information about American spas, and what they cured, turned out to be in the class with a dental operation on a hen.

I called up two medical publications and neither of them had any lists of American mineral springs. I wore out my tonsils trying to explain to one great

medical center that I was not insane but merely wanted to go to an American cure. They said I'd better try a travel agency.

So I tried several large travel agencies, but apparently they were not interested in spas unless an ocean liner was involved. They knew all about Vichy, Aix, Montecatini, Bad Nauheim, Carlsbad, Marienbad, and all the other Bad-good-and-indifferents on the other side. When I insisted I wanted to be on our side, they looked at me scornfully.

But with all this, I refused to be discouraged. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and mineral springs were to be found somewhere in the East or West.

My next step was in through the door of one of the largest information bureaus in the world. But even they didn't know much about American spas. I did, however, elicit one very interesting thing: to wit, the fact that an average of three persons a day, six days a week, walk into each of this concern's seventy-seven



Summer!

PUTNAM

offices and say, "My doctor tells me I must go to a spa. Where should I go?"

This got me good and mad, because I felt sure there must be many American spas, and that it ought to be made easy for these people to patronize them. The only part of being sick that's any fun is going to a spa, and these folks were entitled to their little pleasures. With the gleeful excitement which always possesses me when I hear of something I haven't seen in this, our country, I started spa hunting, and here is what I found:

First, I discovered that the best mineral spring in the world is in America—Doctor William Fitch, the acknowledged authority on the subject, says so.

And second, I discovered that the gayest, the most (Continued on page 106)



Right, reading up: Hot Springs National Park, Arkansas—our only Federal-owned spa; canoeing on its Lake Catherine; a treatment room at Colorado Springs; reducing baths, Hot Springs.

Wanderer's

*For every woman who can ruin a man
there is another who can recreate him*

CLEM FILLINGHAM picked him up at a filling station.

Knight said, "Going down the valley, Clem?"

Clem put down the water can and stared, "I ought to know you," he said. "Sure you know me. It's Phil Knight."

He stood waiting for Clem's face to change as men's faces had changed whenever he spoke his name of late; waiting for the withdrawal, the stony look. But Clem did not stiffen. He only nodded, screwed on the rusty radiator cap, said, "Git in."

Knight said, "Thanks, Clem."

"Tain't nothing," observed Clem, not knowing what he was being thanked for; not knowing how like a healing salve his casual touch had been to Phil Knight's wincing nerves. "Goin' down to the farm?" Clem inquired.

"Yes," Knight started to say that now

there was nowhere else to go, but he thought better of it. Clem's attitude had shown him that the way to get through this bad time—the inevitable adjustments, meetings that would be torment, hostilities he could not avoid, insults he could not answer—was to be casual and wooden.

Clem spat into the wind with the skill of a practiced chewer. "Cattle'd ought to be good this year," he remarked. "I'm figuring on feeding some, can I get me any, this winter?"

"I had cattle in mind," Knight agreed. "I'll start in with a herd if I can get hold of some money. They've cut the meat supply to a low level."

Clem looked disturbed, and the car jerked as his foot left the pedal for an instant. Knight knew what had happened. Clem had remembered suddenly that this man Knight was no longer a

man of power, a man who could command money to do whatever he wished.

Like stormlight over a pond, the things Clem was thinking troubled his lean, kind country face.

Knight relieved Clem's discomfort with a controlled calm. "I suppose you've been hearing a lot of talk since I—went away?"

Clem's unhappy flush burned darker. "Well, there's been talk. Can't keep people from talking some."

"You probably heard that I had money hidden away," Knight went on.

by **HELEN TOPPING MILLER**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY NORMAN KENYON



"Yeah, I heard it. I reckon it ain't so."

"No," Knight was amazed at his own calm. There was none of the strained shrillness, none of the defensive, frenzied anger that had made more than a thousand nights black stretches of frantic nightmare for him. "No, it isn't so. I didn't take a cent from the bank. Not even my own money. I lost more than anyone else."

"You lost plenty, then," Clem said without rancor.

"Yes," said Philip Knight. "I lost plenty."

"Kep' your farm, though?"

"It belonged to my mother. She died while I was—down there."

Clem Fillingham's silence lasted seven miles. Knight knew what Clem was thinking. That he, Phil Knight—not an old man, not yet forty—had lost plenty: a bank; a position of power and influence; the respect and confidence of a county.

Clem was thinking of that time of hysteria, of raucous persecution and public clamor; of the people who, feeling

House



Even at a distance Knight recognized his ex-wife. She got down from the car and came toward him, fragrant and lovely.

themselves betrayed when the bank closed, had demanded a victim. Perhaps Clem had sat in the hideous stuffiness of that Federal courtroom where Philip Knight was on trial. Very likely Clem's face had been one of that blur of hostile faces which were still part of the nightmare of his dark hours.

And by the flickering of Clem's upper lip, his avoidance of a direct look, Knight was certain that Clem remembered other things he had lost—Miriam and the boys.

Clem must know that Knight's wife had divorced him when he had been a year in Atlanta.

Only an hour since Knight had stood in the streets of his own town, looking about with the stony numbness of a wanderer lost in a street of fantastic dream. Nothing real. Here was a town that he knew, a town he had helped to build—and yet it had all been fevered and false and ironic.

And under a roof in that town had been Miriam, once his wife. Odd. The streets had been the same; even the

idlers in the shades of doorways were familiar, but the town and the roof and the woman under the roof were his no longer!

He had been a stranger, a man who had spent a thousand nights in the awful remoteness of prison. He had lost Miriam, her hair like an oriole's wing, her cool rain-colored eyes. And the lads, his sons.

He did not blame Miriam. He had never blamed her. She was built of that quicksilver metal that cannot endure a gross touch. Humiliation, the pity and condescension of people she had disdained, had been too much for her. Intolerable.

"I feel as though foul hands had been all over me!" she had flamed. Then her silver look had turned steely, ruthless as the glint of a surgical instrument honed to sever nerve and throbbing artery. Under the slash of it Knight's soul had bled but the wound had been secret, deeper than the blows that men and courts and juries had struck.

But he did not blame Miriam. He had

said to her, "Perhaps you'll let me see the boys now and then?"

Her eyes had considered him, moved away. She had said, "But Phil—after all—prison!"

Clem Fillingham said, "How long you been down there?"

"Three years and four months."

Clem spat meditatively. "Man gets kind of lost in three years, don't he?"

"Lost from the world, Clem."

Knight noticed first of all, as they stopped at the gate of the farm, how tall the grass was. One gatepost was leaning and the gate itself lay almost flat, held up by a rusty wire. There was no one anywhere about.

Clem said, "Well, good luck, Mr. Knight."

Walking up the overgrown lane Knight noted that Clem called him "Mister." In the minds of people like Clem his status had been fixed by years of habit. He had been the banker. Men had waited humbly on his pleasure to renew their notes or extend their mortgages.

Now his power was gone but the chilly



remoteness of its aura still invested him. He did not like this so well. He would be left alone, and while this would give him time to adjust himself, it would give him also more time to think than he wished for.

The rawboned tenant woman who opened the door of the old house had a trampled and defeated look.

"You're Mr. Knight, I reckon." She held open the screen. "We got your letter. You said fix you up a room, and I done the best I could with what we got. You didn't know how scarce we was of ever'thing, I reckon."

Knight looked around the big bare rooms in which his mother's girlhood had been spent. He remembered the house as the home of his grandparents—hospitable, comfortable, full of peace. It came to him with a jerking sense of shock that he had not set foot inside this house in more than sixteen years.

"I must have forgotten," he apologized. "I had thought that the house was furnished."

"It ain't never been since we been here, and that's eight year in November. They sold the stuff, I reckon, after the old folks was gone. I got you a pretty

good bed, but I'm short on sheets. We ain't made no cash money on this place in a time."

"We'll change that," Knight spoke with a confidence he was far from feeling. "We'll make some cash money."

"If you got it to start with you can make it," she whined, "but them that ain't got nothing is shorely in a tight."

The stairway had once been beautiful, but now the white plaster was grimed with a dado of dirty hand prints. In a front room above a bed had been set up, covered with a faded but clean quilt.

"There's a wash pan on the back porch." The woman fidgeted nervously at the window. "It ain't what you been used to, but it's all we got."

He would, Knight told her, get along very well. He would have things sent out. Then he recalled, with a queer feeling of unreality, that he could no longer have things sent out.

In the house where he had lived, the house he had built and given to Miriam, were stacks of fluffy towels, deep downy mattresses and luxurious baths. But none of these were his any more. He had bestowed them, with a gesture of proud bitterness, upon the woman who had

refused to stand with him in adversity. He could not take them back.

He had almost no money. Everything had gone in his frenzied effort to save the bank from ruin. Even his insurance was hypothecated. He had no credit.

He felt the knobby bed, a bed as unfriendly as the bunks of the prison, and a grim grin dragged at the corners of his mouth. At least he had one thing to work for. He would work to buy himself a decent bed.

The tenant's name was Hensley and he was of the same listless stripe as his wife. Their fourteen-year-old son, Rance, was a bony boy with great eager, hungry eyes.

"This boy needs milk," Knight said when the supper was set out on a yellow oilcloth.

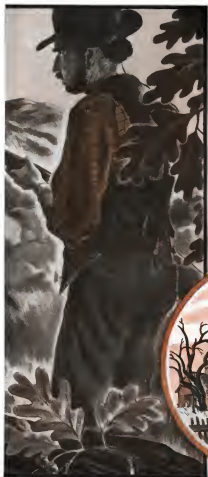
"Can't nobody make him drink it," sighed the woman.

"Put some meat on you, make a football player of you," Knight told the boy.

"He ain't been to school in two years. I want he should go, but there's always corn and taters to hoe."

"I'll work on the corn and potatoes now, Rance."

Rance's father asked dryly, "You ever



which were a tenant's idea of cultivation.

There had been little that was encouraging in the survey. Land worn thin, leaking barns and leaning fences. And back at the house the unending incense of Mrs. Hensley's frying pan.

For half the day Rance had followed him, pointing out gopher holes, stumps where bee trees had been cut, but a whoop from the barn lot had recalled Rance, so Knight had climbed the slope alone. He wanted to be alone for a space, for he ached to let his gnawing depression have its

aloud, and as sharply a horse nickered beyond the wall. Knight jumped up quickly.

Behind the clambering tangle of woodbine a slim sorrel mare was snorting at him. On her back sat a dark-haired young woman dressed in worn breeches, a dark jersey and a crimson берет.

"Good afternoon," greeted this stranger. "I'm glad to find you here. I was just riding over to call."

"How do you do?" Knight replied in some confusion. "I've been looking over the place. I was sitting here resting."

The young woman cantered down the wall, found a low place and was over like a swallow. "I heard you had come." She leaned from the saddle and extended a hand in a worn and darkened glove. "I'm your neighbor. You've forgotten me, of course, but I haven't forgotten you. I'm Harriet Himber."

"No," Knight had a confused flash of memory. "I haven't forgotten. You lived in a brick house. But you've grown up! How old were we?"

"I was fourteen. I'm past thirty now. Mind if I get down? I was coming calling, anyway. Custom of the country. You're looking well."

Knight managed a grin. "You might finish it," he suggested dryly. "You can say that I'm looking well after three years in jail. I don't mind. I am well. They treated me splendidly down there. I had a pillowcase and canned milk in my coffee. When I left they gave me ten dollars—also a custom of the country."

She laughed, and there was music in it. Homely music that comforted the man's ears. Like apples falling; like a fire laying hold on a birch log; like a kettle singing on the stove.

"I understand you're staying on." She slipped the rein to let the mare graze and came to stand beside him under the walnut tree. "That's a good thing. Good for you and for the country. We need more resident owners—some brains plowed into this soil that has been share-cropped to destruction."

"I'm thinking about feeding steers," Knight told her, which was partly true. He was thinking of cattle, but also he was thinking of this young woman. He remembered her as a small creature with the wild sweet bitterness of mountain honey about her; a scornful competence in the matter of tall trees and tall gates, and moments of quick compassion. Her eyes were very dark still, and the bony structure of her face was still outlined by olive shadows. Her mouth was wide, humorous, sweet and brightly red. She held the rein lightly, indulging the mare where a clump of blue grass offered.

"Cattle are good," she agreed. "If you want to start, I have all the books and bulletins and I know where to buy calves. Are your family coming out here?"

A hydra-head of old pain and anger smote him with savage fangs. He waited a breath, beat (Continued on page 75)

"You ruin me, Knight," Shelton snarled. "Now I want your yaller hide."



pulled a patch of fodder, Mr. Knight?" "No, but I'll do it. This place used to make money and we'll make it pay again. Enough so Rance, here, can have an old flivver to drive to school in the winter."

Rance glowed suddenly, as though a lamp had been lighted behind his eyes. "In the morning I'd like to look over the stock we have to start with." Knight tried to drink the discouraged coffee, aware of nervous anxiety in the woman's eyes.

"Well, you won't see much," gloomed Hensley.

It was late afternoon of the following day when Knight, weary of tramping over what was now his domain, sat down to rest under a walnut tree on a high knoll. An old stone wall, the boundary, scrambled down the slope, and woodbine and briars had made it beautiful. Beyond was a woodland belonging to the adjoining farm.

He wore riding breeches and boots much too fine for farm use, but they were all he had. The day had been hot and he had walked far over fallow fields grown to cockleburrs, through Hensley's small corn planting and the "patches"

way with him. His spine was weary from much stiffening, his jaw cramped from having been so long grimly set.

He lay flat and stared up into the tree, futility stirring sourly in his blood. Not even in prison had he been so low in his mind, so bitter. Other men had cheated, he was thinking, and had gone free. He had tried not to cheat, had taken what came on the chin, without evasion.

But now there appeared no special valor in continued martyrdom. He had had lofty ideas about sticking in the county, fighting back, making people acknowledge and respect him. Lying there, facing the issue fairly, he knew that what he had actually desired was to make Miriam acknowledge and respect him. He wanted success; wanted to drag it from this stony soil by sheer strength and stoic patience, so that he could flaunt it before her disdainful eyes. The irony of this was dry, now, and ashy in his mouth.

Ten years at least would be needed to bring this farm back to profitable cultivation. And what woman who would not stick to her man was worth ten years of a man's life?

He laughed suddenly, harshly and

Right: Langenburg Castle, the medieval family seat of Gloria M. Vanderbilt's former fiancé, Prince Hohenlohe. Below: The Derby, Epsom Downs.



A. G. Jones

Without Prejudice

Mrs. Vanderbilt is presented at the Court of St. James's—renews acquaintance with the Prince of Wales—takes King Alfonso to a party—joins the gayest Riviera society—and then is suddenly called to America to face the most tragic moment of her life...

THERE IS no cold so penetrating as that of Paris in the winter, but it could not have been bleaker than the situation which faced us all when Prince Hohenlohe's mother came from Langenburg to see me.

She was a mild, sad woman with the irreproachable manners and charm of those born to a great position. She begged me to reconsider my decision in regard to Friedel. We talked for four hours, and when she left I had written "finis" for Friedel and for me. We never dreamed that an occasion would ever arise when either of us would have to defend any part of that brief and happy interlude before a curious world.

Mamma's peculiarities were piling up for her a condition that could no longer be ignored. Her interference went battling through the air until we were all in a constant ferment. I had left for America with instructions to my butler to put all my silver in the safe, and when I returned he met me with the information that he had been dismissed.

"I have just arrived; how could I dismiss you?" I said.

He replied that Mrs. Morgan had dismissed him because he had refused to take out the silver for a luncheon she had given the week before.

My retaining him in spite of Mamma's objections brought on a scene. When there were no scenes, the atmosphere was filled with a nerve-racking trepidation and unrest.

I moved from my apartment to a house in the Rue Alfred-Roll in which there was no room for my mother, for I was resolved that scenes like this would never be repeated if I could prevent it:

A child's sobbing—prolonged, dry sobs . . . I walk into the room to find out the cause.

"What is it? What has happened, Gloria?"

"My Nanny—my Nanny, she says she is going to leave me and go across the ocean and the boat will sink and I'll never see her again. Oh, Mummy, don't let my Nanny die!"

"Did you tell her that, Mamma?" I ask. And then my mother's lips tighten ominously and my little girl becomes like a vibrating tension gadget—rocked back and forth by my mother's uncontrolled emotions.

Whether my mother felt such a playing on the child's sympathies would force me to reconsider her as a member of my household, or whether it was purely the disturbing element in her character, no

one will ever know. I only remember one thing—deadly, steely.

When I leased the Rue Alfred-Roll house, I informed Mamma that Thelma and I were making her a joint allowance and that she could live in a hotel near by, coming to me for luncheon. "If you think I am never going to live with you," she answered, "I will see you never live with your child either! I'll drag you through every bit of mud in the streets."

She had a volcanic way of saying things. This was so much a part of our lives that her remark had no particular emphasis then, but in this circumstance lay the first turn of the screw.

There are certain spots on earth where Nature displays a passionate intensity; where her sun blazes more brilliantly, her skies flare with more color,



Oval: The author in the costume she wore at her presentation at the Court of St. James's in 1932. Below: Her mother, Laura Kilpatrick Morgan, and little Glorie on her pony.



International Newsphotos



A loyal friend: Lady Milford Haven, daughter of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia.

by

GLORIA M. VANDERBILT

Such a place is Cannes. The summer of 1929 saw me installed there. For all its blurred outline, that season stands out as the beginning of a friendship which was to be strong, understanding and enduring, for it was at Cannes I met Lady Milford Haven.

It is scarcely possible to describe Nadejda Milford Haven except by saying she descends on one like a whirlwind. She has a glowing, radiant personality—gay, and entirely Russian.

Her father was the Grand Duke Michael of Russia. As the result of a morganatic marriage with her mother, the Countess Torby, he was required by Russian law to forfeit all but his private fortune, and so he came to England to live. "Nada" married Prince George of

Battenberg, whose grandmother was Princess Alice, daughter of Queen Victoria. In 1917, the House of Battenberg by royal decree changed its name to Mountbatten, Prince George's father assuming the title of Marquess of Milford Haven.

Prince George's aunt was the ill-fated Czarina of Russia, and he was a first cousin of King George; also Nada's father, the Grand Duke Michael, was related to the royal house of England—how closely I was to be made aware through an unexpected and dramatic incident that occurred the night of my presentation at the Court of St. James's.

What ignites the spark of friendship—the law of opposites, perhaps? I had always been extremely shy and inarticulate, owing to a stammer, which I had never been able to overcome. Nada talks with a rush (Continued on page 158)

her air is more exotic—where all her beauty has a deeper sensuous meaning, and where one finds the inflammable combination of beautiful women and expertly fascinating men.

by **S. S. VAN DINE**

Author of "The Garden Murder Case," etc.

The K I D N A P

Murder Case

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM WEBB

In the First Installment:

THE OPEN window, the ladder, the ransom note concocted from newspaper headings and signed with two interlocking squares outlined in black—all the details surrounding Kaspar Kenting's sudden disappearance from his home, the Purple House on West Eighty-sixth Street, pointed to a kidnapping.

But after Philo Vance had talked with Kaspar's wife Madeline; with his brother Kenyon; with Fleel, the Kenting family lawyer; with the Falloways, Madeline's mother and brother who also lived at Purple House; and with Porter Quaggy who had been out with Kaspar

until three o'clock on that tragic morning of July twentieth—he began to suspect that, behind the demand for a fifty-thousand-dollar ransom, there was something more diabolical than an urgent need for money.

Kaspar Kenting's gambling debts were heavy. He had apparently been trying to borrow fifty thousand dollars from Kenyon, who controlled the money left by their father. When Kenyon turned him down, it was reported that he tried—with no better luck—to get thirty thousand from Fleel, who was co-executor of old Karl Kenting's estate.

Mrs. Kenting told of two sinister-looking men who had come to see Kaspar on

business a few days before his disappearance, but neither Vance nor District Attorney Markham, who had asked his help, seemed impressed by the story.

Markham at the moment was much annoyed because Vance had interrupted the routine investigation in order to inspect the late Karl Kenting's collection of semi-precious stones which, to the district attorney's practical mind, had no bearing on the case at all. He was far more disturbed at the discovery that Kaspar's pajamas, comb and toothbrush were missing than he was at Vance's remark that the collection of stones was strangely incomplete. Yet both facts were significant, as events of the following days were to show only too well.

ULTIMATUM

(Thursday, July 21; 10 A.M.)

THE NEXT MORNING, shortly before ten o'clock, Markham telephoned Vance at his apartment, and I answered.



The signal flashed; the floodlights went on.



and the heavily cloaked figure was instantly in the grasp of the two detectives.

"Tell Vance," came the district attorney's peremptory voice, "I think he'd better come down to my office at once. Fleel is here, and I'll keep him engaged till Vance arrives."

We arrived at Markham's office a half-hour later. Markham was seated at his desk, looking decidedly troubled; and in a large chair before him sat Fleel.

After cursory greetings Markham announced: "The instructions promised in the ransom note have been received. A note came in Mr. Fleel's mail this morning, and he brought it directly to me. And I think you, too, ought to see this note immediately. Vance, as it is obvious something must be done about it at once."

He picked up the small sheet of paper before him and held it out to Vance. It was a piece of ruled notepaper, folded twice. The quality was of a cheap, coarse nature, such as comes in thick tablets which can be bought for a trifle at any stationer's. The writing on it was in pencil, in an obviously disguised hand. Half of the letters were printed, and whether it was the composition of an

illiterate person, or purposely designed to give the impression of ignorance on the writer's part, I could not tell as I looked at it over Vance's shoulder.

"I say, let's see the envelope," Vance requested. "That's rather important, don't y' know."

Markham shot him a shrewd look and handed him a stamped envelope, of no better quality than the paper, which had been slit neatly across the top. The postmark showed that the note had passed through the post office the previous afternoon at five o'clock from the Westchester Station.

"And where might the Westchester

Station be?" asked Vance, sinking lazily into a chair and taking out his cigaret case.

"I had it looked up as soon as Mr. Fleel showed me the note," responded the district attorney. "It's in the upper Bronx."

"Interestin'," murmured Vance, "'East Side, West Side, all around the town,' so to speak . . . And what are the boundaries of the district it serves?"

Markham glanced down at the yellow pad on his desk. "It takes in a section of nine or ten square miles on the upper east side of the Bronx, between the Hutchinson and Bronx rivers and a

In this, his tenth and most bafflin' case of all, even Philo Vance cannot keep pace with the desperate murderer who is always one step ahead

The Kidnap Murder Case

zigzag line on the west boundary." A lot of it is pretty desolate territory, and can probably be eliminated."

Vance nodded and, opening the note, adjusted his monode and read the pencil-scrawled communication carefully.

Sir: I no you and famly have money and unless 50 thousand \$ is placed in hole of oke tree 200 foot west of southeast corner of old reservoir in central park thursday at eleven o'clock at nite we will kill Casper Kenton. This is final. If you tell police deal is off and we will no it. We are watching every move you make.

The ominous message was signed with the interlocking squares brush strokes, like those we had already seen on the ransom note found pinned to the window sill of the Kenting house.

Vance looked up at the lawyer, who was watching him intently. "Just what are your ideas on the situation, Mr. Fieel?" he asked.

"Personally," the man said, "I am willing to leave the whole matter to Mr. Markham here, and his advisers. The ransom demands can't possibly be met out of the estate, as what funds were entrusted to me are largely in long-term bonds. However,

I feel sure that Mr. Kenyon Kenting may be able to get the necessary amount together and take care of the situation—if that is his wish. The decision, naturally, must be left to him."

"Does he know of this note?" asked Vance.

Fieel shook his head. "Not yet," he said, "unless he, too, received a copy. But my opinion is that Kenyon should know about it, and it was my intention to go to the Kenting house from here and inform Kenyon of this new development."

"I believe, Mr. Fieel," Markham said slowly, "that would be wise."

"I'm glad you feel that way," the

lawyer said. And rising, he moved toward the door.

"I quite agree with you both," murmured Vance, who was drawing vigorously on his cigaret and looking straight before him into space. "Only, I would ask you, Mr. Fieel, to remain at the Kenting house until Mr. Markham and I arrive there."

"I'll wait," mumbled Fieel as he passed through the swinging leather door.

Vance settled back in his chair, stretched out his long legs and gazed dreamily through the window. Markham watched him expectantly for some time and then asked: "What do you think of that note you have there, Vance?"

*The Westchester Station of the Post Office Department, situated at 1426 Williams-Bridge Road, at the intersection of East Tremont Avenue, collects and delivers mail in the following territory, starting from Puddling Avenue and Pelham Parkway: South side of Pelham Parkway to Kingsland Avenue; to Mace Avenue; to Wickham Avenue; to Gunhill Road; to Eustnell Avenue; to Hutchinson River; west side of Hutchinson River to Olivans Creek; to Eastchester Bay; to Long Island Sound; to Bronx River; to Eastern Boulevard (now also known as Ludlow Avenue); to Pugsley Avenue; to McGraw Avenue; to Starrow Street; to Unionport Road; to East Tremont Avenue; to Bronxville Avenue; to Van Nest Avenue; to Puddling Avenue; to Pelham Parkway.

At the time specified in the ransom note, Fieel appeared alone and placed the package in the hole in the old oak tree.



"Quite authentic—oh, quite," Vance returned without hesitation. "The money is passionately desired. Hasty business is afoot. A bit too precipitate for my liking, however. But there's no overlooking the earnestness of the request. I've a feelin' something must be done without loss of time."

"The instructions seem somewhat vague."

"No. Oh, no, Markham. On the contrary. Quite explicit. I know the tree well. Romantic lovers leave billets-doux there. No difficulties in that quarter. Quiet spot. All approaches visible. As good a cross-roads as any for the transaction of dirty work. I wonder . . ."

Markham was silent for a long time, smoking intently, his brow deeply corrugated. "Well," he snapped finally, "what do you suggest we do?"

Vance looked at the district attorney in mock surprise. "Why, I suggest we go to the Purple House," he said calmly.

"Well, if that's your idea, why didn't we go with Flee?" demanded Markham.

"Merely wished to give him sufficient time to break the news to the others and to discuss the matter with brother Kenyon."

Markham half closed his eyes and regarded Vance appraisingly. "You think, perhaps, that Kenyon Kenting is going to try to raise the money?" he asked.

"It's quite possible, don't y' know. And I rather think he'll want the police to give him a free hand. Anyway, it's time we were toddlin' out and ascertainin'." Vance struggled to his feet and adjusted his Bangkok hat carefully.

We went out through the private office and chambers and descended in the judges' special elevator.

A STARTLING THEORY

(Thursday, July 21; 10:50 A.M.)

On our way uptown in the district attorney's car Markham was silent for some time. Then he said: "I want to know why you said what you did on the stairs, Vance, in the face of all the evidence to the contrary. Are you in possession of any facts to which I have not had access?"

"Oh, no—no," replied Vance mildly. "You've seen and heard everything I have. Only, we interpret the findin's in different ways."

"All right," Markham made an effort to curb his impatience. "Let's hear how you interpret these facts."

"My word, Markham!" sighed Vance. "The interpretation seems sufficiently indicated." He turned with a meditative look to the district attorney. "Do you really think, Markham, that your plotting Kasper would have gone to the Jersey casino to indulge in a bit of gamblin' on his big night—that is to say, on the night he intended to carry out his grand coup involvin' fifty thousand dollars?"

"And why not?" Markham wanted to know.

"It's quite obvious this criminal undertaking was carefully prepared in advance. The note tacked to the window sill is sufficient evidence of this, with its letters and words painstakingly cut out and all neatly pasted on a piece of disguised paper."

"The criminal undertaking, as you call

it, need not necessarily have been prepared very far in advance," objected Markham. "Kasper would have had time to do his cutting and pasting when he returned from the casino."

"Oh, no, I don't think so," Vance returned. "I took a good look at the desk and the wastepaper basket. No evidence whatever of such activity. Moreover, the Johnnie's phone call in the wee hours of the morning shows a certain amount of expectation on his part of getting the matter of his financial difficulties settled."

"But, to go on, why should Kasper Kenting have taken three hours to change to street clothes after he had returned from his pleasant evening of desultory gambling? A few minutes would have sufficed. And another question: Why should he wait until bright daylight before going forth? The darkness would have been infinitely safer and better suited to his purpose."

"How do you know he didn't go much earlier—before it was daylight?" demanded Markham.

"But my dear fellow," explained Vance, "the ladder was still leanin' against the tree around dawn, when McLaughlin saw it, and therefore was not placed against the window until after sunup. I'm quite sure that, had Kasper planned a disappearance, he would have placed the ladder at the window ere he departed—eh, what?"

"I think I see what you're driving at, Vance," Markham muttered. "And Mrs. Kenting herself told us that she heard someone in the room at six o'clock in the morning."

"True," Vance answered casually. "But I don't think it was Kasper whom Mrs.



For the second time in less than forty-eight hours that ominous ladder was found leaning against one of the windows of the Kenting house.

Kenting says she heard in her husband's room at that hour . . . And by the by, Markham, here's still another question to be considered: Why was the communicatin' door between Kasper's room and his wife's left unlocked if the gentleman contemplated carrying out a desperate and important plot that night? He would have guarded against any intrusion on the part of his wife, who had merely to turn the knob and walk in and spoil all the fun, as it were.

"And speakin' of the door, you remember the lady opened it at six, right after hearin' someone walkin' in the room. But when she went into the room there was no one there. Ergo: Whoever it was she heard must have left the room hurriedly when she first knocked and called to her husband. And don't forget that it is his heavy blucher shoes that are gone—not his soft slippers. If it had been Kasper she heard, and if he had quickly gone out the hall door and down the front stairs, she would certainly have heard him, as she was very much on the alert at that moment. And also, if he'd scrambled through the window and down the ladder with his heavy shoes on, he could hardly have done so without making a sound."

"But the tellin' question in this connection is: Why, if the soft-footed person in the master bedroom was Kasper, did he wait till his wife knocked on the door and called to him before he made a precipitate getaway? He could have left at any time during the three hours after he had come home from his high-balls and roulette playin'. All of which, I rather think, substantiates the assumption that it (Continued on page 92)



Strawberry ROAN

Gerry's heart sang "Home on the Range," but he thought a girl like Dallas would not know the words

by

BRUCE HUTCHISON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SEYMOUR BALL

WE'D BEEN CLOSE to the yellow touring car on the road most of the afternoon before we bumped it. I noticed it first at a gas station, and I got a look at the girl in the front seat. Gerry gave her a swift glance, too, but blushed like a kid when he caught her eye. He'd hardly seen a girl up on the plateau since he came back from college.

After that we never seemed to be far

behind the yellow car all the way down into Jersey. I dozed off, tired, I guess, after four days of driving from the ranch, and when I awakened we were stalled in the traffic at the mouth of the Holland Tunnel. The yellow car was beside our fenders, the girl at Gerry's elbow.

I whispered to Gerry: "Just as a matter of technical information, which of us is following who?"

He grinned but didn't say anything. I could talk to Gerry that way. He owned the ranch and I was still on his pay roll, but I'd brought him up since he was a two-year-old, like my own boy.

You know how it is at the Jersey entrance to the tunnel on a Sunday night in June, with the whole of New York trying to get home at once from the week end. For half an hour we could only move a foot at a time, so I had plenty of chance to watch the girl in the car beside us. Gerry looked straight ahead.

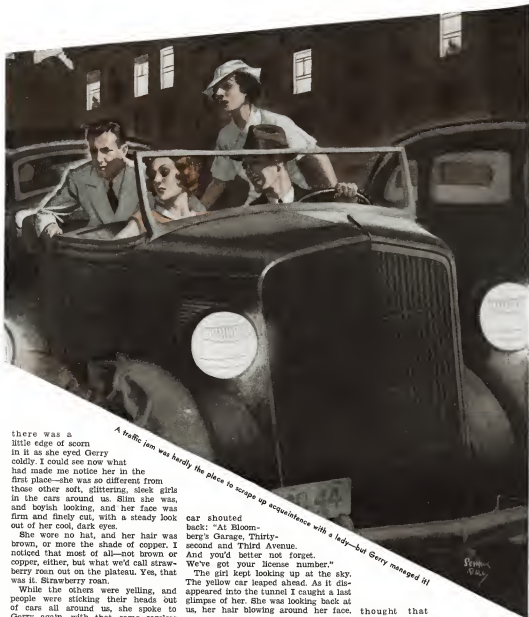
Mind you, an old cowpuncher like me should have stopped paying attention to the fillies long ago, but there was something about this one I'd noticed the first time I saw her—what, I don't know.

Anyway, the other girl and the fellows in the car were chattering and laughing, but she was lying back in the front seat looking up at the sky, where the stars were pale and washed out in the glare of all those lights. She didn't seem to notice the eight lines of cars, all herded up there, milling and snorting like a bunch of shorthorns in a branding corral.

A cop's whistle blew out in front, and the traffic leaped ahead like a scared cayuse. We hadn't gone more than ten feet when Gerry leaned over and said, "Hold on tight, Pop!" Then he swerved suddenly and caught the yellow car on the right side, pretty sharp. Its fender was crumpled a little, and we stopped so close together that Gerry and the girl were shoulder to shoulder.

The others in the touring car jumped up and started to yell at us, but she didn't move. She just looked carelessly at Gerry and said: "Now that's what I call a professional performance. Aim good and timing practically perfect."

She spoke with a lazy drawl, and



there was a little edge of scorn in it as she eyed Gerry coldly. I could see now what had made me notice her in the first place—she was so different from those other soft, glittering, sleek girls in the cars around us. Slim she was, and boyish looking, and her face was firm and finely cut, with a steady look out of her cool, dark eyes.

She wore no hat, and her hair was brown, or more the shade of copper. I noticed that most of all—not brown or copper, either, but what we'd call strawberry roan out on the plateau. Yes, that was it. Strawberry roan.

While the others were yelling, and people were sticking their heads out of cars all around us, she spoke to Gerry again, with that same careless drawl.

"You must have practiced that trick a lot to do it so neatly."

Gerry reddened under his tan. "I'm sorry," he managed to say. "I'll be glad to pay for the damage."

"The result hardly seems worth all your trouble, does it?" she said, as cold as ever, and looked up at the stars again.

The cop's whistle shrieked out in front. The fellows behind began to blow their horns to make us move on.

Gerry said: "Where can I find you to pay for the damage?"

The boy who was driving the yellow

car shouted back: "At Bloomberg's Garage, Thirty-second and Third Avenue. And you'd better not forget. We've got your license number."

The girl kept looking up at the sky. The yellow car leaped ahead. As it disappeared into the tunnel I caught a last glimpse of her. She was looking back at us, her hair blowing around her face.

Next morning Gerry came into my room in the hotel, still wearing his pajamas. "I got that garage on the phone," he said. "It seems that fellow Bloomberg had rented the car to that gang for the day and he was pretty sore about the broken fender. Made them pay five-fifty before he'd let them go."

"Then your strategy must have made a big hit with the strawberry roan," I said. "Next time you arrange a highway accident you better choose a car that's not rented."

Gerry ignored that with a grin. "The garageman didn't know their names or addresses—just took a deposit. But he

thought that they were actors."

"Then they should be dead easy to find," I said.

"There can't be more than a million actors in a little town like this—and most of 'em out of work."

"No, he says they're in a show that's playing now, so it ought to be easy enough. And we can't leave without paying them that five-fifty, can we?"

"Heaven forbid!" I said. "After all, what did we come down here for if it wasn't to bust rented automobiles and pay for 'em?"

"Exactly. So I've ordered some tickets and we can start looking for them to-night at the Pollys."

Strawberry Roan

"The Polles!" I groaned. "Well, I'll say this for you, son. You picked the appropriate show."

I didn't like the idea of chasing around after some show people to pay for a dent in a fender. Not that I'm fussy, mind you, but we were short of time. We'd come down here to try to finance the big irrigation dam on Kicking Horse Creek that Gerry had been working on ever since he left engineering school. Besides his own big outfit on the plateau, a couple of hundred small valley ranchers were depending on him to put the scheme over. And if we were going to finish it before next spring we'd have to work fast. No time for making whoopee.

Gerry started to shave, and standing

there stripped to the waist—well, it was funny to remember that I used to dress him and lift him into bed. There wasn't anyone else to look after him in those days. His mother died six months after he was born, and he was only about two when his father got thrown headfirst into a snake fence.

And now there he was—six feet two and built slim and straight and light, like a thoroughbred. Not handsome, I guess, but his face was lean and tanned, and he had the thin nose and the wide, tight mouth of all the Marsdens, and that weathered look that comes from days out of doors in the sun and the alkali dust—the dead spit of his dad, when I first went to work for him on the plateau.

Well, that week was a nightmare for me. Taxis, subways, elevators, flunkies, swarming streets, people walking all over you—and the noise of it, the steaming heat and the dead air lying like a damp blanket in the gullies between those skyscrapers!

Every day we'd go down to Pine Street and see some smooth fellows in a big office to talk about the dam, and every night we'd go to a different show. But we never saw the girl again. By Friday noon the business about the dam was finished and everything fixed up, and Gerry said we'd better be starting home in the morning. I was glad to see he'd given up the girl as a bad job.

So that night, just as a final celebration, we got into a taxi and went up to Sixty-seventh Street, where they'd made over a church to look like an old-time

music hall. It was the rage just then for everybody to go up there and sit around a table drinking beer and watching a burlesque melodrama of the 'eighties called "The Prodigal, or The Fallen Saved." And imagining they were having a hell of a time.

The first act was half through when the girl came on the stage. She was a lot taller than I'd expected. She was dressed in one of those funny old-fashioned costumes, but I knew her right away.

"The strawberry roan," I whispered to Gerry.

"Looks like it," he said, trying to sound casual, and he glanced carelessly through his program. I looked at mine, too, and found that the girl's name was Dallas Garrison. Gerry never took his eyes off her.

When the show ended, with the Fallen properly saved, some of the actors and girls came out from a door at the side of the stage in their costumes and started a general singsong, and everybody roared out loud tunes.

Gerry kept watching the door at the side of the stage. When the girl came out at last, I saw she'd taken off the funny stage clothes and was wearing a blue dress and a flat little straw hat on the side of her head. Gerry looked at her and then sort of helplessly at me. He wasn't used to girls.

"Lost your nerve already?" I said. But I took mercy on him. "Okay," I said, "leave it to me."

She was opposite our table on her way to the front door before she noticed us. After one glance at Gerry, she kept on walking. But I stood up in front of her and said as politely as I could: "Excuse me, ma'am, but my young friend here is under a vague impression that he owes you five dollars and fifty cents for a busted fender."

"Ah, the village cutup himself!" she said, eying Gerry with that same old look I'd noticed in the car.

"Lady," I said, "I admit it was a little clumsy, but you should make allowances for a helpless stranger, dazzled by the lights of the Great City."

She smiled a little at that, a slow easy smile. I realized now that her eyes were brown, black almost, and that she was about the most gorgeous proposition I'd ever run into. For the first time I noticed, too, that she had a tiny white scar, like a cross, on her forehead.

"From out West?" she said, with that quiet drawl.

"You are talking," I said, "to two honest-to-God cowboys, the antique, genuine article, wild and woolly and pithous as rattlers."

"How perfectly thrilling!" she said, still pretty cold, but she seemed more friendly, and I saw her watching Gerry out of the corner of her eye. I guess she was beginning to change her mind about him.

"About that fender," Gerry said.

"The fender!" I said. "You talk about a fender when here is a poor girl obviously starving to death in front of your eyes! Where is your rough western hospitality?"

"Would you?" Gerry said.

"He doesn't speaking English good," I said, "but that, being translated from the Indian, means would you eat with us?"



Bruce Hutchison

She laughed, and I noticed how shiny white her teeth were and how her eyes twinkled. "Do you think a girl should trust herself with two such primitive frontier characters?"

"What would you like to eat?" Gerry said.

"Well, if you will drag the truth out of me," she smiled, "I'd like a steak with plenty of onions, not having eaten since noon. But there are no steaks here."

"Chasing beef," I said, "is our profession. We'll find you a steak if we have to level New York to the ground."

It was after midnight by the time we'd had supper and driven Dallas home to a dingy-looking house on Thirty-third Street. Back at the hotel, we stood beside the open window in Gerry's room before undressing, looking out on all those lights winking there as far as you could see, and the traffic still flowing along Fifth Avenue right below us, and the towers of Radio City flaming out against the sky, naked and stark, like matchboxes upended.

"I'll bet," I said, "the stars are so close on the plateau tonight you can almost touch 'em if you stand up in your stirrups, and the alfalfa will smell fine."

Gerry was looking up at the little jagged streak of the sky above the avenue. He drew a long breath. I knew what he was thinking about—the ranch, the stock, the land, the wheat growing in the warm night—all his. It was bred into his bones, three generations of it. Or maybe he was thinking of that girl.

"Well," I said, "we better start for home early in the morning."

"Funny thing," Gerry said, "I just remembered I forgot to give her that fifty for the broken fender. So I guess we can't get away in the morning, after all."

"Yeah," I said, "that is funny."

After dinner the next night I told Gerry I was going to turn in right away and make up some sleep, and he said he'd take a walk and get some air. In about an hour I grabbed a taxi and went up to Sixty-seventh Street, to the old church where we'd been the night before. I bought a ticket, but stood just inside the door. As I'd expected, Gerry was sitting at a table over at the side watching the show. I sneaked out again.

It went on for three nights like this. I didn't say anything, and neither did Gerry. After all these years we didn't need to talk. And I knew, knowing Gerry, that this business was getting serious.

The third night he came in about twelve o'clock, and I heard him pull up the window. The door between our rooms was open, and I could see him standing there looking out for a long time.

After a while I climbed out of bed and stood there beside him in the darkness, looking out the window at all those lights against the sky.

"Well, boy," I said, "does the strawberry roan come West or not?"

"I don't know—yet." He kept looking out the window.

"You two kids had a row?" I said.

"Not a row."

"Asked her yet?"

"Of course not. I haven't said anything."

"If you know what you want, what

are you waiting for?"

"Hell, you know."

Yes, I knew. We were both thinking the same thing. We were thinking that Gerry's mother had come West from Boston, and she hadn't lived long on the ranch. It's hellish hard on a woman out there, and lonely. No other woman within twenty miles but squaws. And the alkali water, the dust and the snow—and that old log house, full of ghosts.

Dallas seemed a nice kid, but a show girl from New York out there! It wouldn't work, that's all. I knew that, and I suppose Gerry did, too. Probably she'd make him leave the place, or leave herself and break his heart before she got through with him. Her kind couldn't stick it.

"Listen, boy," I said, "what about us going home in the morning?"

"You go home if you want to, Pop," he said, and his voice was quiet. "I'm staying till this thing's settled."

After a while I said: "This is something I've never told you before, boy. I was sitting on the corral rails the day your dad got thrown. I carried him up to the house and put him on the bed in the corner room."

Gerry listened without moving.

"Well, your dad and I were all alone in the room. He didn't want anyone else. 'Lift me up, Billy,' he said. 'I want to look outside.' He couldn't talk more than a whisper. It was springtime, and the first grass was sprouting like a wave of green on the range, and the smell of the plowed earth came in the window."

"Your dad looked out

for a while. 'She's getting green again,' he said. 'It was turning green like that the day we came here,' he said. 'The old man stopped the wagon right here where the house is, and we got out and looked around and it looked so good we stayed here. It's fat land, Billy,' he said, 'and good grass.'"

"Yes, Pop?" Gerry said.

"Well, he looked out the window for a long time. I don't think he cared much about going—after your mother. Then he said: 'You'll stand by the boy, Billy?



Gerry tried to be casual about the girl's unexpected appearance in this old-fashioned melodrama, but he couldn't take his eyes off her.

Keep the place going till he's old enough to take hold. After that, give him his head. Shake, Billy," he said. I took his hand, and it was getting cold. He kept looking out over the range toward the mountains, but he didn't say any more."

"I'm glad you told me, Pop," Gerry said. I could see his eyes were glistening. "I did what your dad wanted. Hell, I've tucked you into bed and listened to your prayers and sat up all night beside you when you were sick. Since you grew up I've given (Continued on page 170)

I'm FOOTLOOSE

...but who said FREE?

ANY FELLOW who has turned out a daily newspaper column for more than twenty years will have his moments of self-pity. His job is never finished. Other workers may quit when the whistle blows and be off for the relaxing pleasures of evening. But columnists must always be making an edition. No wonder we are mostly so thin and haggard. And bug-eyed!

Everything is potential column fodder. If a columnist buys a hat, goes to a ball game or drops in somewhere for tea, his foremost thought is the transmutation of trivia into sparkling paragraphs.

I am among the fortunates who can go where they please, when they please. All that is required is that my column copy shall be received on time and interest the reader. Sounds rather a cinch but after the roll of years, travel becomes actual travail, a mad scramble to get out that column amid the confusion and excitements of new scenes. The dead line hangs a Damoclean sword! Eventually it wears one down.

Always there is the dread of writing something that has been written before and better; the fear of innocent offense, and the horror of making those seemingly inexcusable blunders—the double negative, the split infinitive and such—which are well-nigh impossible to avoid when one is writing at top speed.

When I have off on this rather jubilant

romanza in syndication, there were no other strictly New York columns. Now the journalistic woods are full of them—some excellent, some not so good and a few, to my notion, simply terrible.

In the beginning I felt that I must be everywhere, see everything and meet everybody. It took me some years to realize that the headwaiter's "Your usual ringside table, Mr. McIntyre?" was only soft-soaping to salvage some free publicity.

I did not realize that if I were not bulwarked by my column the waiter would have seated me over by the trap drummer and behind a basket of palms. But it was a pleasant illusion.

Today I go only to those restaurants that treat me without fuss and feathers, and if one of them sends over to my table a special dish to sample, I not only do not sample it but never go back again. It sounds grumpish but after years of being the target for publicity wangling, anyone is likely to revolt.

In those buckity-buckity days my column was far easier to write and doubtless it had a little more enthusiasm.

No matter how often you meet a dead line, you can never really make friends with it!

But I prefer my column of the present. It is a trifle mellow, and if now and then it seems to run spang into a cloud of gloom, most of us know that is more the way of real life than the column that expresses eternal effervescence.

There used to be some regularity about my turning out a column. I had several other irons in the fire in formative days, and necessity made me more systematic. Today I moon around considerably more than I should before getting to work. Loathing the early morning, I sleep late.

And I am one of the most pronounced of bathroom loafers. I dawdle over my shaving, go to the window and gaze down upon traffic; in fact, resort to any gesture that will delay the real problem of the day—getting out that column.

Breakfast is my big meal. Afterwards I go to my desk in house pajamas and read the morning papers. Although I have quit smoking these many years, there is after each breakfast a little mental battle over lighting up a cigaret.

Next is the mail, which always will be the column writer's daily treasure trove. The columns that have won the highest

Seven devils haunt Odd McIntyre's columning week—one for each dead line to be met.



by **O. O.
McINTYRE**

DRAWING BY CONSTANTIN ALAJALOV

praise have on occasions come from hunches and sometimes contributions by morning post.

There are times when my column gets away at the snap of the barrier and is booted down the home stretch in almost nothing flat. I have finished such in twenty minutes. Now and then I start off with a whizbang that suggests this occasional speed, but after a paragraph or so it dwindles down to a slowly pecked-out phrase and then I resort to window staring, a form of mental anguish which all scribblers suffer.

I might add that I am not altogether unfamiliar with physical labor. But nothing in my experience can be so fatiguing as a column that will not click. At such times the head begins to feel swollen and buzzy like a beehive. Everything goes round and round but nothing comes out here. Yet the column must be written.

I have fairly staggered from my desk after twelve solid hours of wrestling with a column that refused to jell. Victorious but fit to be tied.

No doubt I have been viewing through the glass a bit darkly in this essay. But I hope it will be a mild rebuke for those jeerers who cry: "Pretty soft! Do you get paid for it?"

There are times when I honestly believe that a daily column is the most arduous task in the occupational gamut. Yet there is no other chore that appeals to me so vastly. As a trade, it has been extraordinarily magnanimous.

But I'd still like to go to a dinner party, a play or a dozen other pleasurable devices without that column on what I often jokingly call my mind.



WHITE *Banners*

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

The Story So Far:

"MAY I TELL you something about myself, Mrs. Trimble—something that mustn't be told?" asked Hannah, the privileged servant of Professor and Mrs. Paul Ward.

Eleanor Trimble, the social leader, having just received a gentle lecture from this unusual woman on her growing interest in Paul Ward, was in the mood to listen, and so Hannah told her story.

In her humble girlhood a beautiful character named Philip Raymond had filled her with the curious idea that power comes to those who do not fight anyone. Thus, when she found herself deserted in the first year of her marriage to the spoiled son of a fashionable mother, she accepted hospital charity for the birth of their child rather than contest his suit for divorce. Then, faced with the necessity of earning her daily bread as a maid of all work, she allowed the baby, Peter, to be virtually adopted by a kindly widow, Lydia Edmunds. Peter, she thought, would have a better chance in life if it were not known who his real mother was.

While Peter grew into sturdy boyhood, Hannah became an institution in the Ward family, managing the household, mothering the three children—Sally, Wallie and Roberta—and actually inspiring the visionary Paul Ward to perfect a practical invention that made him rich.

But trouble came to her with the return into her life of her well-to-do girlhood friend, Adele Moore, for it led indirectly to a meeting between Sally Ward and Peter that brought the dead perilously close to Hannah's secret. More important, it led to his meeting his father, Thomas Bradford, at Bar Harbor, where Adele had taken him for the summer. True, Peter did not dream of his real relationship to his new-found friend,

but Hannah was frightened. Her heart told her that some day Thomas would claim his son—that she would lose the boy finally and forever.

"What shall I do?" she asked Mrs. Trimble, now. The answer was not forthcoming immediately, but when a letter came from Adele which confirmed Hannah's worst fears, Mrs. Trimble departed for Bar Harbor on a delicate mission . . .

IT WAS a drowsy midsummer Sunday afternoon. Fluffy pearl-white clouds, their heads tucked under their wings, slept motionless in a blue sky. Slanting sunshine glinted from lazy sails outside the harbor.

Adele's new book lay open, face down, on the flat granite rock where she had tossed it a half-hour ago. Her thoughts were of Hannah Parmalee, and Hannah's philosophy of non-combative-ness.

Suppose everybody tried to live that way. Suppose everybody from the beginning had tried to live that way. What kind of world would we have had by now? Hadn't civilization developed through striving, overcoming, mastering? Certain audacious and courageous people simply had to quarrel with life as they found it.

Adele marveled that so great a quantity of admonition on the part of the world's savants and seers had contained so little counsel on the desirability of a peaceful life—if not for the turbulent masses, at least for the individual. Hannah Parmalee knew more about the terms and conditions of peace than all the reformers and crusaders put



Twice a week Roberta sat at the

together. They talked about it. She had it. They fought for it. She quietly accepted it.

Peace—that's what the people needed. And to get it they had to go out alone and commune with the silent sky like the pagans.

Maybe—perhaps . . . But Adele now decided she had given enough time to this matter and quietly went to sleep with the calm expectation that everything would hold together somehow until she woke up. In spite of the dismal forecasts, the show would carry on; new

Is there a philosophy of life so simple that it escapes us—a way of meeting life victoriously that most of us miss by a hair's breadth? The key to the most difficult problems of today can be found in this inspiring novel by the author of "Green Light," who herein points the way to living life triumphantly

by **LLOYD C. DOUGLAS**

Author of "Green Light"



feet of Monsieur Gallet and worked for him as she had never worked for anyone before.

plots, new props, new faces, new masks, new lines—but essentially the same old show. And by no means an uninteresting old show, either, if you didn't let the harsh voices of the prompters annoy you.

When she roused, Adele discovered that she was not alone. Some twenty feet away sat the attractive woman who had appeared in the dining room at luncheon; obviously a newcomer, for no one seemed to be acquainted with her.

As Adele sat up, the stranger turned her head and smiled amiably. She was not

pretty but her face was engagingly alive.

"Quiet day," drawled Adele, feeling that this unattached person expected a gesture of recognition.

"Too quiet," agreed Eleanor. "I'm lonesome. May I join you?"

Adele replied, not untruthfully, that it would be a pleasure. For a little while they sat side by side exchanging inconsequential and blandly taking each other's measure. They spoke their names; and Adele casually asked questions. Had Mrs. Trimble ever been here before? She had not. Did she know anyone at The

Gables? Not a soul. There was a pause, while Adele tried to think of a pleasant way to inquire why Mrs. Trimble had come here, for surely there were plenty of summer places where she might find old friends.

"I came to see you," said Eleanor quietly, smiling into Adele's widening eyes. "About Hannah, you know."

"Hannah?" Adele's brows contracted. "Yes—Hannah and Thomas and Peter."

"And how are you related to Hannah?"
"About the (Continued on page 113)

Going through the Moonlight

*When people in love come up
against a blank wall, they can
sometimes help each other climb it*

BURT WOULD always remember this particular summer night, he felt—the light fading over the treetops and the low, shingled roofs, and the soft air so suddenly full of June that it made you realize how different all preceding nights must have been. But maybe that was because he had never felt so close to Virginia before. She and her mother and father had just finished dinner when he arrived. They had eaten in the kitchen. “A quick, pickup meal,” Mrs. Follett called it; corrected by Mr. Follett, grimly facetious: “Pickup? You mean open-up. It all came out of cans.”

Mrs. Follett's stout figure bustled back and forth excitedly, getting ready for the meeting of the Fortnightly Club which would soon fill the living room. There were freshly set curls at her temples, and her upper lip was dotted with pin points of perspiration.

Burt went to sit on the kitchen steps with Virginia and her father. Mr. Follett's solemn face stared at the grass, and his fluffy gray hair stirred with the faint air blowing around the corner of the house. He didn't enjoy being deprived of his corner of the living room by the radio. Burt knew that in a little while, however, Mr. Follett would grip a flashlight in his right hand, which had two of the fingers missing, and go creeping over the dark grass looking for night walkers to make up bait, for tomorrow would be Sunday, his fishing day.

Meanwhile, he sat on the step below Virginia and deliberately talked louder than usual, hoping that some of his words would catch his wife's attention as she passed and repassed near the door. “Beans out of cans—that's what Ginny and I had tonight. But the ladies will get chicken salad and cake.”

“What's that, Alfred?” Mrs. Follett pouted suspiciously at the door. “Are you complaining?”

“Adelaide, this word ‘fortnightly’ bothers me,” he replied. A plain, simple man—as plain as a handmade nail—he often pretended that he knew much less than Mrs. Follett, who had been a romantic young woman teaching third grade when he met her. He was a factory hand in Slauson's then, but now he was foreman of one of the stitching rooms. “Of course, I think I know what ‘fortnightly’ means—correct me if I'm wrong, kids; you've been educated—it means every two weeks, don't it?”

“Well, Adelaide, starting from there, in my efforts to understand, I figure there are still fifty-two weeks in the year, unless the depression has cut 'em down. And therefore there are half of that, or twenty-six fortnights in the year. Am I far astray?”

Mrs. Follett's figure swayed impatiently. “What are you getting at, Alfred? Is this some of your nonsense?”

“I wish it was, but it's awful serious with me. You see, Adelaide, you told me your club met around at the members' houses. Well, you've got twenty-seven members, you said. If you meet every fortnight, and there are twenty-six fortnights in the year, then why does the club meet here at our house about every other month? Don't the other members know how to count? Twenty-seven members into twenty-six fortnights goes just about right for me—less than once a year—about all I can stand.”

“I knew it was nonsense!” Mrs. Follett flung over her shoulder, and vanished.

“No use, Father,” said Virginia. “It won't work.”

“I see it won't,” he said dryly, and went for his bait can.

Burt sat on the steps with Virginia until the darkness had settled all around, and a glow came on the strips of gravel between the close-set bungalows. Another glow came over their roofs and fell on the rows of white garages, and Burt and Virginia knew the full moon was coming up. Virginia's hand slipped into Burt's, and by that time all the voices had evidently arrived in the living room.

“Come on,” said Virginia. “Want to hear about life?” She led Burt into the kitchen stealthily, tiptoeing until they gained the





by
**CHARLES
DIVINE**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JAY HYDE BARNUM

"Just because you can't find
a job is no reason why you
can't kiss me, is it, Burt?"

Problem in the Near East." Tonight, however, it was farther East than that, for an Englishwoman who was visiting Mrs. Jeffers' sister-in-law in Hindsville had consented to come and tell them about the years of her residence in Java, and the ladies were thrilled.

"We'll listen a minute," whispered Virginia, putting her lips so close to Burt's ear that her soft, warm breath made a delicious impact against his cheek, and he felt a little pulse of pleasure begin to beat in his throat.

"And the nights in Ceylon," the Englishwoman was saying, "were very lovely! I shall never forget how we used to see the native girls in their pretty sarongs, walking along the raised paths between the 'paddy fields.' Those, you know, are the rice fields.

"Along the sides are these paths where you can walk, but only single file, because they are narrow; and along them the native girls would walk at night—oh, so gracefully!—going through the moonlight to the temple. And the young men, the natives, would go along the paths too, and then they would all meet in front of the temple. It was very lovely. They all went there ostensibly to worship. But I think the attraction of the native girls for the native men had something to do with it."

Under cover of the polite laughter in the living room Burt and Virginia fled through the kitchen to the yard, laughing too. It was time for them to go to the Pavilion, to the workers' dance, and as they strolled down the street and climbed the dry bridge over the railroad tracks, Burt was extraordinarily aware of Virginia's slim figure at his side, the beautifully sharp, clear profile of her face as they passed the light of a street lamp.

little hall that allowed one corner of the living room to be seen, and two rounded corners of women recognizable as Mrs. Halperin and Mrs. Jeffers. Others could be felt but not seen.

Once it had been "Greece in the Age of Pericles" that had brought them here, to sit wedged tight together on chairs borrowed from the neighbors; and once, to Burt's knowledge, it had been "The

Going Through the Moonlight

"You know," said Virginia, musing seriously, "I could see those native girls. Their straight, sunburnt bodies. Their heads held high, gracefully—going through the moonlight. Couldn't you?"

"I could see you," said Burt simply, and was silent.

"That's sweet," said Virginia, and neither said anything more for a few moments. Because she was never effusive he didn't fool himself into thinking that this quietly self-contained temperament was all there was to her. No, he knew there were strong currents of feeling beneath the surface.

They stopped to lean on the viaduct rail and look over toward the Pavilion. Directly below them was one of the factory buildings, dark, silent, unpopulated at night. Over there was the Office Building, where Burt worked—the executive headquarters of the whole plant. Now the thought came to him: What if he had never come to the factory two years ago?

He could have gone to Philadelphia when the Kingsley Company was absorbed by that Pennsylvania outfit. But he had chosen to remain in Hindsville; after all, even though both his parents had died years ago, this was home—even in a furnished room! The streets, the people, the kids he had gone to high school with, the old courthouse he passed every day going to work, encountering some friend who called a greeting to him—all this was familiar and enduring, and in some strange way which he couldn't explain it gave him a feeling of support and security.

And now there was Virginia. She didn't work in the factory but in Mrs. Humphrey's gift shop, running the circulating library.

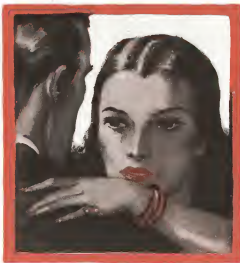
His gaze wandered to the other factory buildings beyond and the freight cars standing on a siding in a still pool of moonlight. "You know," he said, "it's not so much unlike this, what she said about Ceylon."

"I love it—that 'going through the moonlight.' Why do I remember it, Burt? I can't get it out of my head."

"I don't know, but I know what you mean." The words, the picture, stuck in his mind too. Wasn't it the same here in Hindsville? Native girls crossing the streets of the factory town—he could see them down there beyond the bridge—going through the moonlight toward the Pavilion, where they would not be alone for long. And the young men coming along the streets too, coming toward the park and the Pavilion which Mr. Slauson had built for them, coming from the hillside where so many workers lived, from the Slav settlement, and the valley road with its little squat houses and vegetable gardens, where the Russian church lifted its turnip-shaped spires—young people converging from all roads in front of the factory temple.

Virginia suddenly felt, as Burt did, that Hindsville could be as strange and glamorous as Ceylon.

They went down a little-used path to the other side of the park, and then they paused. Without another word Burt took her in his arms and kissed her. For long moments they stood embracing. Vaguely Virginia felt that the factory chimney, which hid the moon at this moment, was as conscious of beauty as any piece of architecture saturated in an eastern air. In fact, she thought with sudden, breathless elation, watching the moon rise up above the chimney as if it came out of it—what temple ever had the gift of this one that could blow full moons like soap bubbles up into the night sky?



Burt went on dancing with Mary as if nothing had happened . . .

"Burt," she said in a low, excited voice, "people can love anywhere!"

They went on to the dance, paid their fifty cents at the door, and circled with the enormous crowd slowly around the hall. Burt wondered if Virginia remembered as little of the dance as he did. She was in his arms, and she was his girl—she was going to be his wife. It seemed to him that, together, they understood everything tonight, without having to pay definite attention to it.

It was a strange sort of pride which Burt felt Monday morning as he planned what he was going to say to Mr. Edgecombe. "I'm thinking of getting married and I was wondering—of course, times are bad—but I was wondering what the chances would be for a raise, however small." He'd even be glad of a three-dollar raise. But he wouldn't say so.

Going down the corridor this morning, he saw the various individuals who made up the clerical force vanishing into their respective doorways—girls in their bright dresses, men with clean-shaven faces and quick steps—and he felt a warm glow

of fellow feeling with them. For the first time he thought consciously of the fact that each of them probably had a love-life, an inner dream of something beautiful that was partly responsible for bright dresses and quick footsteps.

"Hello, Anna!" he almost shouted to little Anna Poll, the office clown, as he hung up his hat.

She gave him a startled look. "What's got into you? Eating oats?"

But he didn't answer her, for already his eye had detected the figure of Mr. Edgecombe, through open doorways, three rooms away. Burt strode rapidly through the intervening rooms until he stood looking down at Mr. Edgecombe's blue eyes and red cheeks. Then he saw the anxiety in his eyes.

"Bad news this morning, Finch. Some nice people have got to go."

Burt stared at him, dismayed. "You mean you're firing some people?" If measures of sharp economy had struck into this department, what chance of a raise would he have?

"I hate that word, 'firing,'" replied Edgecombe, "but people are being let out of several departments, particularly mine. You're one of them." He put his pencil down on the desk quietly.

"Me?" Burt stood stunned.

"Yes. I can't do anything about it, Finch."

"But—" Burt stared at him, feeling lost. Oh, no, this couldn't be! He had always done his work well; he had always . . .

"Yes, you and Miss Poll and Art Hadley and Joe Coddington. All got to go, and I'm sorry."

After a moment Burt found his voice again, but it sounded like somebody else's voice, breaking in a

way his voice never did. "Gee, that's funny. I was going to ask you for a raise today." Edgecombe just looked at him. "I—was thinking of getting married."

"That's not funny, is it?" said Edgecombe sympathetically. And when Burt, unable to say anything more because of the lump in his throat, turned away silently he was grateful to Edgecombe for not making any more remarks.

Back in his own office, he was aware of Anna contemplating him in frank amazement. "What's the matter with you this morning? You came in like a fire horse, and now you look like a sick cat."

"You'll be sick too, when you hear the news."

Later, he stood with Anna at the window looking out over the railroad tracks toward the hill. Anna lived up there in the Slav section. "It's worse for you than it is for me," she said thoughtfully. "I live at home with the family, and I have no rent to pay. Say, what about your girl friend's family?" she asked suddenly. "Can't they take you in with them? Lots of people are doubling up nowadays."

Burt shook his head. The Folletts had only a one-story bungalow and one bedroom. Virginia slept on the couch in the living room. There wasn't room for another under that roof.

"Maybe I'll get another job right away," said Burt. "Who knows? Or I can move to a cheaper room."

"Don't be discouraged," Virginia kept telling him as the days passed and he found no other job. But his small savings account was running too low for him to be able to forget about it. "You don't have to have an elegant job, Burt. After all, I make a little money."

"I'm not going to have you supporting me!"

"I wouldn't be. I'd only be helping."

"Yeah? Well, I better start helping myself first. Right now I'm about two jumps ahead of nothing."

The worst of it was, he felt, as week after week went by, most of Virginia's friends had pretty good jobs or husbands with jobs. Some of them had their own cars and were even able to afford golf on Sundays. Their positions gave them prestige. Not to have it, in Burt's troubled mind, was a disgrace.

The old emotional disadvantage of having had no home in Hinderville, as other young people had, was returning to haunt and confuse him. Though Virginia hinted at it, he didn't realize how morbidly sensitive he was. A nightmare of insecurity which he had suffered during his boyhood returned with redoubled force.

One evening, on the bus going over to Virginia's house, he overheard a woman remark to another: "It's been a year now since my son graduated from college, and he hasn't found a job yet. The funny thing, he says, is they told him at the graduation exercises: 'The world is waiting for you. Go out and take your place.'"

"Uh-huh . . . I've got a girl. They can't even get married. I tell you, young people are up against a blank wall nowadays."

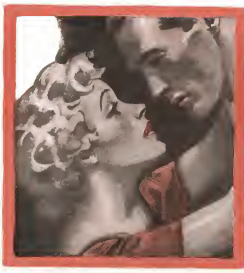
Well, there it was, thought Burt dismally, his own trouble in a nutshell—"up against a blank wall." For a week he worked in a stationery store, substituting for a clerk on his vacation. He told himself that he shouldn't feel too proud to take any job, and then, when he had got himself up to the point of applying for employment as a manual laborer, he found even those places filled.

Still, he went to one of the dances at the Pavilion with Virginia and tried to forget the growing bitterness he felt. He was aware of the obvious irritation he showed with her, and yet, for the life of him, he couldn't stop it. It made him miserable. "Aw, I don't like the kind of music they play tonight."

"Why not, Burt? It sounds swell to me."

"Oh, it's just that I don't like that guy's style. He overworks the clarinet."

"Oh!" said Virginia briefly, disconcerted by his technical criticism.



... and Virginia seemed to be perfectly happy with Richard Waite.

The wretched feeling persisted in him all evening, even when he took Virginia home and they lingered at her door.

"Just because you can't find a job is no reason why you can't kiss me, is it?" she demanded. A moment later she said: "Oh, Burt, don't lose interest in life. That's the worst thing you could do."

And now, because it was she who sounded critical, rather than he, an unreasonable anger welled up in him. He walked away from her, rudely, and hated himself for doing it.

"Burt!" she cried after him.

"Forget it!" he called over his shoulder. He let several days go by without seeing her, until she telephoned to his rooming house and told him to come over for dinner. "And don't be an Airedale!"

It was all right for her to take it lightly, he told himself; the burden of making a way in the world didn't fall on her as it did on him. After the evening with her he came away feeling that the very warmth of her nature, her simple honesty, made it the more impossible for him to go on. What was the use?

It never occurred to him that he was being a little boy again, hurt by the world. He wanted to run away and hide. Even if it meant giving up everything, he wanted to hide. Unable to reason with his unreasonable feeling, he turned it against Virginia, the person he loved most. He began telling himself: "If she can't be more sympathetic, then to hell with her!"

When she told him one night that she wouldn't fight with him, and then said in the next breath: "If you want to fight, go away and fight with yourself; and come back when it's over," a new resolve tightened savagely within him. He would go away.

A few nights later, while this mood of bitterness and protest still weighed him down, he went to the Pavilion dance alone, wishing, somehow, to experience the scene morbidly without Virginia at his side. Standing in one of the doorways, he watched the dancers: countless

young men, factory girls in sweaters and sport pajamas, endless couples passing by in rhythmic happiness, the spotlight playing over their rapt faces, the music flowing in soft waves under the billowy muslin ceiling.

Suddenly a voice sounded at his elbow. "What have you been doing since we both got fired?" It was Anna Poli, good-humored and gay. "Come on and dance!" she insisted. "I got a lot of girls with me tonight."

Soon he was among Anna's friends—all Slav girls, and all unusually attractive. Some of them he had met in high school, and he still remembered his surprise at discovering how nice they were. But some prejudice had always kept him from really getting to know them.

Now, mingling with them, he found their intelligent, their human friendliness very appealing. There was also something about their alien charm—the tilt of a nose, the swimming darkness of Mediterranean eyes, or a blond head with high cheekbones—that had a particular piquancy when combined with Americanized manners and dress and slang.

Furthermore, he was suddenly warmed by their acceptance of joblessness as nothing extraordinary. These girls lived closer to the realities. Maybe that was why they seemed more understanding. Burt discovered all at once that dancing with Mary Cisek—the friendliest of them all, with bright, black eyes and a lovely head poised on shapely shoulders—was a pleasant way to escape from his troubled world.

Going home with her, he met Steve Driscoll on the hillside street where Mary lived. "Steve, what are you doing here?" Steve was a mechanic who had worked with the Kingsley Company two years before when Burt was there.

Steve grinned. "Trying to lick the cost of living." He pointed to one of the houses in the midst of its vegetable garden. "Ethel and I have the upstairs. Come and see us, will you?"

When Burt called on Steve and his wife the next evening, and they discovered his situation, they insisted on taking him in with them. There was an extra couch in the dining room, and he could have that.

The next day he moved in, glad to be rid of his old room on the other side of the city. He felt that he was breaking with everything there. Here he was in the Slavic section! He left no word where he was going. Nobody, not even Virginia, could find him now! He didn't fully understand why he was giving up Virginia, but his mind clung feverishly to that determination, as if realizing all too well what a struggle it meant.

Now, coming and going from Steve's flat, spasmodically keeping up the lions of job hunting, Burt found himself always returning to Hill Street with a feeling of refuge. Here, at least, his meals were

provided for; he helped Ethel do the dishes afterwards, and she made him feel that he was welcome to stay as long as he liked.

Sometimes the outlandish old faces in head shawls along the streets and the foreign tongues he heard shouted over the fences bothered him. Mrs. Dobrinski, the landlady, reminded him of Virginia's mother; and one Sunday he heard a young girl's voice at the front door asking for him, and his heart turned over. Virginia!

Running downstairs, he pushed past Mrs. Dobrinski, and his glance leaped eagerly to the other face. It was Mary Cisek's. "Hi!" said Mary. "How about a ride? Look, Anna's boy friend's got a car!"

His life, he felt, was definitely in another channel now. One of his new friends was Mrs. Dobrinski's son Pete, a young man of twenty, with a square-jawed handsome face, wide shoulders and an air of bravado. Pete took a fancy to Burt. They worked together on the vegetable truck Pete drove, and shared the dollar or two of pay. Burt did most of the work, and Pete the talking.

"This state's the dead-end in the Union," Pete would say. "I seen a lot of 'em, and I'm going to see more. Some day you'll miss me, and I'll be riding a freight bound for the West. And when I get there I won't be peddling potatoes for a living. You better come with me, Burt."

Pete sometimes joined the gang Burt went to the fifty-cent dances with—Anna Poll and Mary Cisek and the others—and sometimes Pete, who liked to be hospitable when he had money, took Burt to the Red Onion, a back room run by a Lithuanian named John who sold wine.

In this fashion the winter passed for Burt, but always with Virginia somewhere in his thoughts. One night at the Pavilion, when he was dancing with Mary, he looked up, and saw Virginia. She was dancing with Richard Waite, one of the crowd she had always known. Burt found her glance on his, her eyes studying him as if she recognized that he had moved to a world remote from hers.

Burt gave a sharp jerk of his head, as a greeting from that world. The next moment Virginia lifted her face to Richard and laughed at something he said as gaily, it seemed, as if she had never seen Burt.

"She's getting along all right," he told himself grimly and went on dancing.

In the interval between dances, while he stood with Pete and the others near the soda fountain, he caught sight of a

lean, nervous face and deep-set eyes staring sullenly at him from the mirror, and turned around to see who it was. Nobody. He looked back at the mirror and discovered it was his own face. God! Was he getting to look like that? . . . Later, he said to Pete: "What about that freight? I'm going to go with you."

Pete said: "We'll go down to the Red Onion tomorrow and talk it over."

At the Red Onion next evening Pete was annoyed by the fact that the man at the next table, a good-looking young fellow in a new gray suit, talked loudly about his job, "as if nobody else ever had one." Later, Pete got on the subject of barroom brawls and instructed Burt in the fundamentals of their technique.

door. Outside, he was joined by Pete, laughing sardonically. "I poked that guy twice in the dark. He won't forget it."

"But why did you do it?" demanded Burt angrily. "He wasn't bothering us." "Aw, I had to do something. Letting that bottle fly done me good. Come on; we'll hop that freight out of town now."

But Burt refused to go with Pete after that. He would go alone, tomorrow, without the burden of a companion whose volatile nature had to let bottles fly violently for no reason at all. The last Burt saw of Pete he was heading for the railroad, whistling.

The next afternoon Burt began to get a few clothes ready to do up in a bundle. He didn't say anything to Ethel, and he wouldn't even tell Steve when he came home from work, but as soon as it was dark he'd slip out of the house toward the tracks and wait his chance to board a freight train. He was going far away, anywhere, never to return!

All at once he thought of Virginia's father—that was how Mr. Follett had lost those two fingers on his stubby right hand. Burt stood still at the window, remembering the story Mr. Follett had told him one night when he and Virginia sat on the back porch, and the Fort-nightly ladies were carrying on inside. Virginia had leaned over and run her fingers fondly through her father's hair. "Burt, when you get old, will you promise to have nice gray hair like Dad's? I'll always love you if you do."

Burt turned away from the window. Why think of her now? That was over . . . Hurriedly he rolled up a shirt, some socks, his sweater. He'd leave the rest of his things for Steve, to repay him for his kindness.

The bundle securely tied, he wrote a note to Steve and Ethel, pinned it on a sofa pillow, took up his hat and moved quietly to the door. Listening, he wondered if Ethel had come back from marketing. All he heard

was a train's whistle from the railroad. Certain words suddenly came back to him. "Go away and fight with yourself . . . I won't fight with you."

But he didn't want to fight; he wanted to win. What was this terrible battle that kept up within him? And could he ever win it by running away?

He flung his bundle in a corner and ran downstairs to the street, where he walked up and down restlessly, fighting with himself. "Letting that bottle fly done me good," Pete had said. So that was the way Pete got it out of his system? And running away was Burt's way. The realization brought him up short.

No! That was (Continued on page 124)

Coming—A magnificent story of love and death on an African safari

The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

+ + +

A long nonfiction feature
The fascinating account of
western life today
by the owner of a
large Arizona cattle ranch

Mountain Cattle

by MARY KIDDER RAK

"The first thing you do is to knock out the center light. Then they can't all come at you at once. First you grab a bottle like this, see, and then"—turning to the next table, he insolently addressed the fellow in the gray suit, concluding with—"you stuck-up American bum!" As the fellow started out of his chair, furious, Pete continued hastily to Burt, "Then you let fly at the light!"

Crash!

At that point in the lesson, the bottle which had been in Pete's hand flew into the overhead light, and the room was full of splintering glass, darkness, cries and heavy, scuffling feet.

Somehow Burt fumbled his way to the

COLD MEALS "BUILT AROUND" HOT SOUP



... it's a grand combination

—every way!



Supper No. 2 as described at right

COME now the days when the tinkling of ice in the glasses is the tune you like to hear. It is the time when enticing cold cuts and tempting salads hold their sway. And the great plea of all summer meal-planners is simply this: "Tell me, oh tell me, how I can make my cold meals taste even better!"

Well, try this simple and easy way. Build the cold meal around one hot dish and see what new sparkle and invigoration it gives. Especially if you serve a delicious, bracing soup as the lively prelude to all those cold temptations. The hot soup acts as a wholesome spur to languid summer appetites.

Best of all, soup encourages and fortifies digestion at a time when it's most needed. Indulge yourself freely in the arctic foods and beverages of summer. But do give your over-taxed digestion a break—help it with the comforting co-operation of soup.

Campbell's Tomato Soup salutes the taste with a tingling brightness. It gives life and pace to the cold meal. You will find yourself depending upon it constantly to relieve the otherwise cold meals of flatness and monotony.

Being able to serve such good soups as Campbell's, in the wink of an eye, releases you for more time out-of-doors without a twinge to your conscience. "Campbell's are the best soups I ever tasted," you tell yourself. And your family will agree many times this summer, if you just give them the chance. Another thing, being condensed, Campbell's Soups are most reasonable in price.

"Cool Menus for Warm Days"

LUNCHEONS

- | | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 | 2 | 3 |
| Cream of Tomato (hot) | Tomato Soup (hot) | Cream of Tomato (hot) |
| Jellied Tuna Fish Salad | Ham and Swiss | Fruit Salad |
| Rolls and Butter | Cheese Sandwiches | Biscuits and Butter |
| Fruit | Pickle Relish | Iced Tea or Milk |
| Iced Tea or Milk | Iced Coffee or Tea | |

SUPPERS

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 | 2 (as illustrated above) |
| Cream of Tomato (hot) | Tomato Soup (hot) |
| Asparagus Vinaigrette | Veal Loaf |
| Cold Meat | Stuffed Egg Salad |
| Iced Cocoa | Strawberries with ice-cream |
| Cookies | and water-cress |
| | Peach Custard |
| | Iced Tea |
| | Sponge Cake |
| 3 | |
| Tomato Soup (hot) | |
| Chicken Salad | |
| Sandwiches | |
| Relish | |
| Strauberry Shortcake | |
| Iced Coffee | |

LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



21 kinds to choose from... Asparagus, Bean, Beef, Bouillon, Celery, Chicken, Chicken-Gumbo, Clam Chowder, Consommé, Julienne, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Cream of Mushroom, Mutton, Noodle with chicken, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Scotch Broth, Tomato, Vegetable, Vegetable-Beef

BRIDESMAIDS AT 2 SMART LONG ISLAND WEDDINGS

Chose these new "Smoky" nail shades

Robin Red Be divine in pink with Cutex Robin Red nails

Rust Or glorious in green with Cutex Rust nails

IF there's one place where a color scheme is thought out as carefully as a symphony—it's at a wedding. So it's extra significant that bridesmaids at two recent Long Island weddings chose the new Cutex Robin Red and Rust!

Cutex Robin Red is a new smoky red that really does go with everything. Even girls who are afraid of deep reds will like it. It's just enough accent for pale colors, not too gay with white, and goes wonderfully with deep, rich browns and greens.

Cutex Rust is a grand new color. A subtle, smoky Sun-Tan shade, it's fascinating with brown, green, gray, yellow—and never looks garish on sun-tanned bands!

If you're conservative, you can still be beautiful. Cutex Rose is divine with all pastels, and gets along beautifully with all the bright, "difficult" colors so popular in the summer.

These three shades will give every dress you own that up-to-the-minute look!

And don't forget, the new Cutex formula is a stronger, finer lacquer that resists fading in the sun and holds its true color for days. It's more economical, too, because it doesn't thicken . . . it's usable

right down to the last drop in the bottle!

All 9 lovely Cutex shades are correct—created by the World's Manicure Authority. They go on smoothly, stay on, never crack or peel. At your favorite shop—35¢. Cutex Lipstick to harmonize—50¢.

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Montreal, London, Paris



Your 2 favorite shades
of Cutex Liquid Polish,
Polish Remover and sample
of Lipstick for 14¢



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I enclose 14¢ for 2 shades of Cutex Polish, as checked,
and Polish Remover, Robin Red ☐ Rust ☐ Rose ☐
Ruby ☐ (Also sample of Cutex Lipstick will be included)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Wanderer's House by Helen Topping Miller (Continued from page 53)

it down with cold reason, got control again. "I have no family," he said.

"Then"—her voice was cool and impersonal—"you can come to dinner on Sunday without the formality of a call, can't you? My father is an arthritic victim. He gets out very little."

"I remember him," Knight said. "He let kids ride the farm horses all day Sunday. Who runs the farm for you?"

"I run it. And I'm not doing badly, either. You'll come, then? We have dinner at one. We're plain farm people."

"I'm a plain farm person myself." He helped her into the saddle, knowing enough about saddles and boots to know that hers had once cost a great deal of money. She had taken off her gloves and her hands were hard and brown, the nails blunted. He thought briefly of Miriam's soft patrician fingers. Then he waved good-by to Harriet Himber, and put old things firmly out of his mind.

Mrs. Hensley was churning on the kitchen porch when he went back to the house. She looked at him uneasily. "I'm glad you didn't come back no quicker," she said. "Grady Shelton was here. I told him I didn't know where you was."

"Who is Grady Shelton?" said Knight. "He lives back up you side the ridge. They're a mean set. All the Sheltons is mean. Somebody told him you'd come back from down yonder."

"But I never heard of the fellow! What does he want?"

"The woman looked at him with maternal pity in her shallow eyes. "He put the war insurance his boy left in your bank—on a Tuesday—so he says."

Phil Knight felt a torturing cramp in the blood vessels of his neck. The bank had closed its doors on Friday. He gripped the porch post and saw strain that courtroom, felt the impact of a thousand antagonistic eyes hunting him.

Men who had hated him; women who had shrilled insults at him; cheated people. People made afraid because the ground they had trusted—a fundamental thing founded on dignity and men's honor—had collapsed. The bank had failed. They had believed in Philip Knight and he had betrayed them, so they believed. The law blamed and was punishing him.

And in that morose mob had been a man named Shelton, whose son had died, and who had put the little that son had left in the bank—on Tuesday.

"But I didn't take his money!" Knight protested. "I lost, too. I lost all I had. What does he want me to do? Pay him back?"

The churn dasher thudded twice. "He allows he wants to pay you back! He says that he stopped by your desk and asked you—that was a Tuesday—if his boy's money was safe in your bank. And you said sure it would be safe. And three days afterwards the bank was..."

Knight nodded but did not speak. There was no way to make plain to these simple country people the frantic devices he had employed that last horrible week to keep the bank open. In these hills a man's word was important. A man who lied was a common skunk. The code was plain.

He worried about Grady Shelton for two days. He considered going over the ridge to talk to the man but the Hensleys discouraged that. "All them Sheltons is mean," they declared uneasily.

"I'm not afraid of mean men," was Knight's argument. "I spent three years

surrounded by some of the meanest men in this country."

"Grady Shelton ain't in jail," was the answer they had for that.

After this Knight observed that the boy, Rance, was trailing him closely, and that the lad carried an old rabbit run with him. Knight could not evade the boy or tease him; Rance was too soberly devoted. He taught Knight the trick of catching and holding a stubborn calf; he traced the origin of the gashed gullies in the worn fields. "We'd ought to cut brush and stop these here nest winter."

"We will, Saturdays and after school," Knight agreed.

How much you reckon an ole car would cost?" Rance asked haltingly. "I wouldn't need no good one."

"That bald-faced yearling might buy one," Knight said. "Did you turn him out last night where the grass is good?"

"I done better. I cut a whole sack of clover and give him. If we had a field full of them bald faces we could make us some money, couldn't we?"

"We'll have them, Rance, but we need some fields of clover first."

The Himber house on Sunday was quietly restful; cool and clean, if a bit shabby, with old books, gently fading rugs and deep chairs. It received Philip Knight with dignified friendliness.

Jarvis Himber sat in a high chair by an open window. He was twisted and hunched by disease, but fire lived still in his dark eyes and an Indian-summer warmth in his smile.

"The country is coming back to what it used to be," he declared. "Owners on the land. It's indifference that has ruined the country. Tenants poorly paid to do a thing they don't give a damn about doing. And the land is resentful. It fights back. Grass and thorns and scrub. Is there any elderberry wine left, Halley?"

"A bottle or two, I think. I'll have Jeter bring it up."

Harriet Himber was feminine today. Her cool green linen dress pleased Phil Knight. The warmth of the old wine flowed through him. Time ceased to be important, the good meal simply served.

The tablecloth was darned. Miriam would have been amused at that. She would have been offended by old Jeter, the colored man, who plumped a plate of corn muffins in the middle of the table and drawled, "Y'all kin reach everything. I gotta feed them dawgs."

Knight and Jarvis Himber smoked many pipes and finished the wine. It was a hot day with only one jarving note. This came when Knight told the Himbers about Grady Shelton.

"Shelton has a bad reputation," Jarvis Himber said uneasily. "I'd be careful."

Knight laughed. But Harriet did not. Later, as she walked down the lane with him in the dusk, she returned to the subject. "Please make peace with Shelton. He's a bad character."

"I'll talk to him," Knight agreed casually. But he was not thinking of Grady Shelton then. Nor was he seeing the deep clover in the Himber fields.

He was seeing a dark tress of hair blowing against an olive cheek, the strong sweet curve of a mouth. His pulse raced with a sudden unaccountable return of youth. And with this went a youthful nostalgia as though from long wandering he had come home.

But all he said was, "This is what I want to do—to make this old place fruitful again. Help me, will you?"

"I want to help," she answered quietly. "Come over often."

"You've helped already," Knight tried to make the words commonplace, but a stimulated current was in the air. Even the evening sky had changed, and the moon wore a sort of triumphant glory.

The purpose and the sense of power were still upon him in the morning.

"We're going to town, Rance," he said. "We'll thumb a ride in and see if somebody will sell us some clover seed on credit. You'd better come along."

"All right," Rance was ready. "I'll take my rifle. We might meet Shelton."

Knight laughed at that. For the moment Shelton had ceased to trouble him.

When he returned, toward dusk, he had seed to plant and tools to plant it with. A supply merchant whom he had never known well had said, "You made me a loan once. You took a chance on me, Mr. Knight. I'll take one on you."

Tramping through the tall grass to the house, Rance drew back. "Car up there," he said.

Even before he drew near, Knight knew it was Miriam.

She got down from the car as he came up; white-gloved, white-shod, fragrant and lovely. "How are you, Phil?" She shook hands with ease. "I heard you were here. You're looking well."

The old pain had Phil Knight by the throat. She was so lovely to look at; he had loved her—God, how he had loved her once!

"I'm well." He was brusque and hoarse. Behind him he was aware of Mrs. Hensley, scarlet with embarrassment.

"Won't you come and see?" she invited timidly.

"Thank you, I must be running on." Miriam was the only one at ease. "You're staying on here, Phil?"

He had set his jaw so that his teeth were clamped. He forced himself to relax. "I'm staying on."

He asked about the boys, thankful for the calm he could force into the words.

"They're in camp. They're growing tall. I haven't let them forget you, Phil. Though, of course..."

"A jailbird father is a handicap. I don't blame you, of course."

"Don't be bitter, Phil. It doesn't help."

"I'm not bitter. I'm fighting. And I'm not beaten. I think I could even be happy again."

"Quite right, of course. If there's anything I can do—"

Knight smiled again. Her damned money! She had never let him forget it. "Thanks. There's nothing you can do. I'd like to help the boys—later."

"Of course. And now I must fly, really. Good-by."

She drove away, and his pain and resentment lessened. He was grateful for the wall her money had built between them. It put a period to the old life. He tramped behind a harrow all the next day. His little finger was blistered from the reins and his heels ached. But his blood was cooled and flowed strongly. He was a creator, a master. He was adding to the wealth of the earth.

But there was, he discovered, a lack. He needed to talk about what he planned to do. And the stolid Hensleys were a dull audience. So Knight walked through the summer dark to the Himber house. He did not know that what he needed was a woman to comfort and applaud him. He only knew that Harriet Himber was a sensible and practical person, that

she gave him a pleasing sense of adequacy.

He would, she told him, need to repair his barns. Calves could be bought cheaply in winter. He could start then.

"You have timber to do it. I'll show it to you. I've been looking at it covetously for years."

She walked with him to the gate that gave on the lane. He felt again the odd surging of that young pulse in his veins. He felt gallant and clever and pleased with himself. And the moon shadow on the sculptured outlines of Harriet Humber's cheeks stirred him to a mood that ached with youth and sang a song of conquering. It came to him with stunning suddenness that he had fallen in love with Harriet Humber.

It was loneliness, he told himself fiercely, morbidness, self-pity, a pathetic clutching at youth again. His hair was gray; he had some grown tall; he had loved once—things like this did not happen. And yet it had happened.

For days he worked with savage passion, wearing his body down, not permitting himself to look toward the brick house.

The clover went in. Rance looked at him with admiration and even Hensley listened to his suggestions. Salvaging barbed wire from over the place, Knight set about mending the fence.

He was pointing a post with clipped, well-aimed blows of a short ax when a laugh behind him brought him about. Harriet Humber was standing there, with the red beret on her dusky hair.

"Bravo!" she applauded. "No lumberjack could do better. You didn't learn that behind the bronze grilles of the First National but you do a grand job."

He grinned at her sheepishly, and all his blood started seething again. "This is our new pasture. Rance and I are tremendously proud of it."

"You should be," she approved. "I came over to walk up in the timber with you. Can you spare time this afternoon?" All his caution cried against it. He would betray himself; but to refuse would be hard to explain.

"Have you climbed the ridge yet?" she asked.

"Not yet."

"There's some magnificent poplar and hardwood up there."

The ridge was steep and the afternoon warm. They stopped at a fallen fence and looked back on the valley, a mosaic of brown and green fields.

HARRIET HUMBER clasped her knee in strong brown hands. "It's a little like being God, isn't it? Taking a bit of the earth and making it new—it and all the creatures in it."

Knight spoke gravely. "The new creature I'm most interested in is a fellow called Phil Knight. You created him."

"I?" Her eyes were deep. Fires burned in them. Hearth fires. Home fires.

"You took a dreary length of despair and made a man of it," he went on. "Now, what are you going to do with the man you made?"

She did not speak for a moment. Then her lashes came up. "I'll give him something to conquer—a world, perhaps. I think he is strong enough now to conquer a world or two."

Before Knight could speak again, there came a spat of flame from the hemlock clump beyond him, and a bullet plowed up the leaves at his feet.

Instantly there was a yell from the thicket opposite, and Rance leaped out and ran toward the hemlocks, the old rifle pointed. "Come out of there—I got ye covered!" he shouted. "Throw down

that gun and come out before I plug ye!"

"Rance!" Knight called.

But the boy ran past them, his eyes blazing, the gun ready. "Come on out!" he shrieked. "I'll drop ye if ye lift that gun ag'in, ye white-livered skunk!"

There was a mumbling and crashing from the hemlocks and a man slunk out, a moldy black hat low over his eyes.

Harriet Humber gave a little cry. "Grady Shelton!"

Rance was holding his rifle grimly on the shambling figure. "Gilt his gun!" he yelled at the knight. "Drop it, you! Drop it or I'll plug ye square in the eyes!"

The gaunt-faced hillman hesitated. "Drop it, Shelton!" Knight cried in a tone of command.

Shelton let the gun slide down slowly. "Gilt it! Cover him with it!" ordered Rance. "Shoot him if he makes a move."

Shelton laughed unpleasantly as Knight picked up the gun. "Ain't ary load in his," he said. "I wouldn't be standing here ef it was loaded."

Knight considered this embittered enemy. "He won't move, Rance."

"Don't ye trust him. All them Sheltons is mean. He followed ye up the hill the other night. I hid in them bushes by Humber's gate and kep' him covered."

"You're the feller that shot a hole in my breeches laig," growled Shelton.

"I'll shoot a hole between yer ears if you make a funny move," Rance was fairly dancing. "Come on, Mr. Knight, let's take him down and turn him over to the law!"

"I think we can settle this here, Rance," Knight was cool. "What is it you want, Shelton?"

"You know what I want! You ruin me, Knight. I want your yaller hide!"

"Let's talk that over, man to man," Knight rested his palm on the muzzle of the old squirrel gun. "You lost your money in the bank. I lost mine, too. I've got this land and two hands left."

"I ain't got nothing," Shelton was dour. "I didn't have but one shell for that there gun. I reckon now I'll have to break your neck for you. Them that robs has to pay!"

"I didn't rob you, Shelton. I'm as poor as you are. I've got two pairs of breeches. I'll divide with you if you think that's fair. And I've got this farm."

"I don't want no land. I got me a patch."

"There's this timber," Knight went on calmly. "I was figuring on getting some of it out this fall. Know anybody who owns a crosscut saw?"

"I got me a saw. But I ain't working for you."

"Aw, come on, Mr. Knight," pleaded Rance. "Let's lock him up."

"He's our neighbor, Rance," Knight kept a quiet, conversational tone. "We can't put our neighbor in jail. I don't blame him for wanting to break my neck. The trouble is, my neck ain't worth much—not even to me. You couldn't see your way, could you, Shelton, to getting this timber out on shares? Out and saved, it ought to make quite a good piece of money. Then you could buy some more shells and shoot me, if you still felt that you had to do it."

Shelton still glared. Out of the corner of his eye Knight could see Harriet Humber's hands. They were shaking.

But he himself felt a sense of old power returning. He was master again. Master of a situation. He lifted the gun, handed it to Shelton. Then from his pocket Knight pulled out a lone quarter.

"That will pay you some shells. And I'll be here whenever you want me."

Shelton snapped the hammer of the weapon. "How you goin' to git logs out once you git 'em down?" he demanded.

"I'll find a way to snake them out. Rance and I can do it. I'll mark the trees that ought to be cut. You can come over Monday and start, Shelton." "I ain't sayin' I'll cut no timber. I ain't sayin' you ain't a thiev'!" declared Shelton as he strode off. Then he came back, threw the quarter at Knight's feet. "I don't want your money," he snapped. "You better git a heavy chain if you're figurin' on snakin' out timber."

"He won't cut any trees," Rance was disconsolate. "He'll borrow him some shells and come back and git ye."

"He won't shoot me," Knight spoke with a cool confidence he had not known in years. "And he'll cut the timber."

"Well, I'm going to keep an eye on him anyhow," declared the boy.

"Good idea, Rance. Coming, Hallie?"

"I—think I'm scared," she laughed shakily. "I'm like Rance—I've known those Sheltons all my life. Grady Shelton killed a man once. He pleaded self-defense and got off. You were splendid."

"Listen, dear girl, I was scared too. Scared my bluff might not work."

YOU DISMEMBERED magnificently, then. You were fairly cocky with self-confidence. I was silently applauding—with my teeth, knocking together. He walked with her across the hill.

They were silent—Knight because something new and electric and intoxicating was in his blood; Harriet because her lips were holding back a cry.

She had seen this man reborn, seen the splendor of courage rekindle in his eyes. Now he would take back from him what it had snatched from him.

Harriet was glad, of course. It was right that life should repay for its stark cruelties. But her heart turned stone-cold at another thought. Now he would take back the woman he had lost. That was inevitable—that was white pain!

The pain broke in her voice a little as she stopped beyond the wall where the Humber lane began. "I'll say good-by here—and congratulations!"

Knight looked puzzled. "Why good-by?" he asked. "I'll see you tomorrow."

She shook her head. "I'll be busy tomorrow. And you—you have things to do, too. I'm terribly proud of—of the man I created. Now go on from here. Fight for what you've lost."

He looked at her intently. "For what I have lost?" he repeated. "What have I lost that is worth one hundredth part of what I can win? Oh, my boys, of course—I'd like to make them admire me again—but Hallie, can't you see? You are what I want to fight for!"

"I?" Color flooded her dark beauty.

"I love you, Hallie. I'm young again—afraid of nothing—because of you. Do you think I'll let you go—today or tomorrow—so long as the world turns?"

She was in his arms. He was a boy again, his blood shouting the triumph of youth. He was a man, on the hilltop in the sun—this was his woman. And in the valley was a world to conquer.

"You do love me, Hallie?"

"It must have been meant to be," she whispered. "Always—even long ago."

"Even long ago," he repeated, kissing her gently. "All my life something has been left out. Now, life is complete. Look at me, beloved. See that green world out there? It was made for us. For a man who loves a woman—and a woman who loves a man! We'll take it for our own."

The lad, Rance, crept up the hill and looked through the trees at the two who stood at the beginning of the lane.

Then he looked away again and marched back down the hill.

Above all, Rance was a gentleman.

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JULY



The Countryman's Year

JULY, SUNDAY. What still sunny days we have now! I have lived here upon this hillside for many years, and it seems to me I love it better with every changing season. I am up at dawn to be at my work—teasing along a tardy book—but cannot keep long from my garden. Each hour or so I am out to see what new progress the tall hollyhocks that grow by the wall have made, or to pick and eat a handful of late strawberries.

Yesterday we were haying in the meadow. A fine great crop, half alfalfa, and heavy. I cannot bear the labor of earlier years but helped pitch on until I dripped with perspiration. I like to watch the great loads going in at the gaping doorway of the barn, the man on the load with his barbed hay-fork, the smell of cattle there—I like it all.

Today with several sharp paseses of my hive-tool I destroyed hundreds of drone cells in one of my bee colonies, each of which would have produced a bee that might have become the progenitor of vast families of bees. And this spring we gathered up several bushels—millions—of seeds from under our maple trees, every one of which might have made a new tree fifty feet tall, to live for a century or more, and itself produce countless billions of seeds. Yet not one of the seeds we gathered will ever grow; they decay on my compost heap.

It is a wearying thought—the vast fecundity of nature, wherein birth is an infinitesimal chance; wherein growth after birth is only a remote possibility; wherein final maturity is not short of a miracle. How fortunate, then, to be here at all. To be alive on such a day in summer—and the wood thrush singing!

JULY 6. Today, when I had an unexpected whiff of the wild-grass blossoms, I said to myself: "Of all odors, this is, surely, the sweetest."

As the season advances some one odor seems the best of all. Early in May it was the bloom of the flowering crab, then the apple blossoms, then the old-stock lilacs, and now the grapevines with the wild

roses, which in the wasteland scarcely a stone's throw from my boundary fill all the air with ravishing odors.

JULY 13. Being weary today at my desk, so that the strength and the joy had gone out of me, I went into my garden and there in the morning sunshine, among the apple trees, I began opening my hives to look for queen cells, to see what must be done to increase the storage of honey. Presently I was conscious of a bird singing in the apple tree just over my head. It was the "Easy—so easy—so easy" of one of our most cheerful neighbors, the song sparrow.

"So easy indeed!" said I. "It is precisely the advice I need—on a fine morning like this, in summer."

It was then I began to think of the evils of the world, so long weighing heavily upon my spirit—wars, strikes, poverty, hunger, greed, cruelty. It may be, I thought, that men will have to be turned back to the soil for a thousand years or so to exorcise them. It may be that the remedy, as in ancient times, lies here upon the open land.

I thought, as I knelt there by my hives, that one cannot fool a hive of bees! There is no gambling short-cut to honey; no getting by with clever words. Reward rests exactly upon effort, effort exactly upon knowledge.

Man is constantly forgetting this law, becoming impatient of this order, despising the slow processes of creation and growth, seeking by silly force or sly duplicity, to satisfy his greed by shortcuts. We who kneel by our hives know well that it cannot be done. We know that the attempt to do it results in what we see abroad in the world today: hunger, poverty, unemployment, hatred, bitter depression and dismay. It cannot be done!

JULY 14. I have traveled and tramped in Scotland, but never really had need to, since we have a bit of Scotland near at home. I mean the Island of Nantucket, where of a summer day one may



by

DAVID GRAYSON

Author of "Adventures in Contentment"

DRAWINGS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

also find warm moors and mists and the sea wind. I have come in recent years, during fugitive visits, to love well this aromatic paradise—sweet fern and bayberry and tangles of wild red roses. One can be lost there, and yet be happy; there are the three simplicities: the sky, the sea, and the moor.

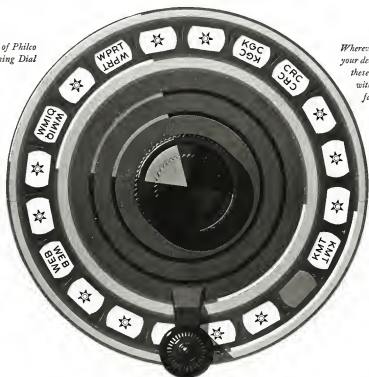
JULY 15. This year, as never before since we lived upon this hillside, we have the wood thrushes with us. No bird I know has such a wealth of mystery and wild music in its hidden song—unless it is the vireo.

JULY 21. Now is the heyday of summer: everything voluptuously in growth. It is the full, warm, robust middle age of the year, with good health and thriving normal life. The earth, ripe with products as well as promise, smiles now with full contentment. The corn in my field is even with my shoulder; the rowen alfalfa, freshly green, has come eagerly to the second blossoming. All the cut

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meadows, in spite of dry weather, are again green; the potatoes, not yet blighted, carpet their broad acres, and the onions and tobacco, the chief commercial crops of our valley, are at their best.

The early peaches in my orchard—the Mayflower—hang loaded with red-ripening fruit, never so abundant as this year. The early apples—the Yellow Transparents—are full grown. All the hives are filling with honey. In the garden we have spinas and celeriacs and hollyhocks at their best, and great red and white roses. Surely a good, abundant, smiling time of the year!

Here I live. After wandering, this valley is my home, this hillside; these green acres. I want no other. This is my progress, the succession of the seasons;

this my reward, the product of the earth. Here may I think, and love and work. Here have I lived and here I would die, for of all places under the sun I know of none that contents me better.

July 27. Rain in the night, all night long. It has been hot and dry, a week or more of burning sunshine, parched meadows and withering corn.

But last night I awakened with the cool sweet breath of the rain upon my face. I lay there, still and happy, and listened. It was as though nature had drawn a long sigh and, repenting her hot anger of past days, had begun to weep softly, copiously, to assuage the fever of the burning earth.

I heard the rain tapping on the roof,

whispering among the leaves of the ash tree next my window. I could smell the fragrance—the unforgettable fragrance—of new rain upon parched verdure and thirsty soil. It came straight down and filled all the night with comfort and release.

July 28. The sweet corn is tasseling out; we have had our first new potatoes.

You may know the true gardener by his willingness to kneel in the earth—filling knees and a strong back. He loves the feel of the soil; he loves to step around in his garden, paths in such warm moist mornings of July as this, when the vegetation can almost be seen to grow. He loves every row of corn, every hill of melons, every clump of tall hollyhocks.

Kougarok by Rex Beach (Continued from page 47)

when he was a pup—traded a dollar alarm clock for him—and made a pet of him."

"Pet of who? Kougarok?"

After an instant Mort exploded irritably. "Hell! He couldn't have cared much for the dog or he wouldn't have let him. I wouldn't. What's more, if he was a poker player he'd have him yet."

"I guess that's right," said Scotty. That evening Holmes brought the animal into the house, fed him some choice morsels of dried king salmon and went over him carefully, examining his feet and massaging his muscles. His impulse was to keep him indoors and share his bed with him but for the good of the dog he dared not. Instead, he removed one of the soft woolen blankets under which he had been sleeping and which therefore had his body odor clinging to it, and with this he made a bed in the kennel. Kougarok sniffed at it doubtfully; then, when he had trod a nest in it to suit him, he deliberately turned his back upon its owner.

In the entire history of sporting events there has never been anything like the All-Alaska Sweepstakes. It is—or was—the most heroic Marathon ever run. In planning the contest, those hardy northerners made of it not only a test of strength, speed and stamina for man and animal alike but also a revealing trial of judgment and courage.

The race was run in midwinter from Nome, across country to Candie Creek, which is on the shores of the Arctic Ocean, and back—a distance of approximately five hundred miles. Every possible hazard of arctic travel lurked on the way. From certain control stations where the teams laid over, progress of the race was telephoned in to Nome and the positions of the contestants were posted on blackboards.

The real struggle, of course, went on between bulletins, and the intensity of that unseen drama was reflected in the frequent weather reports or the unofficial comment that came dribbling in over the whispering wires.

The rules were simple: a man could drive as few or as many dogs as he chose, but he could not add to the number en route or receive assistance of any sort. Moreover, he must return with every dog he started with, dead or alive. Those too badly crippled to run must be hauled. Competitors could set their own pace and rest at will.

When, after a year of careful preparation, the starting day arrived, mines, stores and business houses closed. Nome went on holiday and people came from far and near. Once the teams had been sent away the crowds congregated at the

bulletin boards and went practically sleepless thereafter. The capital prize was big, betting was feverish and the odds changed frequently.

Not until the two-hundred-and-fifty-mile turn had been made, however, and the real condition of the teams and their drivers had begun to show, did excitement rise to the boiling point. Then, as the blackboards told the story of the savage drama being played out there amid whirling snows, the city went wild. It was on the home stretch that the unexpected always happened. Men shouted as some bulletin was read; women shrieked with joy or pounded their fists and wept, for all knew how those racing teams and racing drivers struggled. They knew the malignancy Nature showed in her crueler moods; they could feel the bite of salt fog—that frozen mire of the sea; they could hear the winds wailing through Death Valley, where the trail was always buried.

They appreciated the perils offered by overflows, for a man is only as good as his dogs and a dog is only as good as his feet. That water seeped up treacherously through the snow, and once a team was in it the driver must dry every toe of every paw of every dog. That meant fast work, barehanded, in a temperature which turned naked flesh to marble; otherwise the white trail from Candie Creek became a red trail, a trail of blood.

Mort, Holmes' Siberians lived up to his confidence in them: they were the first to make the turn, and from the rest periods which Scotty Britt allowed them it was evident that he was conserving their strength, for a driving finish. Scotty himself was tireless.

The loss of Kougarok had been a serious handicap for Jim Belton. He whined into Candie while Scotty was still in bed, but the board showed that Jim was already crowding his team and cutting his stops to the minimum. Where he should have taken four hours of rest he was taking two.

He was up and away again close behind Scotty's heels, followed by Colonel Wheatley's crossbred setters and Malmutes, which had started last. Knute Larsen, their driver, was reported to be as fresh as a daisy. Having overhauled and passed four teams, he was confident of pulling down the two ahead.

The messages that came in for a while thereafter indicated that Belton was going strong; then he was unaccountably late in checking in, and when he flashed came from Sloan's roadhouse it told a story that changed the betting odds instantly. He had hit an overflow and his dogs' feet were damaged.

That, people agreed, was chargeable to his new leader. Kougarok had sensed the danger and avoided it but evidently there was too much snow blowing for Belton to see the turnout. Poor Jim! If only he hadn't looked twice at his hole card.

Ever Belton heard some of the Benies discussing that sad game. Overwhelmed from her vigil, and knowing what the remaining hours of the race held in store, she began to chatter hysterically. The dogs would pull until every frosted paw was a bleeding mass. They'd give all they had, the poor savage, crippled darlings! But—the pity of it!

Holmes elbowed his way to her through the crowd. "I'm sorry, Eve," he said. "I hope Jim didn't get his feet wet."

She turned upon him eyes smudged as if with charcoal, and exclaimed, "That's a lie, and you know it! You're glad! You're laughing up your sleeve. I could kill you!"

"Why, Eve!" he protested, but she stormed on:

"Kougarok isn't your dog and he never will be. You own him but he belongs to us. He'll work for you; he'll win this race for you, but he'd die for Jim."

That night Mort got roaring drunk and those who disliked him said irritably that he was already celebrating. Pretty poor taste, they called it. They began to pull for Knute Larsen and the Wheatley team. Some of them prayed that Scotty Britt would drop dead.

Holmes won, however, and Jim Belton ran a poor third to Wheatley's crossbreds. Nevertheless, Jim was the hero of the race, for he finished dead on his feet, pushing feebly at the handle bars of a sled which carried two crippled members of his team while two others limped painfully at his heels. All sixteen dogs lifted their paws as if they were treading on a hot stove and behind them for a hundred miles stretched a thin red trail of agony.

Jim's long drill parka reached scarcely to his waist, the skirts of that garment having gone to protect the dogs' paws when their moans were out. When that lurching scarecrow, eyes bloodshot, face cracked and swollen from the frost, urged the pitiful remnants of his emaciated team across the finish line, Front Street rang with cheers—a heartfelt tribute to the courage of man and beast.

On the other hand, Britt asserted that he had never driven an easier race. "All I did was keep up with the sled and feed my team. Kougarok drove it. And that overflow that ruined Jim—Kougarok smelled it, stopped, then circled back to the sled and sat down. I drug him forward by the collar—and went in

Stretched Pores

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All three come from clogging just under the pore opening—the result of a faulty underskin.

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Rousing underskin treatment fights them off

You can avoid them all—keep them from spoiling your looks—by the steady use of Pond's rousing underskin treatment.



Mrs. Rodman Wanamaker 11

of the prominent Philadelphia family, says: "I'll never have blackheads or blemishes—using Pond's Cold Cream. It makes my pores finer. I use it night and morning."

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Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, make-up, skin secretions—wipe off. Apply more cream. Pat in hard—to get at that neglected underskin!

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ankle-deep. He saved the race for us right there."

Mort Holmes made no new friends by winning the Sweepstakes. He discovered, too, that he was never invited to play poker with the Bernies any more. Kougarok, on the other hand, was more popular than ever and when Mort mentioned the dog he never lacked an attentive audience. They were great pals now, he declared, and the dog was as crazy about him as he was about the dog.

As a matter of fact, Holmes was lying; he refused to admit even to himself how sorely Kougarok had hurt his pride. He made every possible effort to win the animal's confidence and liking: he pampered him and tried to romp with him.

If Kougarok had been a woman he could not have been courted more assiduously. Nor did any spoiled chorus beauty ever accept favors from some fat and fatuous admirer with a more artificial display of gratitude. The dog grew to be a grafter; he fawned upon Mort, tyrannized over him, and when he got what he wanted, lapsed into indifference.

HOLMES HAD NEVER driven the dog on a long trip, so when he found it necessary to go to St. Michael he decided to go alone and share authority over Kougarok with nobody. Surely if they were thrown together on the trail, shared bed and board, hardship and fatigue, they would establish a more satisfactory relationship.

The ice in Norton Bay was in treacherous condition from an unseasonal south wind, and the Indians reported wide leads of open water, so Mort laid over at Issacs Point. A freight outfit from Council City was camped near the village waiting to cross, and their team consisted of the five largest and strongest dogs Mort had ever seen. Realizing the inevitable result if his lightweight Siberians mixed with them, Mort pitched his tent as far away as possible.

His dogs were always inclined to go looking for trouble and they did so now, but after one reconnaissance of the freighters' camp they came home on the run and their owner rested easier.

The south wind, tempered by the first false hint of spring, continued for several days. Time dragged.

Mort was surprised when one of the Swede freighters called on him and said, "You better put chain on dat Kougarok dog, an' padlock, too."

"What's the matter? Thinking about stealing him?"

The fellow shook his head. There was anger and bewilderment in his pale blue eyes. "I've not know who he is, by Yiminy ve shoot him dead!" "Really?" The lawyer's face darkened. "I raise dem five huskies an' dey chew up every team in dis country. Now de bes' four is cut to hal'."

Holmes sat up on his bedroll. "My dogs didn't do it. They couldn't. Those rhinos of yours ran 'em off the first day."

"Sure! They come home an' tell Kougarok an' he wisit us, just same like big boy."

"You don't mean he came looking for trouble? And tackled all five?"

The man nodded gloomily. "Yesterday he wisit us again. Today Olaf is vaitin' vid ax. He's better-mined to kill—"

"If he hurts Kougarok—" the owner began, but his caller interrupted to explain:

"He's better-mined on killin' our dog if Kougarok licks 'em 'twee time. Olaf is great fightin' man himself; he's werry 'shamed."

Mort grinned and reassured the fellow. "You boys have been damn' nice about

this. I'll chain him and if you need help in crossing the bay you can have some of my team, or all of it."

"We make it okay if Yesse Yames leave 'us alone. By Golly, I never seen dog like him. I think he packs a knife."

When the freighter had gone, Mort brought the culprit into his tent and went over him carefully but failed to discover a fang mark in his hide. "You son-of-a-gun!" he said softly. "A million dollars wouldn't buy you."

East of Norton Bay a vast field of muskies lies between the coast line and the mountains. The government trail follows the shore line and along it are iron posts with metal markers.

This was the late spring and autumn trail, but when the tundra lakes froze over the mail teams broke out a cutoff. Although the latter was poorly staked it was well traveled, and after leaving Bonanza roadhouse Mort's team raced along it at runaway speed.

The weather held good all the way to St. Michael and it was not until the return trip was half over that he encountered his first storm. As he pulled into Hamsun's roadhouse an hour before dark the world was hidden behind a curtain of spinning flakes. Out of the north came a crushing wind.

Another outfit was ahead of him at the roadhouse, and Kougarok immediately took an interest in it. When he was unharnessed he investigated the sled, then trotted to the roadhouse door and waited for Mort to open it.

"Nothing doing," Mort told him. "You're spoiled."

When the dog insisted upon entering he led him around to the shed and shut him inside. He was at a loss to explain the animal's behavior until he discovered that the traveler who had preceded him was Jim Belton.

Belton had suffered a mishap; he was in bed, and both Hamsun and his helper were in attendance upon him. In feeling the raised-up trail, now hidden under a downy blanket of white, the miner had slipped and twisted himself. The injury had rendered Belton helpless; it called for immediate medical aid, and the nearest hospital was at Nome.

Mort considered. He was tired; both his own dogs and Belton's were played out and it would be a hard day's trip to Bonanza roadhouse in a storm like this. Plainly there was nothing to be done before morning, when he and Hamsun, regardless of weather, would rush the sick man through.

While they were discussing the situation there came a scratching at the door—some dog was loose, and the helper went out to look it up. A moment or two later the dog came in, a piece of a window crashing into the room and out of the night catapulted a body. It was Kougarok. He scrambled to his feet and sprang toward the bunk in which Belton lay. Lifting his front paws to the rail, he licked the miner's face.

Jim spoke to him in a quavering voice; he took the dog's head in his arms.

While the scandalized Hamsun tackled a bear and ran over the broken window, Mort Holmes stared at the tableau across the room. Jim Belton was crying like a woman.

The next morning Mort dropped his lightest dogs and replaced them with the heaviest and strongest members of Jim's team, for the storm was still raging and Hamsun predicted that it would be a long drag to Bonanza.

Kougarok looked on as Belton was carried out to the sled and wrapped in a fur robe. The dog seemed to realize that something was seriously amiss, for when Mort shouted, "Mush!" he lunged

into his collar and snapped the long tug rope taut.

The air was thick with fine, hard particles, and underfoot the snow crawled like sliding sand. "Sorry this happened," Belton apologized. "You'd have laid over, otherwise."

"Forget it," Holmes told him.

The trail for a while followed the shore line, which was rugged here. When it cut inland over point or promontory the going was heavy indeed, for the new snow was thin and very dry, hence it was early afternoon before they topped the last bluff and the Bonanza flats lay ahead of them. The plain was invisible.

Trouble started soon after they were out on the treeless tundra, for the cutoff trail was drifted level. When they lost it Hamsun went exploring for a stake and thereafter they felt their way blindly from marker to marker. It was slow, confusing, arduous work.

"We'll never make it this way," Mort confessed after a while. "Let's leave it up to Kougarok."

"Sure!" Belton agreed. "He was over this trail twice last fall. That is to say, he was over the government trail."

"We ain't on the government trail and I don't want to be on it," Hamsun declared forcefully. "Too close to open water. Three, four teams been lost there. The fool leaders went with the wind and took 'em to sea."

"But we'll be all right at this rate."

"Trouble is, there's no coast line to these flats. You're on the ice before you know it. But—all right! We ain't getting anywhere like this. Only hold your team up into the wind."

Ten minutes later the roadhouse man shouted, "That leader's going 'haw' too far! He's swinging to seaward."

"Gee!" Holmes commanded, and Kougarok obeyed—for a while. Then again Hamsun interfered.

"What'd I tell you? We're in a hell of a jam and no where the cutoff is."

"Maybe the dog knows what he's doing," Belton argued, but Hamsun asserted furiously that he knew more than any dog and thereupon wallowed forward. Roughly he swung the team to the right. No sooner had he dropped back, however, than Kougarok bore southward again and Holmes could not control him.

THOROUGHLY ALARMED by Hamsun's apprehensions, Holmes began to use the whip. It was the first time he had ever laid the lash to his leader but the dog, it seemed, had suddenly turned headstrong. This aroused all that was stubborn in his owner. Holmes lost his head as Kougarok persisted in defying him. The sensation followed another as the miles dragged wearily by.

Grimly the battle went on, first Mort and then Hamsun using the lash and even the clubbed whipstock, the dog panting, sobbing as he lunged into his collar, tensaciously holding to the course he had set.

Belton finally implored his companions to desist. "Don't punish him any more. I—can't stand it."

"You want he should take us to sea?" Hamsun stormed. "By God, I don't! It's getting dark, and I bet we're on the ice already." And again he fell upon the disobedient leader.

"If I could get off this sled you wouldn't strike him!" Belton shouted, and the anguish in that protest brought Holmes to his senses. He plunged ahead, tore the whip out of Hamsun's hand and ordered him to fall back.

"No wonder the dog doesn't know where he's going. We've beaten him to

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a pulp." Stooping, Holmes stroked the battered head of the husky and said gently, "Good boy! I won't whip you any more. I'll drown first. Get up, lad. Make another try, but for God's sake watch your step!"

Kougarok, however, refused to stir; he would not rise until Jim Belton called to him, "Take it easy, boy! Let's go!"

The dog struggled to his feet and slowly the team strained past Holmes, who elbowed Hamsun away from the handle bars and took his place. By now they could see only the four animals harnessed next to the sled, the others being hidden by the seething drift.

Night had finally settled when the sled came to a stop and Hamsun collided with Mort. "What's up now?" the roadhouse man queried.

"I don't know," Holmes started the load. "Much on Kougarok? Damn you!"

"Wait!" Hamsun spoke in a frightened voice, "It's—open water!" Cautiously he worked his way forward.

The roadhouse man's figure disappeared into the gloom. Several seconds crept past before he called, "Mr. Holmes! Come here, quick!"

Mort floundered past the prostrate team until he saw again the black bulk of Hamsun's pack.

"Can you see the water?" he called. "Listen! Listen!"

Above the howling of the wind Holmes heard a faint, sustained metallic clatter, like the rattle of tin, and groping forward he almost collided with an iron post on the top of which a metal flag was vibrating furiously. At the foot of the post, his muzzle almost touching it, Kougarok was crouched.

"It's the government trail!" Hamsun cried in a queer voice. "It's marked like this all the way in. We've got a chance to make Bonanza after all!"

"We clubbed him blind but he brought us to it!" Holmes exclaimed. "We don't deserve to get through." He knelt and took Kougarok's head in his arms.

"You stay here while I find the next marker," the roadhouse man volunteered. But Holmes said:

"If he found this one he'll find the others."

In a moment the sled was in motion again, and this time no attempt was made to direct the leader; the men merely slogged along behind. Their apprehensions had begun to grow again when suddenly, so close at hand that they could have touched it, another iron post appeared out of the darkness and they heard the rattle of its tin flag.

Hamsun actually collided with the third trail marker. Guided by some instinct too mysterious for the human mind to understand, Kougarok laid a course as straight as an arrow's flight through the blinding smother.

After what seemed an eternity the team halted a second time. Wearily Holmes stretched only to bring his head into violent contact with something hard. It proved to be the overhang of a cabin roof.

The building was half snowed under; Kougarok lay with his muzzle pressed against its wall. Suddenly a beam of light appeared at Mort's feet; it widened as a plank door opened, and before he could step aside the snow gave way beneath him, and he and Kougarok and the dogs immediately behind them were

carried downward on a miniature avalanche into the lamplit interior of the Bonanza roadhouse. The sled fetched up with a jar against the doorjamb.

An hour later Mort seated himself on Jim's bunk and inquired, "How are you making it, old-timer?"

"I'll live till spring."

"Sure. We'll have easier going from here on."

"How's Kougarok?"

"I've been working on him. God! I ought to be shot."

"He knows you didn't mean to hurt him."

"Listen, Jim. He didn't take that abuse on my account. It was for you. He isn't my dog; never was and never will be."

"Nonsense! He'd give his life for you."

"I know. But not his heart, and that's all I want. If I had that no money could buy him, but it simply isn't his to give. He's earned his right to choose."

The speaker's voice broke; he rose, crossed the plank floor and flung open the door to the back room. "Kougarok!" he called.

The dog appeared, walking slowly, wearily; his head and tail were drooping, his jaws were cut, his eyes swollen nearly shut. "Speak to him, Jim. He's yours. I don't deserve to own a dog like—again Holmes' voice failed him. Abruptly he passed into the kitchen."

But it was unnecessary for Belton to speak; he merely held out his arms and Kougarok lurched to him on legs that bent. With an effort he crept into the bunk, then stretched himself out with a mighty sigh.

No doubt he wondered why the molasses on Jim's face was so salty to his tongue.

The Good Companions by Alexander Woolcott (Continued from page 43)

she have proved unsatisfactory? In what way could Xenia—a star pupil—have disgraced her school?

To find out, Humphrey blindfolded a trainer and sent him down the Vevey to give her a checkup in the thick of that town's capricious traffic. In and out of its twisting streets she led her man, guiding him around puddles, warning him about curbs, choosing the rough part of every footway for herself that he might have the smooth. As a supreme test, they drove a car suddenly out of the road onto the sidewalk, cutting across her path by a lunatic, right angle turn wild enough to have caught most pedestrians unawares. But not the taut and wary Xenia, who signaled her man in time. In short, she passed the examination with flying colors. "So help me, Jack," the trainer babbled, "there's nothing the matter with her. She's perfect."

Much puzzled, Humphrey telegraphed an inquiry to the little French town north of the Aveyron. No answer. Then he wrote. No answer. Finally he sent a scout on a visit of investigation, which yielded the fact that Xenia, far from having failed in her task, had been the wonder of the town and a tremendous success with her new master, who, thanks to her, had for the first time since the war tasted the sweets of freedom—freedom alike from the callousness and the equally infuriating pity of others, freedom to go and come when and where he pleased, freedom even to stay out till all hours, he and Xenia together, drinking with his cronies in the smoky old buvette on the cobbled square.

There was the rub. That was what his wife couldn't hear. No longer was he dependent on her. No longer was he under her thumb. So she had shipped the interloper back to Switzerland. And her ex-

planation to the desolate blind man? Oh, she just told him that his precious Xenia had proved faithless and run away.

The other woman whom I marked for extermination as my good deed for 1936 had in like manner violated the fundamental deencies. She had a neat little house on the outskirts of Birmingham in England and some wealthy busybody had provided her sightless husband with one of the guide-dogs from the training school at Wallasey near Liverpool.

Reports that the dog was failing in her task led in this case, also, to an investigation. This brought to light the fact that the blind man, when at home, was accustomed to leaving his dog outside. She was even obliged to sleep outside, which wounded her pride, weakened her affection, interrupted her interest and wrecked her morale.

Full well her master knew this but he could do nothing about it. You see, his wife wouldn't have the creature in the house. Indeed, they had to take the dog away because on this point the Missus wouldn't yield an inch. No, sir! Tracking mud on her linoleum! Getting hair all over the furniture! That was her reason. The bitch! The dirty bitch!

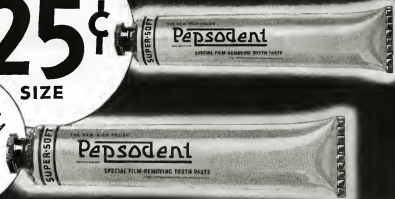
All of which—that training school near Vevey and the one near Liverpool and the blackhearted behavior of the begrudging wives, yes, and the curious luncheon with the blindfolded men in New Jersey—all of which, I say, grew out of a letter written eight years ago by a boy in Nashville, Tennessee. That letter was addressed to Mrs. Harrison Eustis, an American woman who had launched in Switzerland a small casual experiment in the breeding of German shepherd dogs. These strong, artful and devoted creatures had been faithfully tending flocks on their native hills for three

thousand years and only in the 'nineties, when some fancy kennels began grooming them for bench shows, did the breed begin to deteriorate. The great lines were to deteriorate, when sportsmen get to work on them, breeding them as they do for physical points.

Mrs. Eustis wanted to know if it might not be a good idea instead to breed for all the good qualities of the heart and of the head. Why not breed for judgment and fidelity and imagination and kindness?

This question she put to the aforesaid Humphrey, an erstwhile cowboy and whiplash lion tamer, who after the war had busted himself with the breeding of Arabians for the army endurance test. He had just finished this stint and was looking about for a new problem to tackle when Mrs. Eustis popped her biological question. Why not breed the German shepherd dogs for character? To which Humphrey replied, "Why not?" and started packing his trunk.

Now, unless a dog works—the job of being merry and bright around the house in return for your keep is, mind you, never a sinecure, but I don't mean that kind of work—unless a dog has a job, how could one determine its character? And where in the world were any female dogs employed at jobs calculated to test their quickness of wit and stanchness of heart? There was just one answer to that. So they bred from those which, across the frontier, were already making good as guides for the German war-blind. About this work, the admiring Mrs. Eustis wrote an article for the Saturday Evening Post and little guessing the consequences, filled her place "The Seeing Eye." And it was this piece that back home in Nashville was read to a youngster named Morris Frank who, at

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the age of fifteen, had lost his sight in a handball accident. He wrote to Mrs. Rustis asking why he couldn't have one of those dogs and promising that, if she would help him to get one and if the dog proved all she said, he, in turn, would then help other blind people in America to get them, too.

This letter caused some consternation in Montpelier. Outfitting the blind was a task they hadn't even contemplated undertaking. Yet, under bondage to the hopes they had carelessly raised, for this one boy, at least, they must make good—would make good, they promised, if only he could get himself to Switzerland. Frank promptly had himself shipped there by American Express, and, a month later, he and his dog Buddy started forth on wanderings that have taken them more than a hundred and fifty thousand miles together.

Thus was started the training school which is known as the Seeing Eye. Its headquarters now are in Whippany on the outskirts of Morristown, New Jersey. To that school from all over America blind folk come, stay a month for training and then go briskly forth, each accompanied with a Xenia of his own. In every fiber of their being they are transformed during that month—changed beyond recognition from the faltering, frightened, oppressed, mistrustful men they seemed on their arrival.

Each is greeted when he gets there by a young man who is himself a challenge and a reassurance, a lordly and derisive young man, on whom—his master and her child—a dog, somber and disdainful to the rest of the world, keeps ever a watchful eye. It would do your heart good to see them when they sally forth together—Morris Frank of Nashville, Montpelier, Morristown and the wide, wide world; Morris Frank and Buddy, his good companion.

I first encountered these comrades nearly three years ago as the unforeseen result of my having accepted in a moment of mental collapse an invitation to a banquet. It was a huge and (as you might maliciously have guessed) indiscriminate affair. In the anteroom to the vast Park Avenue dining hall, lukewarm and quite distasteful cocktails were being served to the horde of overstuffed dowagers with which the place seethed. But though I repented in time, I found myself so wedged in that I could not have got back to my hat and coat without contusions and the risk of mayhem.

At that juncture, my envious eye was caught by the sight of one tall, handsome fellow who was moving through the mob with the ease of a ship's prow cleaving the water. Later, I discovered that he was blind and that a resolute guide-dog was in charge of this cleaving in his behalf.

With the after-dinner coffee, they showed a cockeyed, amateur movie which gave glimpses of the work of the Seeing Eye in Switzerland and in New Jersey. All of it interested me but one shot held me fascinated. What I saw on the screen was Buddy hustling her master through the streets of Vevey. Like all towns in French Switzerland, Vevey's streets are lined with jolly café tables over which friendly awnings stretch protection from the sun. Most of these are high enough to miss the head even of an exceptionally ratty pedestrian, but, looming in the path of these hurrying, I saw one hanging so low that the blind man was by a narrow margin, apparently due for a blow on the forehead.

At least so it seemed to me, but so, also, it seemed to Buddy who, as they

neared the danger, made a quick calculation and took him out into the roadway that he might skirt it. At this point my old journalistic curiosity was fired. How could she have known enough to make that estimate and act upon it? How could anyone teach any dog that art? I felt I had to know, and to Morristown the next week I went in search of the answer, driving out in a snowstorm and taking along with me a certain poet named Dorothy Parker who has never been quite the same since.

Ever since, in our several ways, we have gone about spreading the news. I know a hundred tales of the Seeing Eye. They are of all sorts. Here is one as a sample. A year or so ago there came to the school from Philadelphia a tough, resentful customer whose pardonable hostility to this difficult world took him into the opposition camp on every conceivable question. Of course, he was against our form of government and his was the kind of revolutionary spirit which mysteriously expresses itself in a refusal to wash, shave or wear a necktie. This was so noticeable that when, after only two weeks at Morristown, he bought himself a razor and some pretty elegant haberdashery, there was general consternation. At that, half sheepish, half pleased, he grinned from ear to ear and made his explanation.

"You see," he said, putting out a hand to pat the head that rested on his knee, "a guy doesn't like to go around looking like a bum when he's out with a lady."

Now, I enjoy telling that story and others like it. Who wouldn't? And good, I know, is served by telling them, for only as an understanding of the work spreads from town to town across country do bus lines and elevators and trains and hotels and restaurants learn that all rules against dogs should be and must be waived for the dogs of the Seeing Eye. Why, do you know, there is a chain of restaurants in my own home town that will not eat with Morris Frank and Buddy come in for a bite of lunch. (Pardon me while I put a note on my memo pad, reminding me, when next I pass one of that chain, to throw a brick through the plate-glass window.)

But there is this drawback to such spreading of the gospel. Inevitably it raises more hopes than can, with the present resources, be gratified. To train and equip all the blind in America who are sturdy enough to use the dogs, the Seeing Eye must both take root and branch out. It needs more trainers and it needs more funds.

Something is being done about this. For example, those blindfolded men with whom I had lunch that day were young apprentice-trainers, now already more than half through a three-year course, from which each may hope to emerge equipped—of course, God will have to help some—to be another Jack Humphrey. As for the funds, a national enrollment is this year under way, headed by Booth Tarkington and recruiting members as the Red Cross does. Just as one "joins" the Red Cross, so those of you who are interested—and will, I hope—become members of the Seeing Eye. If you want to know more, address your inquiry to The Seeing Eye, Morristown, New Jersey. As the Bellman said in "The Hunting of the Snark": "What I tell you three times is true."

Small wonder that many of these tales I want to tell three thousand times three times. Consider if you will the case of a strapping fellow who lived (and still does) at a mountain crossroads in New York State up near the Canadian border. He was a driller by trade and the father of eight children. Once, by mistake, he

drilled into an unsuspecting percussion cap which set off some dynamite and distributed him over the landscape. The fragments were picked up and assembled and patiently patched together in a near-by hospital.

It was a great day when the bandages were finally removed from his head. Coming toward him down the lane of beds, the ward nurse saw him put his hand to the cool cloth she had put on his forehead and heard him ask in a puzzled voice, "But why did you leave the bandage on my eyes?" As that her heart skipped a beat because it was the first time she knew that he had not known his sight was lost forever in the explosion.

Months later, he himself was able to tell how he spent the next thirty-six hours. Round and round in his mind, like a squirrel in a cage, ran a single question: How does a blind man commit suicide? Does he shoot himself? Who would let him have a gun? Leap from a roof or a bridge? How would he get there? Quaff a poison? Who would give him any? Thus, hour after hour, his trapped thoughts ran in their track.

THE THING that halted them was something he heard by what we have the hardihood to call chance. It seems an ambulatory patient, roaming the ward in bathrobe and slippers, was all for a bit of band music and in twirling the dial of the radio, got by some nasty mistake a fellow talking. At this he swore richly and was all for a new station when his hand faltered at the command of a voice which had in it a note that could not be disobeyed, the voice of the erstwhile driller calling out from his bed, sharp, peremptory, abashing, "Don't turn it off!" For the straw at which the blind man had caught was a phrase about another blind man and his guide-dog. The broadcaster was telling a tale of the Seeing Eye.

Beginning at that moment and working steadily at his new ambition, he finally got himself one of those dogs. First he had to trace the broadcast to the station, find out who had been telling this tale, learn where the school was and from the school itself learn how fit and solvent he would have to be to matriculate there. How much Lady was going to mean to him, even he could not have guessed. How high his hopes were and how hungry his heart no mere onlooker could have known when first he arrived, tall and uncommunicative, at the headquarters in Morristown.

To be sure, even a not particularly perceptive onlooker might have suspected, however, who had chanced to be watching at the end of his third day of training. He had come in from his work in the Morristown traffic and was taking Lady's harness off for the day when suddenly he dropped on his knees beside her, put his arms around her, buried his face in her shaggy neck and cried and cried and cried.

Six months later, I was driving in his part of the Adirondacks and made a detour to find out how he and Lady were getting along. I felt a special interest because, after all, it was my broadcast he had heard in the ward that day. He was out when I called and I had to wait to see him. He and Lady had gone off fishing together. They caught four trout.

In the light of which experience, you can easily believe that whenever I find a snaphook want I am sorely tempted to get up on it and start telling things I know about the Seeing Eye—sometimes tempted, as you may observe, beyond my strength.

What goes into America's finest whiskey?

WHISKEY—straight whiskey—and nothing but straight whiskey!

That's what goes into Four Roses. *And nothing but that!*

But it's not just *one* straight whiskey. *It's several!* And for a very good reason.

Every straight whiskey just naturally has its own special characteristic. One excels in aroma, another

in body, another in smoothness, still another in flavor.

When we blend these straight whiskies the special way we know how, you get a liquor far better than any of them could be *alone*. You get a liquor that excels in *every* quality a fine whiskey should have. You get Four Roses, the grandest whiskey that ever soothed a grateful throat!



Four Roses

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Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore, makers of Four Roses (94 proof), Paul Jones (92 proof), Old Oscar Pepper and Mattingly & Moore (both 90 proof)—all blends of straight whiskies.

Also Paul Jones Four Star Dry Gin (90 proof) distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits.

"We're doin'

PIONEERING STILL GOES ON!

If all the research activities carried on by the American railroads were concentrated in one huge laboratory it would require an institution housing thousands of men and providing millions of square feet of floor space. Six railroads, two universities and ten supply companies

alone, for example, maintain a permanent research personnel of about 1,000 people, engaged in such varied projects as Equipment Design, Metal Alloys, General Equipment Efficiency, Design and Performance of Signal Apparatus, Production Methods, Wood Decay, Metal Corrosion, Water Softening. Out of such pioneering endeavor come such devices as this modern

Detector Car, which automatically reveals unseen interior defects in rails, and simply by running it over the rails defects can be not only discovered but marked with a splash of paint, assuring immediate replacement.



SAFETY FIRST-
friendliness next

OK, buddy!"

IN THESE homely words you hear expressed the self-reliant spirit of one of the foremost industries of the nation, the American railroads.

They're driving ahead to new triumphs in service and efficiency—going after business, and getting it, in a way to make any railroad man justly proud.

Of course the recent lean years have not been easy; they have been tough for the railroads just as they have for almost any other business you can name.

But in face of tough times these dependable carriers have made their bid for increased business by stepping up freight train speed by 43%, by cutting the running time of pas-

senger trains, and by increasing their comfort by air-conditioning, which means greater cleanliness, restful quiet, safe agreeable travel at its best.

And at the same time there has steadily gone forward a vast program of improvement which only a man who works on the railroad could see and appreciate in full—\$172,000,000 invested in the past six years in laying heavier rails—a third of a billion dollars spent during the same period in new track construction and *more than three billions* put into right-of-way maintenance—all of which make faster schedules possible with safety.

Yes, a lot has been happening to the railroads—astonishingly more than most people realize—wouldn't it be a good idea next time you have a trip to make, to go by rail?

We believe if you'll look about you with a friendly eye, you'll discover surprising evidence of how superbly the job is being done!

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NO other transportation in the world can match the American railroads for speed with safety. And every modern convenience contributes to your comfort when you go by rail. Practically all through trains are air-conditioned—cleaner, quieter, healthier. You have modern lighting, excellent food, comfort-

able seats, plenty of room to move around, and you get there on schedule. Yet with all the improvements railroads offer today, fares have been steadily lowered. When you plan a trip for business or pleasure—call the nearest ticket office for new low rates.



ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

HEADQUARTERS: Transportation Building, Washington, D. C.

How to WORRY Successfully

by
DAVID SEABURY

Consulting Psychologist
DRAWING BY
BRUCE MOORE



IT WAS one of those days when the sun shines brightly and all nature conspires to entice a man out of doors, but it annoyed John Doe to have the spring so beautiful. A sense of the uselessness of his days and the failure of his efforts surrounded him, vague, unreal yet everywhere present.

Look at the facts. His little daughter was sick in the hospital; architecture, his profession, was threatened by a score of new inventions; he suspected that his wife was in love with another man. Weren't there plenty of things to worry about? And could worrying solve his problems?

It could—provided John would take the trouble to learn how to worry, for only those who have stopped thinking in circles and have learned to direct their worrying at the heart of their problem ever achieve anything by it. Like other forms of exercise, worry should be used only when it will do the most good.

When a patient comes to me with his worries, I ask one question at once: Are you sure you know what you are worrying about? No one can be helped to cure a worry until he knows its cause.

In searching for the source of your worry, remember that, just as no disease can affect you unless there is some weakness within your body, no worry can come to you unless there is some weakness or lack in your own mental outlook. You want friends—but are you friendly? You want money—but do you work for it intelligently? You want prestige—but what have you done worthy of honor?

Psychologists have found that most

worries revolve around ten central factors. They are:

1. Food
2. Sex and comradeship
3. Position—need of a place in society
4. Money
5. Identity—awareness of ourselves
6. Activity and excitement
7. Finding a meaning for experience
8. Desire for reward or satisfaction
9. Relaxation and pleasure
10. Home—basking in the familiar environment

In your failure to be adjusted to one or more of these needs lies the cause of your worry. Examine your life in relation to these basic factors. *Diagnosis* is the first law of successful worry.

Suppose you have faced the facts honestly and have isolated the crying personal need that is the cause of your worries. The next step may seem selfish but really is not. Concentrate on this worry. Do not try to do the worrying for other people, too.

I recall a situation which brought this point home to me. It was the last hour of my week of office work, and I had been engaged on a serious problem. My client knew that I had real sympathy for him and was doing my best to help him. At the end of the period, he left my office; but he had forgotten something and came back again. I did not hear him enter. I was standing in the center of the floor, whistling and jiggling.

The man turned red, then pale; he bit his lip, but finally burst out laughing. "Thanks, Seabury," he said; "that's

the best thing you ever did for me. I wanted you to carry my problem with you all day and all night, but you are too wise. You did all you could for me and then threw off the burden. All my life I have worn myself out carrying burdens. It never did anybody any good and did me a lot of harm. At last I see what you mean. This is the way to peace."

That man had learned the second rule of successful worry. If you will learn it too, you will be ready for the next step.

You know what is wrong with your life—but do you know what positive good you want instead?

"I shall write novels when I am grown, for that is why I was born," wrote Selma Lagerlöf at thirteen. "And I feel relieved and happy to know that this is settled. Before Aline advised me not to write, I had only a vague, intangible longing, but now that longing has become a fixed determination."

If you want to find new happiness in life, you must decide what things will bring you that happiness. If you are in doubt of your true goal, you must trust your intuitions as young Selma did. If you cannot find a specific answer, go with your inner longings. Do the work you most desire to do.

Never worry about consequences when you do this. Choose the thing most important to you and seek that first. This is the dynamic rule of successful worry.

But if you have decided to follow it, there is still another point to remember. Do not expect to achieve perfect success. There is an average ratio of error in all conduct. Why should you escape it or blame yourself because you sometimes fail? Growth means perpetual unfolding, a struggle up where we have fallen down. To test your growth, try making five lists, as follows:

My ideals ten years ago (especially in matters that worried me).

My ideals today on matters that worry me.

My achievement ten years ago in attaining these ideals.

My achievement today on these problems.

What my success is likely to be ten years from now.

If you can see evolution in your life, leave the matter there. Tomorrow will take care of itself.

You who have come along with me thus far have isolated the personal maladjustment that lies at the root of your worries. You have concentrated on it to the exclusion of other people's troubles. You have chosen a goal that spells happiness and success to you, and you are willing to expect improvement rather than perfection. You are completely equipped to worry successfully.

But a psychologist in a practical world can't leave a client at this point. The shipbuilder does not leave a new steamer before it has been launched; he builds a runway down which it can move into the sea. In the same way, we need a simple mechanical method for beginning to worry successfully in our troublesome world. Here is one of the best ways I have discovered for slipping gradually into your new habits. Make twelve lists, carefully answering the following twelve questions:

1. Who is using up my time and interfering with my true progress?
2. Who is confusing my mind and influencing my normal action?
3. Who criticizes me and makes me self-conscious?
4. Who upsets my emotions and disturbs me?
5. To what unnecessary thing am I giving undue attention?

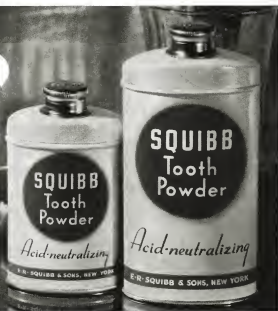
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A SPECIAL OFFER
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A 40c size and a 25c size
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both for 33¢

Use the smaller size. If not delighted, return
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TODAY, there is a *new purpose* in the care of teeth and gums. It is *not* merely to make teeth look well, and not merely to sweeten the breath. The new purpose is to *prevent tooth decay*.

Not so many years ago, a statement of this purpose would have been only an extravagant hope. Today, the House of Squibb offers a simple plan by which most tooth decay can be prevented. Already adopted by millions of men, women and children, it carries the weight of dental and medical authority. We urge you to use it.

An important part of the plan is the use of a scientific dentifrice, such as Squibb Dental Cream which costs no more and requires no more time to use than an ordinary dentifrice.

Squibb Dental Cream contains an ingredient which neutralizes the bacterial acids that cause decay, wherever it comes in contact with them. It works deep down into many tiny crevices where the toothbrush fails to reach.

After using Squibb Dental Cream, the mouth feels delightfully fresh, the teeth have a clean beauty and lustre.

And now the House of Squibb has developed a scientific tooth powder—containing the same essential elements as Squibb Dental Cream. This means that the same benefits may today be had by those who prefer a dentifrice in powder form.

Begin today. Follow the Squibb Plan—and every time you brush your teeth, remember this important fact: *most tooth decay can be prevented.*

THE SQUIBB PLAN

by which

MOST TOOTH DECAY CAN BE PREVENTED

1. Go to your dentist and follow his advice. This will include the kind of toothbrush to use, and how to use it; what kind of dentifrice to use, and what kind not to use; and whether you should supplement your own home treatment with the use of dental floss and oral perborate.
2. Check your diet with your physician or dentist—to be sure your system is getting the elements essential to the health and strength of your teeth.
3. Brush your teeth thoroughly, at least twice a day, and be sure you use a dentifrice scientifically prepared to clean teeth effectively, and safely.

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on the Squibb Plan for the care of the teeth and gums. It costs little and may prevent pain, ill health and expense later in life.

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IT IS WISE TO USE ONLY THOSE PRODUCTS RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL AND DENTAL PROFESSIONS

6. What things bother me and occupy too much of my emotional life?
7. What are the things I need and could get but am neglecting?
8. What things am I doing that someone else could do?
9. What bad habits can I change, such as procrastination or self-indulgence?
10. What factors that affect my success do I neglect when I could attend to them?
11. What moods that waste my time, strength and attention do I indulge in?
12. What technique do I use to excuse my lapses?

Begin by trying to correct one of these negatives each week.

If you will follow the routine honestly, you will master the secret of successful worrying, which after all is just another name for successful living. Or course

there will be rough spots. To help you over them, I append a few don'ts:

1. Never worry when you are depressed. If you start to, seek distraction at once.
2. Never worry until you know most of the facts. Secure more information.
3. If you are tempted to do another person's worrying, remember that you are depriving him of necessary experience for growth and really being selfish.
4. Never worry about two things at once. One at a time, always.
5. When you have finished one problem, don't tackle another immediately. Rest awhile.
6. Never worry because someone thinks you should.
7. Decide what type of trouble you are worrying about. Objective matters call for action; subjective, for contemplation.
8. Never worry when you are angry or irritated.

9. Set a time limit on worry talks with others. Thirty minutes is enough.
10. Never worry about an unproved fear. Do something to find out.
11. When you cannot do anything about a problem, take a bath, dress up, go to the movies.
12. When you cannot smile, stop worrying. Go for a walk.
13. Weeping spoils your concentration. Keep tears and worry apart.
14. Do your worrying by yourself. You need quiet to hear "the small voice within"; and other people have their own troubles.
15. Never worry while someone is trying to persuade you of something. He who seeks for some conclusions upon you has an ulterior motive, though he may not know it.

And may all your worries be successful ones!

The Kidnap Murder Case by S. S. Van Dine (Continued from page 58)

was another person that the lady heard at six o'clock yesterday morning."

Markham's head moved slowly up and down. "I'm beginning to see what you mean, Vance."

"Another thing, Markham old dear," Vance went on. "If it had been Kaspar that Mrs. Kenting heard at six o'clock, he would hardly have had time, before he scooted off at his wife's knock, to collect his comb and toothbrush and pajamas. Anyway, why should the chaplain have bothered to take them? True, they are things he must make use of on his hypothetical jaunt for the purpose of getting hold of brother Kenyon's lure, but he would hardly go to that trouble on so all-important a venture—the toilet articles would be far too trivial and could easily be bought wherever he was going. Furthermore, if so silly a plot had been planned by him, he would have equipped himself surreptitiously beforehand and would have had all the beautiful accessories waitin' for him wherever he had decided to go."

Markham made no comment, and after a moment Vance resumed, "Carryin' the observation a bit farther, he would have realized that the absence of these necessary articles would be highly suspicious and would point too obviously to the impression he would have wished to avoid—namely, his own willful participation in the attempt to extort the fifty thousand dollars. I'd say, y' know, that these items for the gentleman's toilet were collected and taken away—in order to give just this impression—by the soft-footed person heard by Mrs. Kenting . . . No, no, Markham. The comb and the toothbrush and the pajamas and the shoes are only textural details—like the cat, the shawl finger, the posies, the ribbon and the bandanna in Mane's 'Olympia'."

"Manufactured evidence—that's your theory, is it?" Markham spoke without any aggressiveness or antagonism.

"Exactly," nodded Vance. "Far too many leadin' clues. Really, the culprit overdid it. An embarras de richesses. Whole structure does a bit of topplin' of its own weight. Very thorough. Too dashed thorough. Nothing left to the imagination."

"You think it's a real kidnaping, then?" asked Markham.

"It could be," murmured Vance. "But that doesn't strike me as wholly consistent, either. Too many counterindications. For instance, if Kaspar was allowed time to change his suit and shoes—as we know he did—he had time to call

out, or to make a disturbance of some kind, or would have upset all the kindhearted villain's plans. Hanging up his dinner jacket so carefully, transferring things from his pockets, and putting away his oxfords in the closet, all indicate leisure in the process—a leisure which the kidnapers would hardly have permitted. Kidnapers are not kindhearted persons, Markham."

"Well, what do you think happened?"

"Really, I don't know," Vance studied the tip of his cigarette. "We do know, however, that Kaspar had an engagement Tuesday night which kept him out till three on Wednesday morning; and that upon his return home he telephoned to someone and then changed to street clothes. It might therefore be assumed that he had some appointment to be kept between three and six and saw no necessity of going to bed in the interval."

"This would also account for the leisurely changing of his attire; and it is highly possible he went quietly out through the front door when he feared forth to keep his early morning rendezvous. Assuming that this theory is correct, I'd say further that he expected to return again, for he left all the lights on."

"But if this affair was plotted so carefully by someone else, to be carried out at a certain time," persisted Markham, "how do you account for the fact that Kaspar seemed to have a definite premonition of something dire and unforeseen happening to him?"

"Premonition?" Vance smiled slightly. "I'm afraid you're waxing esoteric, old dear. After the mysterious visitor's threat—I imagine it was Hannix' from Mrs. Kenting's description and Kaspar's horse-racing proclivities—and after, perhaps, a bit of pressure thrown in by the other gentleman to whom he owed money, Kaspar was naturally in a sensitive and worried state of mind. He took their blustering but harmless talk too seriously. Suffered from fright and craved the comfort of company. Probably why he went to the casino—trying to put his despondency out of mind."

"With the threats of the two creditors uppermost in his consciousness, he used them as an argument with both his brother and Fleed. And his livin' Quaggy home with him was merely part of

"Vance was referring to the same Mr. Kaspar as the head already met both at Bowle and at Emuley, and who had acted as Floyd Garden's bookmaker before that young man took his interest in racing as a result of the tragic events related in 'The Garden Murder Case.'"

this perturbation. Simple. Very simple."

"Even if everything you say is true," argued Markham, "what happened to him?"

Vance sighed deeply. "All we actually know at the moment, my dear Markham, is that the johnnie did not come back. He seems to have disappeared. At any rate, he isn't here."

"Even so"—Markham drew himself up with a slight show of annoyance—"why do you take it for granted that Kaspar Kenting is already dead?"

"I don't take it for granted, I said merely that I feared the johnnie is already dead. If he did not, as it were, kidnap himself, d'ye see, and if he wasn't actually kidnaped as the term is commonly understood, then the chances are he was murdered when he went forth to keep his appointment. His disappearance and the elaborate clues arranged hereabouts to make it appear like a willful self-abduction imply a connection between his appointment and the evidence we observed in his room. Therefore, it's more than likely, don't y' know, that if he were held alive and later released, he could relate enough—whom he had the appointment with, for instance—to lead us to the guilty person or persons. His immediate death would have been the only safe course."

"Your theory, Vance," commented Markham, "sounds reasonable enough the way you put it. But on the basis of that theory, how do you account for the follow-up ransom letter Fleed received this morning?"

"Could it be easily have been sent by the murderer himself? . . . But here we are at the Purple House."

DECISIONS ARE REACHED

(Thursday, July 21; 11:15 a.m.)

At the Kenting residence we found A Kenyon Kenting, Fleed, young Flalloway and Porter Quaggy assembled in the drawing-room. They all seemed solemn and tense and greeted us with grave restraint that suited the occasion.

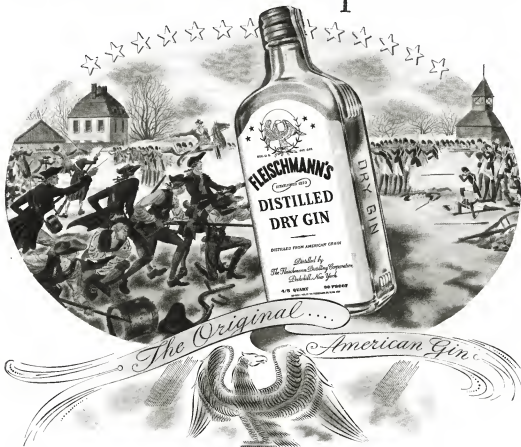
"Did you bring the note with you, gentlemen?" Kenting asked immediately, with frightened eagerness.

Vance nodded and took the note from his pocket, placing it on the small desk near him. Kenting, without a word, bustled across the room, took the folded piece of paper from its envelope and read it carefully as he smoothed it out on the green blotting pad.

"What do you think should be done about it?" Markham asked him.

Kenting shook his head in perturbed silence. At last he said: "I'd always feel

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There may be many drinks that foreigners can tell us about—but if there's one drink we can tell the world about—IT'S THE COCKTAIL.

And it's a lesson the world has been glad to learn.

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Fleischmann's Gin is distilled from American grain in one continuous process—the time-honored American way. It makes a smoother cocktail—brings out the hidden flavors of Vermouth, fruit juices and other ingredients. And it is always uniform—for Fleischmann controls every step in its manufacture, from the purchase of the grain to the finished bottle—with its typical American label.

Trust your native taste and brands. Mix your cocktails with Fleischmann's—the original American Gin, made by American labor and American distillers who have been with Fleischmann over 45 years.

FLEISCHMANN'S DRY GIN

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gully if I didn't comply with this request and anything should really happen to Kaspar. But I've no idea exactly how I'm going to raise that much money. It'll pretty well break me."

"I can help contribute to the fund," offered Quaggy.

"And I'd like to do something, too," put in Fieel, "but, as you know, my personal funds are so terribly depleted at this time."

Fram Falloway stood back against the wall, listening intently. "You don't you let it go?" he suggested, with malicious querulousness. "Kaspar's not worth that much money to anyone, if you ask me."

"Shut up, Fram!" snapped Kenting. "Your opinion hasn't been asked for."

Young Falloway shrugged indifferently and said nothing.

"After all, Kaspar is my brother," Kenting continued, turning back to Markham, "and I think something ought to be done about it, even if it does take practically every cent I've got in the world. I'm willing to go through with it, if you gentlemen and the police will agree to keep entirely out of it until I have found out how much I can do without official assistance. You see, I discussed the point with Mr. Fieel just before you gentlemen arrived, and we are both agreed that the police should allow me a clear field in handling this matter in exact accordance with the instructions in the note."

Markham nodded thoughtfully. "I can understand your attitude, Mr. Kenting," he said reassuringly. "The decision on that point must rest solely with you. The police will turn their backs, as it were, for the time being."

Fieel nodded in approval. "If Kenyon is financially able to go through with it, I think that is the wisest course to follow, as we may have a better chance of Kaspar's safe return."

At this point Vance rose and entered the conversation decisively. "I think," he said, "both of you gentlemen are in error, and I am definitely opposed to the withdrawal of the authorities. The reference to the police in the note is, I believe, merely an attempt at intimidation. I can see no valid reason why the police should not be permitted to participate discreetly." His tone was unusually firm and carried a stinging rebuke to both Kenting and Fieel. Vance's words had their effect on Kenting, for obviously he was wavering.

"You may be right, Mr. Vance," Kenting admitted hesitantly. "On second thought, I am inclined to follow your suggestion."

Fieel reluctantly nodded his agreement. "It is a moot point," he said judicially. "If Kenyon wants the police to take charge of the matter immediately, I will gladly withdraw my former objections."

Kenting stood up and took a deep breath. "I think I'll go down to my office now," he said wearily, "and try to raise the cash." Then he added to Markham, "And I think the police had better go ahead with the case." He turned quickly to the lawyer. "If Kenyon wants the police to take charge of the matter, I'll go with you, Fieel." Kenting then addressed Porter Quaggy. "And thank you, Quaggy, for your kindness; but I think I can handle the situation without your assistance, though we all appreciate your generous offer."

"I will be at my office," Markham said, "and will expect you to communicate with me before five, Mr. Kenting."

"Oh, I will—without fail," returned Kenting with a mirthless laugh; and he went from the room and out the front door. Fieel and Quaggy followed a few moments later.

Vance went to the desk, refolded the note and placed it in his pocket. Then he motioned to Markham, and they went out into the sultry summer afternoon.

When they were back at the district attorney's office, Markham sent immediately for Heath. When the sergeant arrived from Centre Street a short time later, the situation was outlined to him, and he was shown the letter which Fieel had received.

"Do you know where this particular tree is in Central Park, sergeant?" Markham asked.

"Hah!" Heath said explosively. "I've seen it so often, I'm sick of lookin' at it."

"Could you and the boys cover it?"

"Leave that to me, Chief," the sergeant returned confidently. "There's lots of ways of doing it. Searchlights from the houses along Fifth Avenue could light the place up like daylight when the time comes. And some of the boys hiding in taxicabs, or even up the tree itself, could catch the baby who takes the money and tie him up in bowknots."

Vance was smiling musingly during Heath's optimistic picture of future events. In the pause that followed Heath's last words he spoke.

"Really, y' know, sergeant, I think you're going to be disappointed. This case isn't as simple as you and Mr. Markham think." The sergeant started to protest, but Vance continued. "Oh, yes. Quite. You may round up somebody, but I doubt if you will ever be able to connect your victim with the kidnapping. Still, the experiment may be interesting. Fieel is, I'd be overjoyed to participate in it."

Heath looked at Vance humorously. "You like to climb trees, maybe, Mr. Vance?"

"I simply adore it, sergeant," Vance told him.

"All right, sir; you got a job," Heath chuckled. Then he turned back to Markham. "When will we know if Kenting can dig up the cash, Chief?"

"Kenting is going to communicate with me some time before I leave the office today."

"Well," said Heath heartily. "That'll give us plenty of time to make our arrangements."

It was four o'clock that afternoon when Kenyon Kenting came to the district attorney's office. Vance, eager to be on hand for anything new that might develop, had waited in Markham's office, and I stayed with him. Kenting had a large bundle of hundred-dollar bills with him, and he threw it down on Markham's desk with a disgruntled air of finality.

"There's the money, Mr. Markham," he said. "Fifty thousand good American dollars. It's completely impounded here. Now I'm willing to leave everything to you."

There was little more to talk of any importance, and finally Kenting left the office with Markham's promise to communicate with him within two or three hours.

Heath, who had gone out earlier in the afternoon, came in shortly. The plan eventually agreed on was that Heath should have his searchlights focused on the tree and ready to be flashed on at a given signal; and that three or four men of the Homeless Bureau should be on the ground and available at a moment's notice. Vance and I, fully armed, were to perch in the upper branches of the tree.

Vance remained silent during the discussion, but at length he said in his lazy drawl: "I think your plans are admirable, sergeant; but I really see no necessity of actually 'planting' the money.

Any package of the same size would answer the purpose just as well, don't y' know. And notify Fieel. I think he would be the best man to place the package in the tree for us."

Heath nodded. "That's the idea, sir. . . And now I think I'd better be running along—or toddlin', as you would say—and get busy."

(THE TREE IN THE PARK)

(Thursday, July 21, 8 P.M.)
I ACCOMPANIED Vance home, where he charged to a rough twelve-story suite. He had little to say after we left Markham's office at five o'clock. All the details for the night's project had been arranged.

Vance was in a peculiar mood. I felt he ought to be taking the matter more seriously, but he appeared only a little puzzled. He did not exhibit the slightest apprehension, however, and when he handed me a .44 automatic and I put it in my outside coat pocket, where it would be handy, he shook his head whimsically and smiled.

"No call for so much precaution, Van. Put it in your trousers pocket and forget it. As a matter of fact, I'm not even sure it's loaded. I'm taking one myself, but only to humor the sergeant. I haven't the slightest notion what's goin' to happen, but I feel sure the prearranged melodrama is bally nonsense. And sittin' on the limb of a tree indefinitely is not what I should call a jolly evening's sport. However," he added, "we may learn something enlightenin'."

He slipped the gun into his pocket, doffed a soft black Homburg hat and went to the door.

At eight o'clock we found Markham waiting at the Stuyvesant Club, and we had dinner together. We had scarcely given our order when Markham indicated his preoccupation with the case.

"Looking forward to tonight's entertainment, Vance?" he asked with an attempt at lightness.

"Not particularly," Vance returned. "I've a feeling we're not going to enslave the Johnnies we want."

"Johnnies?" Markham became suddenly serious. "That's plural. It doesn't square with your theory. Or perhaps you think this damnable situation is the doing of more than one person."

"Oh, yes—undoubtedly," Vance responded readily. "Far too many diverse activities for just one. A certain coordination was needed—and one person cannot be in two different places at the same time, don't y' know. Oh, undoubtedly more than one person. One lured the gentleman away from the house; another—possibly two—looked care of the chappie at the place appointed by the first; and, rather than think it more than likely there was at least another who arranged the elaborate setting in Kaspar's room—but this is not necessarily correct, as any one of the three might have returned for the stage setting and been the person Mrs. Kenting heard in the bedroom."

"I see what you mean," Markham nodded. "You're thinking of the two men whom McLaughlin saw in the car in the street here."

"Oh, yes. Quite." Vance's reply was spoken casually. "They fit into the picture nicely. But neither of them was a small man, and I doubt if either of them was the ladder-climber in the smallish Chinese sandals. Considerable evidence against that conclusion. That is why I am inclined to think that there may have been still another helper who attended to the details of the boudoir setting—makin' four in all."

"But good heavens," argued Markham. "If there were several persons involved



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in the affair, it may be just another gang kidnapping, after all."

"It's always possible, of course, despite the contr'y indications," Vance returned. "However, Markham, although I say that there were undoubtedly several persons taking part in the execution, I am thoroughly convinced there is only a single mind at work on the case—the main organizing culprit, so to speak—someone who merely secured the necessary help required—what the newspapers amusingly call a master-mind. And the person who planned and manipulated this whole distressin' affair is someone who is as coarsely with the conditions in the Kenting house. The various episodes have dovetailed together far too neatly to have been managed by an outsider."

Markham shook his head skeptically. "Ganging," he said, "for the sake of hypothesis, that you are correct, what could have been the motive for such a dastardly act by anyone who was close to Kaspar?"

"Money—unquestionably money," Vance ventured. "The exact amount named in the pretty little kindergarten paste-and-paper note attached to the window sill. Oh, yes, that was a very significant item. Someone needs the money immediately. I rather think a genuine kidnaper—and especially a gang of kidnappers—would not have been so hasty in stating the sum, but would have let that detail wait until a satisfactory contact was established and negotiations were definitely under way. And of course, if it had really been Kaspar who had abducted himself for the sake of the gain, the original note could be easily understood, but once we eliminate Kaspar as the author of this crime, then we are confronted with the necessity of evolving an entirely new interpretation of the facts. The crime then becomes one of desperation and immediacy, with a desire for the money paramount and urgent."

"I am not so sure you are right this time, Vance," said Markham seriously. Vance sighed. "Neither am I, Markham old dear."

We had finished our dinner and were having coffee in the lounge, shortly before ten o'clock, when Sergeant Heath joined us.

"Well, everything's been fixed, Chief," he announced proudly. "I got four powerful searchlights in the apartment house on Fifth Avenue, just opposite the tree. They'll all go on when I give the signal."

"What signal, sergeant?" asked Markham anxiously.

"That was easy, Chief," Heath explained with satisfaction. "I had a red electric floodlight put on a traffic-light post on the northbound road near the tree, and when I switch that on, with a traveling switch I'll have in my pocket, that will be the signal."

"What heat, sergeant?"

"Well, sir, I got three guys in taxicabs stationed along Fifth Avenue, all dressed like chauffeurs, and they'll swing into the park at the same time the searchlights go on. I got a couple of taxicabs—every entrance on the east side of the park that'll plug up the place good and tight; and I also got a bunch of innocent-looking family cars running along the east and west roads every two or three minutes. We'll stroll back and forth down the east lane ourselves where we can see the tree; and Mr. Vance and Mr. Van Dine will be up in the branches—which are pretty thick at this time of year, and will make good cover. I don't see how the guys can get away from us unless they're mighty slick." He chuckled and turned to Vance. "I don't think there'll be much for you two to do, sir, except lookin' on from a ringside seat."

"I'm sure we won't be annoyed," answered Vance good-naturedly. "You're so thorough, sergeant—and so trustin'!"

"What about the package?" Markham asked of Heath.

"Don't worry about that, sir." The sergeant's voice, though serious and earnest, exuded pride. "I had a talk with Fieel, like Mr. Vance suggested, and he's gonna put it in the tree a little while before eleven. And it's a swell package. Exactly the size and weight of that bunch of greenbacks Kenting brought to your office this afternoon."

"What about Kenting himself?"

"He's meeting us at half past ten, and

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so is Fieel, in the superintendent's room at the new yellow-brick apartment house on Fifth Avenue. I gave 'em both the number, and you can bet your sweet life they'll be there. Don't you think Mr. Vance and Mr. Van Dine had better be gettin' themselves fixed in the tree pretty pronto?"

"Well, quite, sergeant. Bully idea. I think we'll be taggerin' along now," Vance rose and stretched himself in mock weariness. "Good luck, and cheerio."

Vance dismissed our taxicab at the corner of Eighty-third Street and Fifth Avenue, and we continued northward on foot to the pedestrians' entrance to the park. As we walked along without undue haste, a chauffeur from a near-by taxi jumped to the sidewalk with alacrity and, overtaking us, stepped leisurely in front of us across our path. I immediately recognized Snitkin in the old tan duster and chauffeur's cap. He apparently took no notice of us but must have recognized Vance, for he turned back, and when I looked over my shoulder a moment later, he had returned to the cab.

It was a warm, sultry night, and I confess I felt a certain tinge of excitement as we walked slowly down the winding flagged pathway southward.

"What a silly adventure," Vance murmured as he took my arm and led me due west into a narrow footpath toward a clump of oak trees silhouetted against the silvered waters of the reservoir beyond. "Still, what can prophesy? One can never tell what may happen in this fickle world. One never knows, I know. Maybe when you get atop your favorite limb in the tree you'd better shift your automatic."

Vance led the way across a wide stretch of lawn to an oak tree whose size set it apart from the others. It stood in comparative darkness, at least fifty feet from the nearest dimly flickering electric light.

"Well, here we are, Vance," he announced in a low voice. "Now for the fun—if you regard emulating the sparrow as fun. I'll go up first. Find yourself a limb where you won't be exposed, but where

you can see pretty well all around you through the leaves."

He reached upward to one of the lower branches of the tree and pulled himself up easily. I saw him stand up on the branch, reach over his head to the next one and draw himself up again. In a moment he had disappeared among the black foliage.

I followed at once. It was very dark, and I had difficulty keeping a sure foothold on the lower bough while I gave my attention to climbing higher. At last I found a fork-shaped limb on which I could establish myself with more or less comfort, and from which I could see, through various narrow openings in the leaves, in nearly all directions. After a few moments I heard Vance's voice at my left—he was evidently on the other side of the broad trunk.

"Well, well," he drawled. "What an experience! I thought my boyhood days were over. And there's not an apple on the tree. No, not so much as a cherry. A pillow would be most comfortable!"

We had been sitting in silence in our precarious seclusion for about ten minutes when a corpulent figure which I recognized as Fieel came into sight on the pathway to the left. He stood irresolutely opposite the tree for several moments and looked about him. Then he strolled along the footpath, across the greensward, and approached the tree. If anyone had been watching he would have been sure to see him, for he chose a moment when there was no other person visible within a considerable radius.

He paused beneath where I sat, twice or four times, and ran his hand around the trunk of the tree until he found the large irregular hole on the east side; then he took a package from under his coat and inserted it slowly and carefully into the hole. Backing away, he ostentatiously relighted his cigar, tossed the burnt match end aside and walked slowly toward the west, to another pathway at least a hundred yards away.

At that moment I happened to glance toward the narrow path by which we had entered the park and, by the light from a passing car, I suddenly noticed a shabbily dressed man leaning lazily against a bench in the shadows and evidently watching Fieel as he moved away in the distance.

After a few moments I saw the same man step out from the darkness, stretch his arms and move along the pathway to the north.

"My word!" muttered Vance in the darkness, in a low, guarded tone. "The assiduous Fieel has been observed—which is probably what the sergeant wished. If everything moves according to schedule we shouldn't have to cling here precariously for more than fifteen minutes longer. I do hope the abductor's agent is a prompt chap. I'm gettin' jolly well worn out."

THE CLOAKED FIGURE

(Thursday, July 21, 10:50 P.M.)
It was, in fact, less than ten minutes later that I saw a figure moving toward us from the north. No one had passed along that little-known, ill-lighted pathway since we had taken our places in the tree. At each succeeding light I picked out an additional detail of the approaching figure: a long dark cape which seemed to trail on the ground; a curious toque-shaped dark hat, with a turned-down visor extending far over the eyes; and a slim walking stick.

I felt involuntarily tightening of my muscles: I was not only expectant, but half frightened. Holding tightly with my left hand to the branch on which I was sitting, I reached into my coat pocket

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and fingered the butt of the automatic, to make sure that it was handy.

"How positively thrilling!" I heard Vance whisper, though his voice did not sound in the least excited. "This may be the culprit we're waitin' for. But what in the world will we do with him when we catch him? If only he wouldn't walk so deuced slowly."

As a matter of fact, the dark-caped figure was moving at a most deliberate gait, pausing frequently to look right and left, as if sizing up the situation in all directions. It was impossible to tell whether the figure was stout or thin, because of the flowing cape. It was a sinister-looking form, moving along in the semidarkness, and it cast a grotesque shadow on the path as it proceeded toward us. Its gait was so dilatory and cautious that a chill ran over me as I watched—it was like a mysterious nemesis, imperceptibly but inevitably creeping up on us.

"A purely fictional character," murmured Vance. "Only Eugene Sue could have thought of it. I do hope this tree is its destination. That would be most fittin'—eh, what?"

The shapeless form was now opposite us and, halting ominously, it looked in our direction. Then it peered forward up the narrow winding path and backward along the route it had come. After a few moments the black form turned and approached the cluster of oak trees. Its progress over the lawn was even slower than on the cement walk.

It seemed an interminable time before the dim shape reached the tree in which Vance and I were perched, and I could feel cold chills running up and down my spine. The figure was there beneath the branches and stood several feet from the trunk, turning to gaze in all directions.

Then, as if with a burst of vigor, the cloaked form stepped toward the natural cache on the east side of the trunk and, fumbling around a moment or two, withdrew the package that Fleet had placed there a quarter of an hour earlier.

At just that moment I glanced apprehensively at the red floodlight on the lamppost Heath had described to us, and saw it flash on and off like a grotesquely winking monster. Suddenly there were wide shafts of white light from the direction of Fifth Avenue splitting the gloom; and the whole tree and its immediate environs were flooded with brilliant illumination. For a moment I was blinded by the glare, but I could hear a bustle of activity all about us. Then came Vance's startled and awestruck voice somewhere to my left. "Oh, my word!" he exclaimed over and over again; and there was the sound of his scrambling down the tree.

At length I saw him swing from the lower limb and drop to the ground, like a well-balanced pole-vaulter.

Everything seemed to happen simultaneously. Markham and Fleet and Kenyon Kenting came rushing across the eastern lawn, preceded by Heath and Sullivan. The two detectives were the first to reach the spot, and they grasped the black-caped figure just as it straightened up to move away from the tree. Each man had an arm tight in his clasp, and escape was impossible.

"Pretty nice work," Heath sang out with satisfaction, just as I reached the ground and took a tighter hold on my automatic. Vance brushed by me from around the tree and stood directly in front of Heath.

"My dear fellow—oh, my dear fellow!" he said with quick sternness. "Don't be too precipitate."

* A detective of the Homicide Bureau who participated in nearly all of Vance's criminal investigations.

As he spoke, two taxicabs swung crazily along the pedestrian walk on the left, with a continuous shrill blowing of horns. They came to a jerky stop with a tremendous clatter and squeaking of brakes. Then the two chauffeurs leaped out of the cabs and came rushing to the scene with sub-machine guns poised ominously before them.

Heath and Sullivan looked at Vance in angry amazement.

"Step back, sergeant," Vance commanded. "You're far too rough. I'll handle this situation." Something in his voice overrode Heath's zeal—there was no ignoring the authority his words carried. Both Heath and Sullivan released their hold on the silent figure between them and took a backward step, bumping unseeing into the startled group formed by Markham, Fieel and Kenting behind them.

The apprehended culprit did not move, except to reach up and push back the visor of the toque cap, revealing the face in the glare of the searchlights.

There before us, leaning weakly and shakily on a straight snakewood stick, the package of false bank notes still clutched tightly in the left hand, was the benign yet cynical Mrs. Andrews Falloway. Her face showed no trace of fear or of agitation. In fact, there was an air of calm satisfaction in her somewhat triumphant gaze.

In her deep, cultured voice she said, as if exchanging pleasantries with someone at an afternoon tea: "How are you, Mr. Vance?" A slight smile played over her features.

"I am quite well, thank you, Mrs. Falloway," Vance returned coolly, with a courteous bow: "although I must admit the limn which I chose in the dark was a bit sharp and uncomfortable."

"Truly, I am desolated, Mr. Vance," The woman was still smiling.

Just at this time a slender form skulked swiftly across the lawn from the rear by path and, without a word, joined the group directly behind the woman. It was Faim Falloway. His expression was both puzzled and downcast. Vance threw him a quick glance, but took no more notice of him. His mother must have seen him out of the corner of her eye, but she showed no indication that she was aware of her son's presence.

"You're out late tonight, Mrs. Falloway," Vance was saying graciously. "Did you enjoy your evening stroll?"

"I at least found it very profitable," the woman answered with a hardening voice. As she spoke she held out the package. "Here's the bundle—containing money, I believe—which I found in the hole of the tree. You know," she added lightly, "I'm getting rather old for lovers' trysts. Don't you think so?"

Vance took the package and threw it to Heath, who caught it with automatic dexterity. He, as well as the rest of the group, was looking on in stupefied astonishment at the strange and unexpected little drama.

"I am sure you will never be too old for lovers' trysts," murmured Vance gallantly.

"You're an outrageous flatterer, Mr. Vance," smiled the woman. "Tell me, what do you really think of me after this little—what shall we call it?—escapade tonight?"

Vance looked at her, and his light cynical expression quickly changed to one of solemnity. "I think you're a very loyal mother," he said in a low voice, his eyes fixed on the woman. Quickly his mood changed again. "But really, y'know, it's damnable, and far too late for you to walk home." Then he looked at the gaping Heath. "Sergeant, can either of your



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pseudo-chauvins drive his taxi with a modicum of safety?"

"S-sure they can," stammered Heath. "Snitkin was a private chauffeur for years before he took up police work." (I now noticed that one of the two men who had dashed across the lawn with the sub-machine guns, which they had now lowered in utter astonishment, was the same driver who had crossed in front of us as we entered the park.)

"That's bully-what?" said Vance. He moved to Mrs. Fallows's side and gave her his arm. "May I have the pleasure of taking you home?"

The woman took his arm without hesitation. "You're very chivalrous, Mr. Vance."

Vance started across the lawn with the woman. "Come, Snitkin!" he called imperiously, and the detective walked swiftly to his cab and opened the door. A moment later they were headed toward the main traffic artery which leads to Central Park West.

ANOTHER EMPTY ROOM

(Thursday, July 21; 11:10 p.m.)

It was a short time before the rest of us started for the Kenting house. As soon as Snitkin had driven off with Vance and Mrs. Fallows, Heath began to dash around excitedly, giving innumerable brusque orders to Burke,* who came ambling toward us across the narrow path from the east. When he had made all his arrangements, he walked to the wide lane where the second taxicab still stood. This cab, I noticed, was manned by the diminutive Guilfoyle,** one of the two "chauffeurs" who came to the tree with sub-machine guns, ready for action.

"I guess we'd better follow Mr. Vance," Heath growled. "There's something mighty wrong about this whole business."

Markham, Fieel and young Fallows got into the back seat of the cab; Kenting and I took our places on the two small folding seats forward in the tonneau; and the sergeant crowded into the front of the cab with Guilfoyle. When the doors were shut Guilfoyle drove off rapidly toward the main roadway on the west side of the park.

Nothing was said on that short ride. Everyone, it seemed, was too dumfounded to make any comment on the unexpected outcome of the night's adventure. After all, the whole incident that night had been unexpected and amazing.

When we pulled up in front of the Kenting house, which suddenly seemed black and sinister in the semidark, we all quickly jumped to the sidewalk and moved in a body to the front door. Only Guilfoyle did not move; he relaxed a little in his narrow seat and remained there, his hands still at the wheel.

Weem, in a dark pongee dressing robe, opened the door for us and made a superfluous gesture toward the drawing-room. Through the wide-open sliding doors we could see Vance and Mrs. Fallows seated, Vance, without rising, greeted us whimsically as we entered.

"Mrs. Fallows," he explained to us, "wished to remain here a short while to rest before going upstairs."

"I really feel exhausted," the woman supplemented in her low, cultured voice, "after my long walk in the park." She smiled cryptically and adjusted the pillow behind her back.

At that moment there was a ring at

* Burke was a detective from the Homicide Bureau who, as a rule, acted as Sergeant Heath's right-hand man.

** Guilfoyle was another detective from the Homicide Bureau, and had been with the investigation of the "Canary" murder case.

the front door, and Heath went out quickly to answer it. As he swung the ponderous door back, I could easily see, from where I stood, the figure of Porter Quaggy outside.

"What do you want?" Heath blurted, barring the way with his thick body.

"I don't want anything," Quaggy returned in a cold, unfriendly voice, "except to ask how Mrs. Kenting is and if you know anything more about Kaspar. I saw you drive past my hotel just now and get off here."

"Let the honnie come in, sergeant," Vance called out in a low, commanding voice. "I'll tell him what he wants to know."

Quaggy stepped inside briskly and joined us in the drawing-room. He glanced around the room with narrowed eyes, and then asked of no one in particular: "Well, what happened tonight?"

"Nothing—really nothing," Vance answered casually, without looking up. "Positively nothing. Quite a fizzle, don't y' know."

Quaggy swung about to Kenting. "You raised the money, Kenyon, and complied with the instructions in the follow-up note?"

Kenting inclined his head. "Yes," he said in a low voice, "but it did no good."

"A swell bunch of cheap dicks!" Quaggy sneered, flashing Heath a contemptuous glance. "Didn't anyone show up to collect?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Quaggy." It was Vance who answered. "Someone called for the money at the appointed hour and actually took it."

"And I suppose he got away from the police—as usual. Is that it?" Quaggy had turned again and was contemplating Vance's bland features.

"Oh, no, no. We saw to that," Vance took a long puff on his cigarette. "The culprit is here with us in this room."

Quaggy straightened up with a start. "The fact is," he went on, "I escorted the guilty person home myself. It was Mrs. Fallows."

Quaggy's expression did not change—he was as unemotional and noncommittal as a veteran poker player. Before the man had time to say anything Vance continued laconically.

"By the by, Mr. Quaggy, are you particularly interested in black opals? I noticed a jolly good pair of them on your desk yesterday."

Quaggy hesitated for several moments.

"Queer, don't y' know," Vance went on before the other made a reply, "that there are no black opals in Karl Kenting's collection. Blank spaces in the case where they should be."

"I get the implication. Anything else?" Quaggy was standing relaxed but motionless in front of Vance. Slowly he moved one foot forward, as if shifting the burden of his weight from an over-tired leg. By an almost imperceptible movement his foot came to within half a dozen inches of Vance's shoe.

"Really, y' know," Vance said with a cold smile, lifting his eyes to the man, "I should try to find out if I were not—unless, of course, you wish to have me break your leg and dislocate your hip. I'm quite familiar with the trick."

Quaggy abruptly withdrew his foot, but said nothing and waited.

"I found a balas ruby in Kaspar Kenting's dinner jacket yesterday morning," Vance proceeded calmly. "A balas ruby is also missing from the collection across the hall. Interestin' mathematical item—eh?"

"What the hell's interesting about it?" retorted the other.

Vance looked at him mildly. "I was only wonderin'," he said, "if there might

be some connection between that imitation ruby and the black opals in your apartment. The vacancy where the opals should be in that collection is also conspicuous. By the by, do you care to mention where you obtained such valuable gem specimens?"

Quaggy made a noise in his throat which sounded to me like a contemptuous laugh, but he did not answer, and Vance turned to the district attorney.

"I think, in view of the gentleman's attitude, Markham, and the fact that he is the last person known to have been with the missing Kaspar, it would be advisable to hold him as a material witness."

Quaggy drew himself erect with a jerk. "I came by those opals legitimately," he said quickly. "I bought them from Kaspar last night."

"You knew, perhaps, that the stones were part of the Kenting collection?" asked Vance coldly.

"I didn't inquire where they came from," the man returned sullenly. "I naturally trusted him."

Mrs. Fallows struggled to her feet, leaning heavily on her stick. "I've suspected for a long time," she said, "that Kaspar had been resorting to that collection of gems for gambling money. I've come down occasionally and gone over the exhibits, and it seemed to me each time there were a few more missing. . . . But I'm very tired, and I'm sufficiently rested now to return to my room."

"But Mrs. Fallows," blurted Kenting, "I—I don't understand your being in the park tonight. Why—why—"

The woman gave him a withering look. "Mr. Vance understands," she answered curtly. "That, I think, is quite sufficient." Her gaze shifted from Kenting and she seemed to take us all in with a gracious glance. "Good night, gentlemen."

She started unsteadily toward the door, and Vance sprang to her side.

"Permit me, madam, to accompany you. It is a long climb to your room."

The woman bowed a courteous acknowledgment and for the second time that evening took his arm. Fram Fallows did not rise to assist his mother; he seemed to be oblivious to everything that was going on. With a significant look at the sergeant, Markham left his chair and took the woman's free arm. Heath moved closer to Quaggy, who remained standing. Mrs. Fallows, with her two escorts, went slowly from the drawing-room, and I followed them.

It was with considerable effort that the woman mounted the stairs. She found it necessary to pause momentarily at each step, and when we reached her room she sank into the large wicker armchair with that air of a person half exhausted.

Vance took her stick and placed it on the floor beside the chair. Then he said in a kindly voice: "I should like to ask one or two questions, if you are not too weary."

The woman nodded and smiled faintly. "A question or two won't do any harm, Mr. Vance," she said.

"I should like to make the tremendous effort of talking in the park tonight?" Vance began.

"Why, to get all that money, of course," the old woman answered in mock surprise. "Anyway, I didn't attempt to walk all the way; I took a cab to within a few hundred feet of the tree. Think how rich I would have been had I not been caught in the disgraceful act. And," she added with a sigh, "you have spoiled everything for me."

"I'm frightfully sorry," said Vance in a bantering manner. "But really, there wasn't a dollar in that package." He paused and looked down earnestly at the



*I laughed till I cried
when I saw your snapshot
of the twins. You don't
know what a comfort it
is to have all their
pictures, from the time
they were little babies.
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woman. "Tell me, Mrs. Falloway, how you knew your son intended to go to the tree for that ransom package."

For a moment Mrs. Falloway's face was a mask. Then she said in a deep, clear voice: "It is very difficult to fool a mother. Frain knew of the ransom note and the instructions in it. He knew also that Kenyon would raise the money somehow. The boy came upstairs and told me about it after you had left this afternoon. Then, when he came to my room a little before ten o'clock tonight, after having spent the evening with his sister and Kenyon, and said he was going out, I knew what was in his mind—although he often does go out late."

"He invented an important engagement—I always know when Frain isn't telling the truth, although he doesn't realize that I do. I knew well enough where he was going and what he was going for. I could read it in his eyes. And I—I wished to save him from that infamy."

Vance regarded the weary old woman with pity and admiration, and Markham nodded sympathetically.

"But Frain is a good boy at heart, Mr. Vance," the woman added. "He merely lacks something—strength of body and spirit, perhaps."

Vance bowed. "Quite. He's not well, Mrs. Falloway. He needs medical attention. Have you ever had a basal metabolism test made on him?"

The woman shook her head.

"A blood sugar?" proceeded Vance.

"No," Mrs. Falloway's voice was barely audible.

"A blood count?"

"Vance's immediate knowledge regarding the exact truth of the situation, when he recognized Mrs. Falloway beneath the heavy night, was another instance of his uncanny ability to read human nature. I myself was startled by the simplicity and accuracy of his logic as the woman consented to the facts; for Vance had reasoned, almost in a flash, that the crippled old woman, who obviously was not guilty of the crime of kidnapping, could not have summoned sufficient strength for so heroic an act unless it was on behalf of someone very dear to her, whose welfare and protection were foremost in his mind."

Again Mrs. Falloway shook her head.

"A Wassermann?"

"The truth is, Mr. Vance," the woman said, "he has never been examined!" Then he asked quickly: "What do you think it is?"

"I wouldn't dare to venture an opinion, don't you know," Vance returned, "though I'd say there was an endocrine insufficiency somewhere—an inadequacy of some internal secretion, a definite and prolonged hormone disturbance. It may be thyroid, parathyroid, or pituitary, or adrenal. Or maybe neurocirculatory asthenia. It is deplorable how little science knows as yet about the ductless glands. A great work, however, is being done along those lines, and progress is constantly being made."

He scribbled something on a page from a small notebook and, tearing it out, handed it to Mrs. Falloway.

"Here is the name and address of one of the country's greatest endocrinologists. Look him up, for your son's sake."

The woman took the slip of paper. "You are very good—and very understanding, Mr. Vance," she said. "The moment I saw you in the park tonight, I knew you would understand. A mother's love—"

"Yes, yes; of course," murmured Vance. "And now I think we'll return to the drawing-room. Really, you should rest."

The woman looked at him gratefully and held out her hand. He took it and, bowing, raised it to his lips. "My eternal admiration, madam," he said.

When he reentered the drawing-room we found the group just as we had left it. Fleel and Kenyon Kenting still sat stiffly in their chairs near the front window, like awed woodpeckers. Quaggy stood smoking thoughtfully before the chair where Vance had sat; and Heath, his sturdy legs spread, was at his side, glowering at him morosely. On the sofa, his head drooping forward, his mouth slightly open and his arms hanging listlessly with upturned palms, lounged Frain Falloway.

Vance glanced about him sharply and

then strolled to his chair. Reseating himself with unconcern, he lighted a fresh cigaret. Markham and I remained standing in the doorway.

"There are one or two matters—" drawled Vance and stopped abruptly. Then he said: "But I think Mrs. Kenting should be here with us for this discussion. After all, it is her husband who has disappeared, and her suggestions might be dashed helpful."

Kenyon Kenting stood up, nodding his head vigorously in approval. "I think you're right, Mr. Vance," he said, going toward the door. "I'll get Madeline myself."

"I trust it is not too late to disturb her," said Vance.

"Oh, no, no," Kenting assured him. "She almost never retires so early. She has not been able to sleep well for a long time and reads far into the night. And tonight I was with her till after half past nine, and she was terribly keyed up; I know she wouldn't think of retiring till she heard the outcome of our plans tonight."

He bustled from the room as he finished speaking, and we heard him going up the stairs. A few moments later we could hear his sharp, repeated knocking on a door. Then there was a long silence, and the sound of a door being opened hurriedly.

A few minutes later Kenting came rushing down the stairs. He stopped in the doorway, glaring at us with wide-open eyes. He looked horror-stricken as he leaned for support against the door-frame.

"She's not there!" he exclaimed in an awed voice. He took a deep breath. "I knocked on her door several times but I got no answer. I tried the door but it was locked. So I went through Kaspar's room into Madeline's. The lights are all on, but she isn't there."

He sucked in his breath again excitedly and stammered as if with tremendous effort: "The window—over the yard—is wide open, and—and the ladder is standing against it!"

Next month Death stalks the survivors in the Kenting kidnap case

Chores! by Deems Taylor (Continued from page 21)

miniature working edition of a slooped-racing yacht.

My first really pretentious chore was The Commodore. He was a combination music and writing desk, so named because of his striking resemblance, both in skyline and bulk, to the Hotel Commodore in New York. I built him in a fourth-floor walk-up apartment in an old brownstone house in East Thirtieth Street, and as my fellow lodgers had a silly prejudice against hammering, I used no nails in his construction—only screws. And well for me that I did; for having built The Commodore in the room he was destined to occupy, I failed to notice that he was (and still is) the larrest desk in the world.

When the time came for me to move to another apartment, I couldn't get him through any of my doors or windows. He had to be ignominiously taken apart, carried out piecemeal and reassembled in his new home. In the course of my wanderings this ceremony had to be repeated so many times that I grew a little sick of The Commodore. He is now in a house in the country, and he is there to stay.

Any sport has its expensive side, and mine is no exception. That porch roof, for instance. It was flat, and was to serve not only as a roof to an ell, but as a sun porch. With a confidence uncorroded by

experience I undertook to build it myself, in four layers: a layer of boards, a layer of patent roofing, more boards, more roofing. "There!" I thought, as I drove the last copper nail. "Let the rain fall and the snow fly."

This they proceeded to do, throughout a winter and a spring; and the following summer, which was a wet one, that roof began to leak. Recalling how they heat houses in Italy (by pretending that it isn't cold), I tried pretending that there was no leak; but after I had been compelled to have the entire ell replastered, I gave up and called in a real carpenter. Practically speaking, there was no roof, outside of a top layer of cracked roofing. Both layers of boards had been reduced virtually to powder by dry-rot.

"What six-am dash, asterisk fool laid them boards without any air space between them?" the carpenter inquired.

Which is why I never brag in the presence of professionals.

Just the same, I get an enormous kick out of my carpentering and other chores, a comforting feeling of self-reliance and independence. I can live in a house in the country, entirely on my own, not a servant or mechanic within mailing distance, and do what there is to be done about the business of living. I did it last summer. I don't say that I would care to

do it indefinitely, but at least I know something very few people know about themselves: that, thrown on my own resources, like Robinson Crusoe, I can survive.

One other thing my chores have taught me. If I have learned something of other men's jobs, by the same token I have learned to spot incompetence and appreciate skill. If I catch a house painter using too much zinc and turpentine, to make the paint spread easier, I can bowl him out in the knowledge—dearly bought—that turps and zinc make paint look pretty, but lead and oil make it stick.

If I think that Otto Burow is one of the two best carpenters in the world (the other is his brother Herman), it is because I know, having tried, that the knife-like accuracy of his miter joints and the precision of his rafter cuts are no happy accident, but the result of a skill that relegates me to the rank of a respectful and despairing amateur.

I have learned, in short, that there is no such thing as "unskilled" labor, no occupation so humble that it has not a technique of its own; that the average man, given the chance, would rather do a good job than a poor one; and that any man who can do even one thing better than I can do it deserves my respect.

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT FAWCETT

AT THE FAR END of the army field Bill Ewing's plane was coming in for a landing.

There had been a time, before his plane crashed, when Bill had come in from his practice flights with the gliding grace of a bird, sure of his skill, and now every eye on the field measured the ragged end of his last chance with the senior instructor.

Any watching cadet could have told Bill Ewing what was ahead of him. Doom came like this in the flying corps when you lost your nerve and the senior instructor was Captain Miller. You taxied across the field, nerve-racked and a little sick, and there he was waiting, his eyes black ice above the pipe in his mouth. Best flying instructor in the service.

He was waiting for Bill.

Bill climbed out of the cockpit and stood at attention beside his plane, jaw muscles tight under his tan, his blue eyes level. Embittered broken phrases ached in his mind. Crack army cadet! No better flyer in his class! And now with graduation less than a month away, he had been flying with the "wind up."

Wind up! It meant in your flying

hours that every nerve in your body grew tight and cold with remembered terrors and crazy dreads. It meant you were licked.

"You're through, Ewing." Nothing moved on the skipper's face but his thin, unyielding lips.

Bill's hands contracted. Three words. Chilled bits of steel, tearing away your future. "You mean, skipper—his voice was steadier than his mouth—"you mean you don't even intend to give me my final test—my check-flight tomorrow?"

"Waste of time, Ewing. You don't fly ships any more. They fly you."

It was the pitiless slogan of the flying instructors. You forgot to keep your mind on your ship, and it nosed off aimlessly and flew you around. If you woke up in time, you conquered it. If you didn't, the army "meat wagon" gathered you up. Meat wagon. Swell name for an ambulance. It turned you cold.

"I'd like to tell him," Bill thought, his hands wet, "that it means a lot to me to finish with him. But you can't tell him anything. He's too hard-bottled."

No room for sentiment, the skipper said, in the flying corps. You were there

to fly and not to waste the government's money.

"You've been up there again, Ewing!" the skipper's glance flicked impatiently over the bone-white shadows in Bill's lean young face—"living over again the day you crashed. All right. You came down that day with Simpson, and Simpson's dead. It was a hazard of flying. But when my men fly, Ewing—even after a crash—they think about flying and nothing else or they don't fly. Not for me. And they don't fly long for anybody. I doubt now if you could make a figure eight around two pylons and keep your mind on flying."

The engine in the plane was still turning over. Bill leaped into the cockpit, an angry oblivion around him like a fog. When his brain cleared, he was in the air heading the ship for the marker at the end of the field.

"I'll show him I can keep my mind on his lousy marker," he muttered, easing back on the stick. "Pylon! Figure eights! Kindergarten flying!"

The ship climbed. He pushed down hard on the left rudder and the quick turn of the plane rasped sharply over his nerves like a cold hand closing. He had turned that way with Simpson and the crate's nose had been up too far. She had gone into a spin.

His heart sank. He had passed the marker, thinking of Simpson, his mind torn by a sick terror of spins and the memory of Simpson's dead face. He had forgotten to straighten out and again the ship was flying itself. Well, he was what the skipper said he was—finished! A fool with the wind still up.

He might as well go in and take his medicine. When he thought of the crack flyers the skipper had trained, failure like this burned him up. There was Logan, for instance. Captain Logan. The skipper himself was proud of Logan. The army was proud of him.

Logan was lucky. No nerves riding his courage. It had made him the brilliant, confident kind of flyer who gets in the headlines. Flying with Logan's Squadron was the hope of every cadet in the flying corps. It was something you dreamed about nights when you thought you could fly. When you thought you could fly! Bill winced.

A small dark object on the left wing of the plane slowly absorbed his attention. It was the skipper's pipe caught insecurely between the strut and the guy wire. So far, flying into the wind, the pressure was driving it tighter against the strut.

Bill Ewing's face clouded. "When I turn," he thought, "the wind will hammer it loose and blow it away, and I'll have to go back and tell him it's gone. Swell day! He's probably down there now wondering where his pipe is and tearing his hair."

Funny! Bill's throat grew hot and

Landing

painful. That pipe was as much a part of the skipper as his challenging stares and the straight reticent line of his mouth. Sometimes when you pleased him, he'd punctuate the little he said with dabs of the stem. But if he looked at you over the bowl with the pipe in his mouth, you were in for stormy weather. Cadets had even written limericks and crazy songs about that pipe.

The skipper that morning had looked at Bill over the bowl. Plenty of times though, Bill remembered, the pipe had praised him. "I wonder," he thought, "what he'd say or what he'd do if I could keep his pipe on the wing and fly it back to him."

It was easy to answer. He wouldn't give you another chance. You couldn't crack him up with a pipe, a bird like that. He was hard as nails and sure of his duty.

"I'll bet when I turn"—Bill looked at the pipe again—"I'll bet an Immelmann would keep that pipe out of the wind."

Risky—Immelmanns. Well, in a finish

like this, it didn't much matter. He yanked the stick and kicked the rudder.

"Okay, skipper!" His eyes flashed. "Here we come. I'm on my way out, one way or the other, but if I lick this wind and show you your pipe, here's one swan song and some tricky flying you're due to remember!"

The ship half-looped and rolled. The pipe trembled. Bill grinned as he headed back. The skipper himself or Captain Logan had never pulled a prettier Immelmann. Funny. You ducked around like this with a pipe quivering on the brink of space and it got to be a game. The pipe kept moving. Wind no longer looked it under the guy wire. It was beginning to twist and turn.

A stubborn concentration burned in Bill's face.

"No use," he muttered dejectedly, noting a sudden shift in the pipe's position. "I can't make it! Any minute now the darn thing'll bail out, and I'll go back with nothing to show for it but a clammy stare and a pain in my neck,

and the skipper'll give me hell for crazy flying."

It was time to come in. He kicked the rudder and shoved down the nose of the plane. The pipe held his gaze. It was still shuddering when he eased back on the stick and leveled off.

"Holy smoke!" he thought indignantly. "Watching that damn pipe, I've muffed my landing!"

The plane smacked into the field in a cloud of dust and flying splinters. Bill climbed out with a creeping scalp and picked the pipe out of the wreckage.

"Cracked-up wing," he thought, infuriated. "Undercarriage washed out. Fifteen hundred bucks at least to fix that crate, and the skipper hipped about waste and saving the government's money. Well, he can't hang me, but one thing's sure—I'll be out of the flying corps now in twenty seconds."

What the skipper could say about a landing like this and the cost of mending the crate wasn't even problematical.

It was almost as if the splintering



"Keep the pipe," said the skipper, "as a souvenir of the day you cut your eyeteeth."

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crack of the plane had released a spring in the skipper's feet. He was grimly crossing the field with a chill black glance swirling over the wreckage. He walked up to Bill with a hair-trigger air. Bill snapped to attention.

"Rough landing, Ewing," the skipper said dryly.

"Yes, sir," Bill swallowed.

"In fact," the skipper purred, "it wasn't even a landing. You dropped in!"

"Yes, sir. I—I leveled off too soon, watching the pipe. You must have left your pipe on the wing, sir, and I got it into my head I'd like to bring it back."

"Monkeyshine! Unorthodox monkey-shine! Where's the pipe?"

Wet with perspiration, Bill delivered his freight. "I'm sorry about the plane," he said, flushing.

"So am I. I suppose in return for this pipe you expect your check-flight in the morning?"

Was there a grudging note of surrender in the skipper's voice? Bill thought there was and something he valued—something he needed—shrivelled up in his shaken mind. So the skipper was like this, was he? Government property. Fifteen hundred dollars in splinters. And you could buy him off with a pipe and maybe graduate with your class, a cadet of the skipper's. A cadet of the skipper's! Only—there wasn't any skipper. There never had been. He was nothing but a lousy legend.

"He sells out cheap," Bill smoldered. "A ten-dollar pipe!"

"You glum young fool!" The words crackled venomously out of the skipper's mouth. "Do you know what it costs the government to train a flyer like you? Do you think I'd waste your training for anything but incompetence? Do you think I'd waste it for a mess of splinters in a landing? What's a few thousand dollars when you can salvage the cost of a pilot? What were you thinking about when

you were looping around up there like a lunatic? Were you thinking of Simpson? Were you thinking of tall spins?"

"N-no, sir," Bill stammered. "I—I was thinking about trying the pipe back on me."

The skipper lost his temper. "You flying fool!" he roared. "You don't even know yet that you've got it licked! Well, I know it. I was watching you. A man can't fly like that with the wind up. Take the pipe and keep it. You'll probably want a souvenir of the day you cut your eye teeth."

"Yes, sir," Bill gulped. "I'd like to keep it, but I—I don't feel—I ought to. I mean, a lot of crack pilots in the service remember that pipe, and the cadets here talk as if it's a— a mascot or something. That pipe's kinda been a part of you so long—"

"Maybe." A curious twitch tugged at the skipper's inflexible mouth. "However, I've got another one like it. And I can always get 'em."

Bill echoed slowly. "You can always— get 'em!" He repeated with mounting suspicion. "You can always— get 'em!"

Their eyes fenced.

"Skipper," Bill exploded, his face suddenly scarlet. "You purposefully put that pipe on the wing! You stuck it under the guy wire to get my mind on something else and give me another chance! You knew damn well I'd try to bring it back to you. Any guy on the field would break his neck to fly it back."

"In thirty days," Captain Miller remarked coldly, "you'll graduate with your class. The chances are my best flyer will be posted with the Thirty-ninth Squadron. Who that flyer will be depends on you."

"Logan's Squadron!" Bill's voice cracked. "Logan's—"

"When you report to Captain Logan!"—a wintry grin rippled over the skipper's face—"show him your pipe. He's got one like it."

Go Spa Hunting This Summer! (Cont. from page 49)

beautiful and the best-run spas in the world are in America!

All this took some finding. And what I have to tell you isn't one-half the story, either, because there are several thousand active medicinal springs in the U.S.A. Alabama alone has 220, Arizona 450, Colorado 369—just as a few random examples. Every state in the union has a number and even to attempt covering them all would require a document the size of the telephone directory and years of travel.

The question of where to begin listing these American spas is almost as difficult as choosing among them for a visit. We might begin in North in Maine, with the mild waters of Poland Spring, where from June to October you can take a gentle cure for overworked kidneys. In fact, you can't avoid taking it, because in every room, on every available table, bureau, sideboard or ash tray over the whole of the enormous hotel stand free bottles of Poland water. Since it is free, who could resist using it? Poland is one of those large, park-enclosed hotels which form complete units in themselves, and the cure is very mild indeed, though excellent of its kind.

Coming downcountry with a bang, crash and wallop, we hit one of the most colorful and exciting spas in the world, Saratoga. Just in case you don't know it, Saratoga is in New York State, a little north of Albany and situated in a very beautiful and, for the East, easily accessible part of the state. Take a long week-end trip over U.S. 9 W to Albany,

and U.S. 9 beyond, and see for yourself. The very word "Saratoga" is exciting, and the town itself is replete with mementoes of one gay-nineties spot which was truly and indisputably gay—and still is. Here we have a genuine spa in the European sense, plus. Considerably plus.

To begin with, Saratoga is state-owned. In my opinion all great spas should be under either state or Federal control, for the simple reason that the natural curative waters which spring from under your feet ought to be freely available to all of the people. Any privately owned spa will naturally strive to enter to a rich and exclusive clientele. In Europe practically all spas are government-owned and -regulated. And while Vichy, Carlsbad and the other famous spas have handsome and exclusive hotels where the elite rub shoulders, one also finds one's vegetable vender, one's ex-cook, the corner garage man, *et al.*, taking the waters at the springs, the while they stay for three weeks at some health pension.

Saratoga offers the same wide variety of service on a grand and glorious scale. You can stay at a superb hotel charging upwards of \$30 a day, or at a clean, decent boardinghouse for as little as \$1.25. But no matter what you pay, when you take the waters you're just another human trying to improve your health, and enjoying the job. There is nothing gloomy about the cure at Saratoga. During the season, which is at its height in the summer months, Saratoga is one of the gayest places in America.

As for the treatments available, they

are both varied and excellent. Whether you merely want to reduce or have some serious trouble such as neuritis or a balky liver, you can get the help you need. You must give three weeks to it, and it can cost you a young fortune if you are so inclined. But after a lot of asking around, I decided that the total cost, exclusive of traveling expenses but including living and treatment, should average from \$125 to about \$400, depending largely on how simple a room you are willing to live in. The prices charged for doctors, baths and nursing are carefully regulated and no bargaining is possible, but the fees are small.

The first thing you do upon arriving is to register at the administration building of the Simon Baruch Research Institute; this is not compulsory, but it is wise. Here you will get all the information and help you need for the beginning of treatments. Incidentally, this is a great protection against quack doctors and other spa-racketeers.

In strong contrast is the privately owned, charming and intimate cure to the southwest. Glen Springs at Watkins Glen, New York, is one of the most delightful of the springs easily reached from New York City. It's a short weekend trip to the Finger Lakes region, on Route 17 to Elmira, and 14 to Watkins Glen. It's a swell rest after a tough business week, and also a good place to get rid of nervous troubles, as well as the gout and kindred ills. Watkins Glen specializes in ridding one of chronic fatigue.

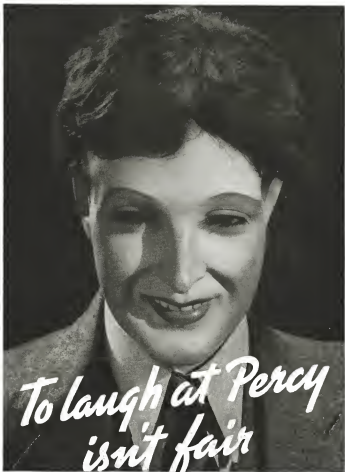
Pennsylvania has two important springs, Bedford and Cambridge. And though Cambridge is a good small cure, Bedford rates the higher in medical importance. Indeed, Doctor Fitch lists its waters as among the most effective for the cure of all metabolic disorders, and in addition to that, it has one of the sweetest indoor swimming pools I've ever seen and a hotel which is ample without being overawing. If you want to motor there, it's on U.S. 30 about midway between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh.

But to go on traveling South. Here we come to Virginia and an embarrassment of riches. I suppose that Virginia Hot Springs is so well known to most of the right people that it scarcely calls for much discussion from me. It is the Newport, the Palm Beach, the Pink Penultimate among water-cures, exquisitely beautiful in every appointment, frankly costly, and utterly charming if you go in for that sort of thing, old dear! And it doesn't seem quite fair that on top of all this, the greatest living authority on mineral springs should rate it as the highest radioactive springs in the entire world! Virginia, I may add, has many other excellent springs, such as Buffalo Springs and Craig Healing Springs.

Then there is West Virginia's White Sulphur Springs in the prettiest part of one of the prettiest valleys in that section, which is saying quite something. The waters, catering in particular to high blood pressure and irritable hearts, are easy to take. This is a good place, most desirable in spring and fall, and one meets there a wide variety of people.

Of course, if one wanted to keep going South, there is the tiny village of Warm Spring, Georgia, where the Roosevelt Foundation cares for infantile paralysis victims, and below that, Florida, where all you have to do to get a healthy drink of sulphur water is to sink a pipe five feet into the ground anywhere at all. But the trail of the far-from-lonesome spa now leads us West and stops before the wonders of one of my favorite cures. Excuse me while I go crazy for a moment over Hot Springs, Arkansas.

To begin with, it's a national park,



WATER CAUSED HIS TOUPEE HAIR

Is your hair stiff and unruly?

Unless you want to look like the gentleman above, stop soaking your head with water every time you reach for the brush and comb. Water washes away the natural hair oils. Leaves the hair stiff and brittle. Makes it stand on end as soon as the water evaporates.

Kreml is the right treatment for stubborn hair. It contains beneficial oils that make the hair soft and pliable, give it new life and lustre.

In addition it is a splendid hair tonic.

Dandruff vanishes after the first few applications. It is the best defense against excessive falling hair. After a dip in the sea or a day in the open it removes every trace of sea-salt, stickiness and grime.

Ask for Kreml in the barber shops and use Kreml regularly at home.

Try Kreml Shampoo, Too!

The cleansing, purifying lather of this wonderful olive oil shampoo keeps your hair soft, lustrous, and pliantly young.

KREML



REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

which it should be. To go on with, it's an all-year proposition: a wonderful objective for its southern neighbors in summer, and equally desirable for northern visitors in winter.

Then, what a country! Sweet-smelling pine-clad hills; air like wine! Full of historic interest, beginning with De Soto's visit in 1541, it has a peculiar charm of its own. The city streets are wide and shaded and faintly reminiscent, on a small scale, of the Paris boulevards, especially in spring. There is public auto camp with a big swimming pool—gosh, it'll put your eye out! And I say "auto camp" advisedly because this spa can be reached from any part of the country on all-year, hard-surfaced roads.

This is the people's own cure. But as in Saratoga, you can live either exclusively and luxuriously or cheaply and simply, and you can't be overcharged at the cure itself because the government fixes the charges of both physicians and nurses.

And nowhere that I know of can you get a cure so inexpensively! There are several hundred boarding places where a dollar a day pays for both room and board. And if you can't afford to pay for treatment or baths, Uncle Sam will give them to you free. You must, however, be able to pay your way there and back and board yourself during treatment. But the waters belong to you, and the admirable administration of this great public service sees to it that you get them properly. Don't miss Hot Springs, Arkansas, even if you lack the arthritis or the paralytic condition which might take you there.

Texas has her famous "Crazy Water," which deserves a chapter in itself, and Arizona the splendid layout at Prescott, among others; but before I leave the Southland behind, I must take a moment off to mention one spring which is, I believe, absolutely unique.

This tiny place, as yet completely unexploited, is the sort to which authors devoutly love to take their work, and where honeymooning couples can cozy in real seclusion. I refer to James Hot Springs at—or rather, just outside of—Sandoval, New Mexico. Here is a good small hotel set amidst a piny United States forest reservation. The hot soda is good for almost anything hot soda can help.

THERE ARE tame peacocks by the dozen, very lovely except when they take it into their brilliant heads to perch on the rooftree and screech. I sort of hate to let you in on this, but if you want to see something really simple, unspoiled and at the same time inexpensive and curative, take U.S. 66 out of Santa Fe or Albuquerque to Sandoval and then ask your way. But I wouldn't try it in bad weather.

Of course California, like Florida, is simply spouting with springs, but the people are all so healthy out there that these cures have not attained national recognition. Palm Springs, resort of the weary movie stars, is the most famous, and has an excellent, slow-moving mud spring. It belongs to the local Indians, however, and cleanliness is not the greatest of its assets. However, I have seen many an actor, director and star glad to pay two bits to the Big Chief in charge and slide into the nerve-easing natural mud-pack!

Up the Pacific Coast, in Washington, Soap Lake offers an excellent treatment, while Hot Springs in Idaho is one of the glories of this section—an enormous resort, as effective and well conducted as any of our famous older spas.

Montana's Anaconda Warm Springs and White Sulphur Springs are excellent and have a large following. And the Lava Hot Springs of Idaho are not to be sneered at. Oh, gosh, oh, gee, how I wish I could tell you about all of them—Alton in Illinois and Excelsior in Missouri; Utah's unique "American Fork" and Oklahoma's splendid Sulphur Springs. But space is growing shorter while both Colorado Springs and Indiana's French Lick rear their imposing heads and remind me that they are on the "must" list.

Just below Denver, situated in a glorious pocket of the high Rockies, Colorado Springs, during her short summer season, is queen of the great spa. You go there for glands, diabetes or anemia, and you come away with your soul cured as well as your body. Nobody could spend day after day looking at those glorious mountains, breathing that magical air, and not find a renewed faith in some Great Power beyond one's petty, ailing self. And if you drive there from Denver and, on leaving, drive straight down to Santa Fe on the desert—well, all I can say is that you will have had one of the most thrilling motor trips in the world.

But this particular road is only good going in summer. Be sure to ask locally before attempting it.

Shades of childhood terrors arise at the mention of Pluto. Oh, yes, it's the one you know, and it comes from French Lick, Indiana. But don't hold that against one of the very best of our cold-water spas. Think of the good it does you! We know it tastes like the devil, and so does the company know it. Why else do you suppose they named it that way?

And the other local spring, Proserpine, named for the devil's wife? You know why you go there; we won't go into that! This place, understand me, is no sanitarium. But will it reduce you? Does it store up energy? Will you feel fine when you leave? You'll see.

French Lick, a very large, handsome and popular spa of the single-unit type, is a medium-priced, mild cure of the better sort, for the better sort of people. It is a tired-businessman's heaven in terms of rest-and-water cure.

A wonder as to what actually happens at a spa must, naturally be the first thought occurring to the uninitiate. "What will it be like, and what will they do to me?" Those two important points worried me the first time I had to take a cure. So, on the assumption that you, too, are fussing over a lot of imaginary horrors, here's where I relieve your mind. Take my word for it, the procedure is almost identical everywhere.

"First of all, on arrival you explain, 'This doesn't look half as bad as I expected!'" Then you register your name, address and ailment with the proper authorities. If you have come recommended to a local M.D., you give his name to the registrar, who communicates with him. If you have prescriptions from home, you turn those in, too. Then you are aided in finding the sort of hotel you want and the appointed doctor comes to examine you. *Always choose a doctor on the official staff of the spa.*

When you've been examined, the doctor gives you a diet which you simply turn over to the headwaiter if you are in a hotel or to your landlady if it's a boardinghouse. Unless you cheat at the corner-drugstore lunch counter, that diet is all that food you'll see during your stay. Incidentally, you'll have to accept the medical examination and a menu, even if you're only there for a rest.

Probably you will take the baths. All bath establishments have private rooms with outside tubs suited even to a snappy fifty-two. In some places these contain waters; at others, mud. In either case you lie and soak and are agreeably surprised to find the sensation thoroughly pleasing. An attendant who must be a nudist at heart assists you without displaying or causing the slightest embarrassment.

EVENTUALLY YOU are taken out and dried, wrapped up nicely in a warm sheet and given a comfortable cot to doze on. After which you have a salt rub, a steam bath or a needle spray, according to the doctor's orders. The force of the spray (it is played on you by a carefully regulated mechanical device) is a matter of prescription, but again all you do is hand the attendant the slip from the M.D. The sensation of a spray bath is simply delightful: a trifle scary when it begins, but delicious after you find out you're not going to be shot by it.

After this you take the waters. In other words, you have a little mug of your own which you carry about and sip from as you walk. I have never seen a spa where walking as you sip was not considered a part of the cure. Some spas have charming little pavilions for each spring, with garden walks between, and you go from one to the other at the hours specified by your physician. Then lunch, then a nap, then more taking of the waters, a massage, half an hour's rest, dinner, and so to bed!

There is no spying supervision, no checking-up on whether or not you are cheating on the regimen. There is no need for such supervision because everybody is doing the same thing at the same hour, and it becomes a sort of game you'd hate to be left out of. It's a wonderful experience, and very amusing despite the fact that everybody is in bed by ten-thirty, and to bed you go.

I have, I must admit, seen ribald old boys sneak a forbidden drink with one eye on the bartender and the other on the door through which their wives might appear at any moment. But I have seldom seen a woman cheat at a spa. On the contrary, women extend their cure to others, and I can bear witness to the fact that many a lap dog has literally taken the waters along with his mistress.

But, you will ask, if a water cure is so delightful, simple to get and inexpensive, why don't more Americans take them? One answer, I think, is that we Americans have an innate aversion to harping on physical ills. For this reason many Chambers of Commerce in towns containing valuable curative springs ignore them and advertise the golf course, the size of the high school and the lack of meanness in the mean temperature. They fear the suggestion that their towns are health centers will keep tourists away. But I, for one, think a big business bet is being lost by such communities through this policy. Thousands upon thousands of people would flock to our spas if only they were advertised in the same optimistic fashion as our familiar health-giving toilet aids. And if we were as familiar with the charm and benefits of our spas as we are with our pet mouthwash, we'd be a darned sight healthier and happier.

Take my advice: get a spa-ing partner and see America thirst. You'll have the surprise of your life and, if I'm not mistaken, the time of your life as well!

To obtain additional information about leading American spas, see note in "Over the Editor's Shoulder," page 4

Adjusted to a Tee

(Continued from page 33)

can tie it with a par three. But don't shoot yet. Somebody's on the green."

There was a small figure in a red sweater and skirt. But Greg saw that she was signaling for him to shoot. He did. "How was it?" he said immediately to Barney. "I lost it in the sun."

"I dunno," said Barney, peering toward the green. "But I saw it start, and I bet it ain't twenty feet from the cup."

Walking springily down the fairway, Greg decided not to be satisfied with anything as local as the club championship. He would win the State Open. And then the Amateur Championship. Why not? It would be good publicity for Dale and Swanson, his advertising agency.

Then he saw a ball nestling cozily on the eighteenth green, not eight feet from the cup. If he sank it, it would mean another birdie and the course record. And that was no dream.

The girl in the red sweater interrupted his thoughts by walking to meet him. Greg decided instantly that she was the most striking girl he had ever seen. That sunburned skin, dull gold hair and blue eyes made an unbeatable combination.

In his buoyant mood, he would probably have admired a wallflower at a Ubangi dance. But he happened to be right. The girl was lovely.

"I hope I didn't hit you," he said solicitously. "I shouldn't have shot, I guess. I thought you—"

The girl spoke hastily. "That's all right. It was a beautiful shot. I thought it was going right into the cup. I—really—I'm terribly sorry."

"Sorry? Why should you be sorry? The ball's only a few feet from the pin."

The girl bit her lip. "Oh, dear," she said. "You don't understand. That isn't your ball. It's mine."

"Yours?" said Greg. "Where's mine?" She started to explain quickly. "I left my golf bag at the entrance to the green. I forgot about it. Your ball hit the golf bag and went into the trap."

Without a word, Greg bounded over to the brink of the trap. He gazed down. His ball was nestling innocently in a deep footprint. Many thoughts flitted through his mind.

He thought of the old Scotch pro who had quit the club when the membership committee had decided to admit women.

He thought of Jacob Custer, the man who had given this particular trap its name—Custer's Last Stand—one day years ago when he had taken twenty-seven strokes in it before breaking all his clubs and quitting the game forever. He thought of June.

Barney silently handed him his niblick.

"How about the rules?" said Greg with a sudden gleam of hope. "Can I take the ball back to the fairway where that—that scheming woman left her bag?"

Barney shook his head sadly. "If a ball in motion," he intoned mournfully, "be stopped or deflected by any agency outside the match it is a rub of the green and the ball shall be played from the spot where it lies." That's Rule Seventeen, Section One."

Dispiritedly Greg hacked at the ball, watched it hit the overhanging edge of the trap and roll back again.

Three times the same thing happened. The last time Greg didn't wait for the ball to roll back all the way—he took a swing at it while it was still rolling.

Some time later he clambered slowly onto the green.

The girl was still waiting. She was

--!X!!Xx--
and for the love of Mike,
Kitty, have plenty of
White Rock!

We
apologize
for your
husband

It's all because of that keen mineral water tang. Seems ridiculous he should get in a dither about a mixer. But, White Rock does make a big difference in a drink. That natural spring water tang points up his drinks as nothing else will.

White Rock
ON THE ALKALINE SIDE

quite concerned. "Isn't that too bad? I don't see why you didn't just put the ball where it would have rolled to, anyway." She paused and regarded Greg thoughtfully. "As a matter of fact, the reason you look so many strokes in the trap is purely psychological, don't you think? If you had landed naturally in the trap, I'm sure you would have been right out. I hope I didn't spoil a good score for you."

Greg threw-up, which gave him an eleven for the hole and a seventy-four for the round.

Then he looked at the girl. "Did you say something?" he said.

"Yes, I said I hoped I didn't spoil a good score for you."

Greg controlled himself with an effort. "Oh, no!" he said hoarsely. "Oh, no, no, no, no!" he said dubbing around!

The silence of the walk back to the clubhouse was broken by just one small scrap of conversation started and finished by Barney.

"She's a new member," he said.

"Oh," said Greg.

"Her name is Davis."

"Oh," said Greg.

"Her first name," said Barney apologetically, "is June."

If you are twenty-six and healthy, you can't remain completely gloomy after a cold shower and an equally cold Tom Collins. Your sense of humor comes back to you.

Greg conceded to himself, almost grudgingly, that he was feeling better as he stepped on the starter of his none-too-youthful roadster. After all, he decided, there wasn't any reason why he should go into a pet about June Davis and her golf bag. It wasn't the girl's fault that her name was June. It wasn't her fault that the gods had gleefully got together to figure out ways in which the month might blight his existence. She was just an instrument of fate.

It further occurred to him that he had been pretty uncivil to the girl. She couldn't be expected, after all, to know that her golf bag had deflected the course record into that trap.

Yes, he considered, he owed Miss Davis an apology, and he would make it next time he saw her.

That turned out to be in the next thirty seconds. Greg's car rounded a curve, and there she was, standing on one side of the road, wiggling at him.

His car stopped with an indignant squeak from the brakes. Her machine, a heavy coupé, was at an angle to the roadway, its front wheels on the road and the rear ones firmly embedded in the muddy slope of a ditch.

Greg got out and looked at the rear wheels. Then he turned and looked at June. "How did it happen?" he said.

"Quickly," she answered. "I hit a bump, I skidded, and there I was. Now the car won't budge. I've tried everything from putting stones under the wheels to silent prayer."

"Let's try pushing," Greg said. "You get in and start it. I'll push."

She looked dubious. "I'm afraid it won't work. The wheels are buried awfully deeply. Besides, you have white flannels on and they'll get soiled."

She was right on both counts. Three minutes later, after scraping a veneer of mud from his shoes and the cuffs of his trousers, Greg announced a change in his plans. "I have a tow rope. I'll attach it. I think I can pull you out."

"It's very decent of you—especially since I ruined your game today."

He grunted that that was all right. It was, too. There was something about the girl that made it pleasant to be doing

her a service. After he had made the rope fast to both cars, he said, "When I wave my hand, you go into first and give her all the power she's got."

The first two attempts were unsuccessful. The third brought results.

"Wonderful!" cried June from the other car. "I'm out!"

Greg didn't reply. She got out and ran to the side of his car.

She found him, chin on palm, staring into space. "Anything wrong?" she asked.

He turned toward her. "Yes," he said, "I believe I've burned out a bearing."

It was almost nine o'clock when they reached the Bronx. They had left Greg's roadster in a Scarsdale garage, to which it had been towed by a wrecking car piloted by a sad-eyed mechanic who announced that the repair job would involve two days and nineteen dollars.

During the remainder of the trip Greg and June did a great deal of arguing—mostly about the repair bill—since June insisted that she should be held liable.

This gave Greg a chance to discuss at some length his feelings regarding the month of June. He would pay the bill. He would be delighted to pay, he added, since something worse would undoubtedly have happened to him if the bearing hadn't burned. Perhaps his car would have skidded and overturned.

Warning to his favorite subject, Greg gradually veered around to the incident on the golf course. Of course, that wasn't her fault either. If her golf bag hadn't stopped the ball, something else would have spoiled his round. The ball would have fallen apart in mid-air, he said. Or a larger bird would have swooped down and carried it off.

June Davis listened quietly. Then she made a remark which irritated Greg. "Witches and charms and pixies," she said. "You probably believe in them, too."

Greg regarded her sharply. "You think I'm superstitious? Well, I'm not. I'm using common sense. I'd be a fool if I didn't admit June is unlucky for me."

"That's silly," said June severely. "You be careful or you'll have a first-class fixation on your hands."

It happened that several of Greg's friends had been psychoanalyzed. As a consequence, he had wearied of hearing them discuss fixations, adjustments and complexes. The words alone were sufficient to cause in him a definite resentment. He decided to stem it with frivolity.

"I would rather have a fixation on my hands than a lot of things," he said. "Blisters, for instance."

"It's none of my business, of course," June said sweetly. "But you really are taking an unfortunate attitude. You remind me of one of Freud's cases. Or maybe it was Hegelmann. Anyway, it was an ice man who had to make deliveries one very hot summer. A few times he was delayed and some of the ice melted before he could get it to the customers. He worried about it. Then he worried some more. It got to be an obsession. He started running with the ice all the time. When the psychiatrists got hold of him he was a physical wreck besides being a nervous one."

Greg shot a suspicious glance at her. "Look here," he said. "Are you by any chance a lady psychiatrist?"

"Not exactly. I'm laboratory assistant to Vogel."

"Vogel?"

"Hermann Vogel. Haven't you heard of him? He's terribly famous. He's the man who conditioned mice so they weren't afraid of cats any more. He won the Turin Prize for it."

Greg repressed the desire to inquire

what good that had done the mice. "You should really see him," June continued. "He has done wonderful work with cases just like yours."

Greg shifted uneasily in the seat. She was beautiful. She was obviously intelligent. But a little—well, irritating.

"I'm not a case," he said slowly. "I am only a citizen who knows that every year at this time he is going to burn his bearings and contract strange illnesses. This isn't a fixation. It's just what happens. I don't think about it at all."

"Yes, you do," she said firmly. "Those same things happen to you every other month, but you don't brood about them. I've read of several cases identical to yours. De Jorman, in Austria, was studying a group of rich, idle young men—"

Greg stiffened. "I'm not rich," he said. "I'm not idle, either."

"It doesn't matter. The principle was the same. Now, your fixation—"

"Oh, fixation my eye!" said Greg.

The next day Greg's feelings toward June Davis underwent another reversal. He forgot that the rest of the ride home, after his ill-mannered comment, had been marked by her offended silence. He remembered only that he had never fought so peacefully with a girl before and that it was fun, somehow.

He found to his surprise that he was eager to continue the argument. The day had brought him new ammunition. Running to catch the subway on the way to work, he had tripped on the top step of the entrance and fallen the whole flight.

And at about eleven o'clock Mr. Swanson called him and said: "That Folsom Salad Oil Campaign you did—still think it's swell. But unluckily, old man Folsom had indigestion when I brought it over. You'll have to do it all over from a new angle."

Twenty-two more ads to write about salad oil! Greg chalked up one more piece of evidence to submit to June.

He phoned her late that day at her office. No mention was made of their brief skirmish the preceding evening.

"I have an idea," he said. "I'd like to take you to dinner this evening to see if we can get through several hours without something disastrous happening to me."

Her cool voice informed him that she couldn't make it. Not until Friday.

That irritated him, too. The girl had a genius for making him lose his temper.

BUT HE MADE the date for Friday—for dinner—and before they had finished with their hors d'œuvres they were discussing psychiatry again.

It was June's fault. She brought it up. All through the meal Greg gallantly refused to be drawn into another argument. But with the arrival of his demi-tasse, his forbearance gave way.

"So?" he said aggressively, after recounting the tale of the subway fall and the salad-oil campaign. "So you still think I should ignore these calamities? Pay no attention to them? Practice Confucism?"

She nodded vigorously. "That's what Vogel would tell you. Forget you ever had that fixation about June. Every time you have a bad break, remember the same thing could happen in December. It's just a question of adjustment."

Greg said, "All right"—meekly.

He groped for his cigarette case and offered one to June. Accidentally his arm came into contact with his cup of coffee, upsetting it and spilling coffee into her lap.

"It's really nothing," she protested. "Cold water will take it right out. Now

say to yourself quickly, 'It could have happened in December!'

"It couldn't," said Greg unhappily. "I never drink coffee in the winter."

The Case of the Overturned Coffee didn't shake June's convictions. Neither did Greg's losing his wallet several evenings later and having to borrow ten dollars from her. Or any one of the dozen small calamities which beset him during the next three weeks.

"After all," she pointed out on the night before the Class A final—the night Greg got a ticket for parking outside of a movie—"you can't say you've been unlucky in the tournament at the club. You haven't had any trouble reaching the finals. You're bound to win tomorrow. Everyone says so. Barney Gillis told me he had bet three dollars more on you."

"But—" said Greg.

"There can't be any buts," said June. "Not if you've completely adjusted yourself. And adjusting yourself, Doctor Vogel says, is simply a matter of coordinating yourself with your environment."

Greg grabbed June by both arms and looked straight into her eyes. "Listen," he said with determination. "I think you're wonderful. I even like the idea of coordinating myself with my environment, if you're part of it. But if you use the word 'adjustment' again I'm not to be held responsible for my actions."

"I hardly think you—" said June.

"Don't interrupt! That word does something to me. If it were prohibited by law, I think a lot of psychiatrists would have to go out of business because they wouldn't be able to think of anything to say. Let's make a pact. I'll win the Class A championship if you'll promise not to use that word at me."

"You wouldn't be so violent about it," said June, "if you were adjusted—"

"June!" said Greg dangerously.

"This bird you are up against," Barney Gillis explained next morning, "is a new member by the name Roger Winninger. The other caddies tell me he doesn't understand what anybody is talking about when they say 'three-putt' on account of he has never done anything like that."

"I suppose he always hits them three hundred yards, too?" Greg said.

"Well, no. I haven't caddied for him but I hear he's not a long hitter at all. This doesn't matter with him, though, as he's death on the short game. The caddies that have caddied for him, they call him 'Lucky.' Lucky Winninger. I am talking to one of these caddies this morning and this caddy, he tells me this Winninger is so lucky that if he gets a bad lie a whole army of caterpillars lives right under where the ball is and have just decided to make this moving day and lift the ball up on their shoulders and take it up some where else."

Bitterness corroded Greg's soul. He thought of June and of the last battle he had had with her, caused mainly by the Class A cup. On the way home she had strongly intimated that, if her talk of adjustment irritated him so much, they had better not see each other any more. And he had said perhaps she was right.

His drooping spirits revived somewhat when he was introduced to the opposing finalist. Winninger didn't look much like a golfer. He was a pinkish, worried-looking gentleman with a bald head and a generous paunch. He spoke rapidly, as if he were on the point of leaving Greg to go chasing after a train. When Greg knew him better, he wished the train were actual and not imaginary.

"Son, you can't lose," he said, pumping Greg's hand vigorously. "Not a

She took a bath and gave her husband ATHLETE'S FOOT SHE WAS A "CARRIER" ★

THIS lovely young woman is a "carrier" of Athlete's Foot.

And she isn't aware of her condition!

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★ "Carrier" is the medical term for a person who carries infection. People infected with Athlete's Foot are "carriers." At least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time according to the U. S. Public Health Service. They spread the disease wherever they tread barefoot.

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chance. Age and youth—it's the old story. My eyes have gone bad. Can't see ten feet in front of me. Would have defaulted, but I didn't want to spoil your fun. No fun winning a cup by default."

Greg murmured something polite and stepped back from the tee to watch Mr. Winninger perform. He wasn't impressed. Winninger spent a full minute wagging his club back and forth. Then, almost losing his balance with the effort, he managed to drive the ball only about one hundred and eighty yards—but right down the middle of the fairway.

Greg, driving in his turn, sent a whistling shot fifty yards past his opponent's, and the match was on.

Winninger's second shot was identical to his first, leaving him about fifty yards short of the green. Greg's landed about thirty feet from the cup.

"What did I tell you?" Winninger remarked to the gallery at large. "I might as well pack up and go home."

Following which he took a nibble and managed to land his third shot on the green, a few feet farther away from the cup than Greg's second.

He puffed noisily as he squatted behind his ball and sighted the treacherous rolling slope of the green. Then he tapped the ball. It darted into the cup as if attracted by a magnet.

"Tell me, son," he said querulously to Greg, "where'd that one land? Can't see a thing with these old peepers of mine."

The match reached the sixth tee all even. Greg had been expecting stiff opposition, but not of the type furnished.

If you are an excellent golfer, it is annoying to be held even by a player who looks as if he planned to fall on his face every time he took a swing at the ball. It is a good deal more annoying if that player apologizes every time he wins a hole from you.

Winninger was doing better. His putts lined up to Barney's accurate reports. He played them from anywhere on the green as if he were tossing a potato into a bushel basket from a distance of three feet. But he had won his holes fairly. He hadn't had either particularly good or particularly bad breaks. Nor had Greg.

The deadlock was broken on the sixth, when Greg's approach shot, heading for the pin, glanced off a scurrying spectator who had decided to sprint to the other side of the green. The spectator was uninjured, which is more than could be said for the shot. Greg lost the hole, and badly shaken, hooked his next drive into a heavy rough.

A good golfer, he told himself, won't allow himself to be discouraged by a bad break. To a Saracen, bad rough is simply a chance for an interesting shot. His lips set tight, Greg slashed desperately at the half-hidden ball. Over the bushes it rose, higher, higher, higher!

But not quite high enough. Between Greg and the green a lonely tree poked one long, gnarled branch far into the fairway. Greg's ball sought the nethermost tip of that branch, ricocheted and disappeared from view in the rough on the other side of the fairway.

After that, he wasn't surprised when Winninger's miraculous stytle won him the eighth. Nor when the ninth, too, went to Winninger because a bad bounce sent Greg's approach deep into a trap.

He was surprised, though, when Winninger insisted on a ten-minute recess between the first and second nines. "I'm not a young man any more," he said. "This pace is pretty hot for me."

Greg controlled a desire to point out that Winninger was setting the pace himself, and that it was pretty hot for anybody, and agreed to the recess.

Seeing June near the clubhouse, he walked over to join her.

She was the first to break the silence. "I'm sorry, Greg," she said.

That was nice of her. He hadn't expected much sympathy from June.

"I'm glad I've convinced you," he said with a wry smile, "even if I have to lose the championship to do it."

"I'm afraid you don't understand," she said frostily. "I said I'm sorry, but what I mean is I'm sorry you haven't the courage to overcome your fixation."

He sat up abruptly. "What! Do you mean to tell me I could have done anything about those last few holes?"

"Of course. If you hadn't made up your mind that you couldn't win. If you hadn't spent more time worrying about your hard luck than you did about golf."

It was too much. For the first time in his life Greg toyed with the idea of hitting a woman. He decided against it—but it was a close thing.

He had been criminally stupid to have anything to do with a person named June. He should have known that in the first place, Greg decided that the one thing to do was to walk forever out of this—this psychiatrist's life.

"Oh, to climb a tree!" he said. Then he turned and walked to the tenth tee.

He was so preoccupied with murderous thoughts having to do with the injustice of women that he was completely unmoved by his drive from the tenth, the best of the day. And as he sank a fourteen-foot putt to win the hole with a birdie, he was running over in his mind the things he might have said to June—so he didn't notice that, either. And while he was halving the eleventh and winning the twelfth with two pars, he was mapping out a letter that he intended to write her, pointing out that if psychiatry was a subject that made you insult your friends, then she had better take up some other profession.

He lost the thirteenth to another of Winninger's magic putts. He halved the fourteenth, and began to take a small interest in the proceeding again only when his magic pitch, headed straight for a trap to the left of the fifteenth, skidded to within three feet of the cup. He took the putt with a careless flick of the wrists, to halve the hole, leaving him two down and three to play.

HE WATCHED WITH surprise as his bad pitch to the sixteenth green edged its way into a stiff breeze which carried it clear of a bunker and onto the green, winning him the hole with another putt.

"You've put up quite a battle," said Barney on the way to the seventeenth tee, "but you got to take this hole or I'm out just five smackers."

Greg glanced at June. "You haven't a chance," he said to Barney, "because I haven't adjusted myself."

Still thinking of adjustments, he swung savagely at the ball and topped it badly. It skittered about a hundred and twenty yards and landed in a bunker.

That should have cost him the match. But it didn't. He made a sensational recovery. Winninger, with victory in easy grasp, let it slip right out of his hand by driving two balls out of bounds—and the match was all even with the eighteenth left to play.

"You were toying with me, boy," said Winninger reproachfully. "But I must say it was nice of you to make it look like a close match."

Greg, who was completely fed up with Winninger's line, was about to make a caustic answer when he felt a tug on

his sleeve. It was June. And she was smiling at him, a tremulous, uncertain smile which made him forget everything except that she was close to him. It was a strange feeling, the equal of which he'd never experienced. For an hour he had been thinking of her in the most hostile manner. Now he found his rancor evaporated by a smile.

"I just wanted to say let's not quarrel any more," she said shyly. "It doesn't matter whether you win or lose. You've put up such a splendid fight that I feel ashamed of myself."

"You ashamed of yourself?" he said, and his voice was husky. "The only reason I've squared this match is because I've been thinking about ways to pick new fights with you!" Ignoring Winninger, he grabbed both June's hands and said, "Maybe this isn't the time and place to tell you this, but I'd rather fight with you than do anything else I know."

JUNE DIDN'T seem to notice, either, that people all around them were staring—and grinning. She said softly, "I like the way you look when you get angry. That's why I start the fights."

He kissed her then. And he said, "Please marry me. I promise not to get angry with you at least once every day. If we hurry, you can still be a June bride."

She smiled quizzically. "Are you sure you want to marry me in June?"

"I certainly do!" said Greg, without a moment's hesitation.

They were interrupted by Barney, who said, "This Winninger, he says you are keeping him waiting just to rattle him."

The eighteenth was to a gentle down-hill slope which led to the tightly trapped green. From the tee you could see Custer's Last Stand, its huge maw open, awaiting the straying golf ball like some great quiescent monster. But Greg had no doubts about the coming shot. As he took his "backswing," a feeling of power flowed through his body. And then the clubhouse hit the ball.

It was a gorgeous shot, a high, arching ball which dropped on the edge of the green, rolled lazily to within two feet of the cup—and stayed there.

"Nice shot," said Mr. Winninger sourly. Greg felt sorry for the little round man as the eventual topped shot bounded crazily off the tee in the general direction of the green.

It was headed right for Custer's Last Stand. But a pebble deflected its course. It avoided the trap by inches. It bounced weirdly onto the green. It kept rolling. It rolled right up to Greg's ball, caromed off it, rolled to the edge of the cup, hesitated there for one brief, historic moment—and toppled in!

June listened quietly to Greg's assurances that he didn't feel badly as he drove his car slowly out of the club grounds. She didn't say a word as he insisted that, as far as he was concerned, the day had been a complete success.

They turned onto the main highway in silence. Then she put a small hand on his arm. "Greg," she said softly. "Let's wait until next month to get married."

Greg immediately pulled the car up to the side of the road. "This is too important to talk about while I'm driving," he explained. "Did I hear you correctly?"

June nodded sheepishly. "I know it's silly," she said, "and I'm full of all sorts of logical, scientific reasons about why June shouldn't be so lucky. But it's only five days from the first—and why should we look for trouble?"

Greg didn't answer. Not in words, anyway.

White Banners

(Continued from page 67)

same way you are, I suppose. Friendly interest. Want me to tell you about it?" "Please. Oddly enough, I was just thinking about Hannah. It was so restful here, and quiet. Same kind of quietness that Hannah seems to carry about with her. I never knew so calm a person."

Eleanor smiled a little. "She wasn't so calm when I saw her last. Quite stirred up, in fact. That's why I came. Hannah's afraid she is going to lose her boy."

"But Hannah has already lost her boy, hasn't she? I mean, so far as their mother-and-son relationship is concerned. If she can't go to be his mother, why—"

"Yes, I see your point, Mrs. Moore," interposed Eleanor, "but if Thomas Bradford insists on telling Peter he is his father, then Hannah necessarily comes into the picture—and she wants to avoid that. Undoubtedly you know how Hannah feels about her own position, and the reason she has for—"

"And it's a rather silly reason, I think," said Adele dryly. "I've tried to put myself in her place and be sympathetic. She was brought up to believe in the high fences that separate castes. She doesn't want to embarrass Peter. And if Thomas hadn't shown such an interest in the boy, perhaps her sacrifice might have been justified." She paused thoughtfully. "I suppose Hannah feels that I am her enemy."

"No," replied Eleanor, "you're not her enemy, but I think she would like to have her case presented with a little more—"

"Enthusiasm?" assisted Adele. "So she asked you to come."

Eleanor shook her head. "I volunteered to come, Mrs. Moore. I hope I'm not impatient. It's a serious matter, I think—or I wouldn't have bothered. Of course, knowing Hannah's queer ideas as you do, you will understand how much she needs support. She wouldn't try to defend herself. Thomas could make off with Peter, and Hannah wouldn't fight or press her claims. All the more reason, then, why somebody should speak in her behalf."

Adele said, "I'll see that you have a chance to talk it over with Thomas, Mrs. Trimble."

"Do you think he'll resent my intrusion?"

"Well, if he does he'll not tell you so. Thomas will listen respectfully to everything you have to say, but it won't do a speck of good. This is the only thing he has ever really wanted. I suppose Hannah has told you about his life and how listlessly he went trudging along taking orders without having any personal interests of his own. He's quite a different fellow since young Peter gave him a new reason for living."

Eleanor smiled and said she would like to talk with him anyway. She felt she owed that much to Hannah.

They met in the lounge next morning. Adele introduced them, also presenting Peter, who seemed disappointed when Thomas said he wouldn't be able to go sailing as he had promised. Clearly it was this new Mrs. Trimble who had upset their plans for the day. Peter dutifully attempted to respond to her smile but it was a feeble effort. Presently he mumbled an "Excuse me, please," and left them.

Adele's explanation was brief. Mrs. Trimble was a close friend of Professor and Mrs. Ward, in whose home Hannah had lived for so many years. In the

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absence of the Wards, Hannah had confided her anxieties about Peter to Mrs. Trimble, and here she was to ask some questions in Hannah's behalf.

"I suppose it's almost inexcusable—my interference," said Eleanor, smiling up into Thomas' eyes with all the guilelessness of a little child. "If you'd prefer not to talk about it, Mr. Bradford, I'll not insist."

"By no means," declared Thomas. "We shall be grateful for any light you can throw on this matter, Mrs. Trimble. I am glad you came. Shall we take a walk? You'll join us, Adele?"

Adele said she believed they would do just as well without her. The petite Trimble, reflected Adele, really should be given a sporting chance.

Eleanor and Thomas walked along the shore path, and when seated comfortably, they talked of the Wards and of Hannah, of Lydia Edmunds—and Peter.

"It would be an entirely different matter," Thomas was saying, "if this Mrs. Edmunds had adopted Peter. As the case stands, she is under no obligation to him. I appreciate all she has done for the boy. But suppose she married; suppose she died. Peter has no claim on her estate. Her relatives would see to that. Hannah is not in a position to do anything for him."

"But there is Mrs. Moore, of course," observed Eleanor. "She would gladly come to Peter's rescue."

"Yes, yes, I know," countered Thomas. "But Adele Moore's circumstances are as unstable as the other lady's. Adele might pop off and be married. Besides, Adele is under no obligation to do anything for Peter. Nor is she a rich woman. And moreover—"

Eleanor smiled impishly. "Moreover," she repeated, "you want him. Isn't that what it all comes to?"

Thomas made a faint gesture of defending his argument, but she laughed. It was a silvery, girlish, comradely laugh, and Thomas found it decidedly engaging.

"Very well, then," he pretended to be gruff. "Let's assume that my best argument is located at that point. I want my boy. I want to provide for him and make him my heir."

"I know," said Eleanor gently. "Now, let's talk about Hannah."

"Of course. Why not?" Thomas tried to be casual.

"Hannah will not contest your claim to Peter. It will upset everything she has had in mind for him and mock all the sacrifice she has made through the years; but she will accept it. That's part of her religion or her philosophy or whatever it is. She will make it a bit awkward; having one's own way at such a cost to someone who refuses to contend."

"I suppose she'll hate me for it."

Eleanor shook her head. "No; that's just the trouble. She will keep on hoping to the very last minute that you will be generous enough to let things be as they are. Do you know what Hannah said when she was telling me about all this? She said that she believed the love you had found for Peter would make you tender."

"Somewhere she had been reading about the unusually hard rains that fell last spring in the desert, and how certain flowers bloomed that nobody could remember ever having seen before. The life-forms of them had been buried so deep in the dry ground, and so much wind-swept sand had been piled over that what little water there was couldn't reach down to give them nourishment. And then came this great

flood of rain that renewed their strength. But they hadn't been dead; just dormant."

"Hannah believes and hopes that Peter's coming into your life will make something bloom in you—something that was always there, but hadn't been given a chance. I hope this doesn't sound too terribly sentimental. I'm afraid I'm not doing Hannah's little allegory full justice. But I think it's an inspiring idea. Don't you?"

Thomas sighed. "Well. His voice was husky. 'Suppose something fine did bloom in me, what should I do? Has Hannah a suggestion? Or have you?'"

Eleanor's eyes brightened. "Why don't you do everything for Peter that you would have done in the event of claiming him as your own? Let him continue to be Peter Edmunds. Arrange with Mrs. Edmunds for his allowance. Consult with her about his schooling. And learn Hannah's wishes, too. It seems to me it would be such a fine, sporting thing to do. A genuine sacrifice for you, no doubt, but something that would make you proud of yourself every day of your life. And it would make Peter so proud of you, too. The boy has been brought up to think so highly of good sportsmanship."

"But he would never know! How could he be proud of me for doing something for him in secret? As for his sportsmanship, I have noticed that, of course. I suppose we have this Mrs. Edmunds to thank for that. It isn't likely that Hannah, with her peculiar views on the advisability of sitting still and letting people run over you—"

"Now, that's where you misunderstand Hannah, Mr. Bradford," declared Eleanor impressively. "Hannah is a living example of the very highest sportsmanship there is! Private courage. I can't see that there would be anything so brave about your claiming your son, whom you love. But if you were to give him everything you would have given him as his acknowledged father, and do it without his ever knowing, that is the kind of sportsmanship Hannah likes best."

"Now, just what do you mean? I'm to do something Peter will never know about, and my doing it will make him proud of me. Doesn't that sound a little bit silly to you?" Thomas chuckled.

"Perhaps," conceded Eleanor, "but it doesn't make much difference how this idea sounds to me. I'm not presenting my own case. It's Hannah's affair. I have been telling you, as well as I know how, what Hannah believes."

"Very good, then," said Thomas. "How do you think Hannah would explain this dilemma?"

"Hannah would say," replied Eleanor promptly, "that while Peter would never know exactly what you had done to make you great in his esteem, he would be aware that something had happened to make you a very important person."

"You mean it would do something to me, on the inside; something that would flavor all my thoughts and actions?"

"Exactly! You've said it! Hannah thinks it is the secret renunciation, the giving-up, the letting-go, the sacrifice that nobody understands but the person who does it—Hannah thinks this generates inside you a peculiar power to do almost anything you like."

"But you yourself," challenged Thomas, "don't believe a word of it. What interests me is: How did you and Hannah ever get to talking in this vein? She is a devotee in the home of your friends. You're not in the habit of discussing philosophy and mysticism with the servants in your neighborhood. I'm pretty sure of that."

"True enough. But Hannah came to tell me her anxiety about Peter."

"Yes, I know; but it seems odd that a discussion of this matter about Peter should involve so much talk concerning renunciation and its power to make you over into something grand and noble. Do you mean to say that Hannah expected you to tell me all this in the hope of making an important person of me?"

"After a long silence Eleanor said, 'No, you're right; Hannah wasn't trying to make an important person of you, but me. When she said these things about renunciation and the glory of private courage—she was advising me.'"

"And you took it—from a servant!" Thomas' voice was incredulous.

"I took it from a servant," echoed Eleanor, "and something tells me it's the truth. I don't know yet. I've promised myself to try it, but the occasion for experimenting with it hasn't arisen." She smiled briefly. "It's one thing to make a good resolution and quite another thing to keep it."

"Apparently you've been doing a lot of tall talking about this," drawled Thomas.

"Yes, it really is an intriguing idea. Naturally, everybody is stirred by stories of secret heroisms performed without any promise of reward, but I don't believe many people consider the effect such acts would have on the adventurers themselves. I think Hannah knows that it works. I'm not sure that I'll ever know. I'm going to try."

"Good luck, then," said Thomas. "I don't suppose I'll ever know whether you succeeded."

"Probably not."

"I would have said that you had been succeeding at it already. You really have something, you know. You're different." He laughed a little as her eyes widened with surprise. "You are so thoroughly urbane, sophisticated, experienced. I hope you don't mind my saying it has sounded deucedly queer—your serious talk about these things. They aren't discussed in your world—or mine. You know that. People like us don't take any stock in such theories."

"I know," admitted Eleanor, "and I wonder why we don't. People who live in your social world and mine, a world of privilege and opportunity and easy access to all forms of culture—why shouldn't we be the very ones to see the reality and value of these spiritual forces? If there is to be any nobility in human life, surely people of your advantages and mine are better equipped to know what it is all about than the underprivileged. Yet here we go—you and I—stirred by other people's fortitude, moved by other people's renunciations, learning about life's sacred method, and never once trying it out to see what it might make of us!"

Thomas drew a deep breath. "Are you trying to sell this idea to me—or to yourself?" he queried, amiably teasing.

"To both of us; especially me," Eleanor rose.

"Well, I suppose one either believes it or one doesn't," drawled Thomas, falling into step beside her. "Either you accept it or you don't. If you do, you aren't required to sell it to yourself any more."

"Not the theory—no. As for the practice, that's another matter. I was amused at something Hannah said about that. Hannah says people sometimes come plop up against a challenge to their skill in bravery, and they can't do anything much about it because they have never experienced it. She said, 'It looks quite easy when a juggler keeps three tennis balls, a frying pan and a hatchet in the air at the same time—but I expect he

began practicing the act with only a couple of tennis balls."

When he had come down to earth again after his big surprise, Peter wrote to Sally. Perhaps Aunt Hannah had told Sally, but he didn't think so. Aunt Hannah wouldn't really like the new plan very well and maybe wouldn't want to talk about it to anyone.

Dear Sally (he wrote):

I said I would write to you. It is funny to talk about being busy in a place like this but you eat breakfast and then it is time for dinner or somebody wants you to sail. I told you about Mr. Bradford. I spend most of the time with him. There is a lagoon near here where we catch flounders.

A flounder is round not like a ball but a pie in case you never saw one or even if you did. And we play tennis and Uncle Thomas—he wants me to call him that and I do too—plays a fast game for two sets and then his wind gives out from cigarettes he says and he does smoke a good many.

Sally I've some news for you I am going to a military school in Virginia for boys on Sept. 13. Uncle Thomas went to school there when he was my age. I am coming home next week alone because Aunt Adele is going to Paris the next day. Maybe I will see you before school begins. Ask Aunt Hannah to bring you. I'm afraid she won't like me in a uniform but my mother will though and Aunt Adele and Uncle Thomas says he thinks it will be bully. He is coming to see me sometimes for he knows the headmaster.

How is your tennis now Sally you are pretty good for a girl I think Uncle Thomas is taking me on a hike tomorrow. Last time we saw a red fox. It stood still a long time looking at us before it ran and then not very fast and it looked back once to see if we were coming and Uncle Thomas laughed. Maybe we will see one this time or a deer for there are some. Good-bye for this time. See if Aunt Hannah want let you come with her.

Your friend, Peter
P.S. Please excuse the blots. I've a blister on my thumb from bowling. So has Uncle Thomas.

The next twenty months, in spite of anxieties about Roberta—and Wallie, too, for he was not doing well in the university—brought at least two great satisfactions to Hannah.

She had half dreaded to see Paul come home. As for Eleanor Trimble's attitude toward the problem of their relationship, Hannah believed she would make every effort to reestablish their friendship on a safe footing. But there was still Paul's feeling to be reckoned with.

In her imagination Hannah followed Paul and Marcia on their tour. Marcia would not be a comfortable traveling companion. She had indulged herself at home in indolent habits, rarely breakfasting before ten, and had developed her natural talent for wasting time until the log of her journey through a typical day would have made a lazy dog laugh. She would be a ball-and-chain to Paul on a sight-seeing tour.

It wasn't quite fair to think of Mrs. Ward as an uneducated person, for she had had college training and her associations were mostly with people whose interests required them to keep abreast of modern thought, but it surely must have irritated Paul sometimes to note the inattention in her bird's-egg-blue eyes when conversations of importance were actively afloat. Hannah could easily picture her tiddling along beside Paul through the venerable Oxford halls, occasionally saying "Really!"—but wishing



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that it was time to go back to London.

So far as the Paul-Eleanor problem was concerned, it would have been simpler, reflected Hannah, if he had gone abroad by himself. Returning, he'd have been so pleased to see his wife that nobody else, not even Eleanor Trimble, would have counted for much. His homecoming would be quite another matter with a weary and fretful Marcia in tow.

But whether Eleanor Trimble's firm grip on her own emotions was so compelling as to be conscious, or whether Paul had resolutely determined on his own account to stay on the reservation at all costs to his personal feelings, Hannah was delighted to see what promised to be the happy outcome of an affair that had been brimming with danger.

Of course, the chief reason for Hannah's happiness over this matter was undoubtedly practical. Now there would be no menace hanging over the Ward-Trimble friendship, and no threat of scandals and separations. But—these considerations aside—it thrilled her to the very marrow as she watched the drama skillfully staged. After all, the most stirring experience anybody could have in the course of a life-time was the serene satisfaction of exerting an absolute self-control under circumstances demanding that no outward sign be given of one's inner struggle.

Hannah's admiration for Eleanor Trimble was so intense that she had difficulty restraining it. And as for Paul, she was of the opinion that there were very few people in the world like him, and impulsively told him so at midnight one Sunday when he came out to the kitchen after the Trimbles had left.

"Thanks, Hannah," he had replied, a bit surprised by her frank remark. "But what made you say that?"

"You know very well," she said. "I'm proud of you!"

A little embarrassed over this impetuous tribute, Paul filled his pipe to provide himself some occupation while sparring for an appropriate rejoinder. Presently he said, "Hannah, you're a remarkable woman."

"Well, if I am, some of it's your fault."

Paul patted her shoulder affectionately and turned toward the door. "You see everything, don't you?" he drawled.

Hannah nodded.

"It's rather odd," he remarked. "You have always known so much about me—and I have known so little about you."

"I'll tell you, some day," replied Hannah soberly.

ONE of the most trying experiences of Hannah's life had arisen when it became evident that Peter was to be sent to a military academy. If she had any one pet aspiration for her boy, it was the hope that he might want to live without fighting. Now he was going to a place that gave scientific training for war.

Lydia had calmly said that Colonel Livingstone, the head of the institution, was reputed to be a hardboiled professional soldier of the old school. She had seen his picture in the catalogue: steely-eyed, a long scar on one bronze cheek and jaws like a fox-trap.

Hannah had made an earnest effort not to be resentful but it did seem as if Thomas had wilfully done the one thing to their boy that she would have avoided at any price.

Of course there were extenuating circumstances. Thomas and this Colonel Livingstone had prepiped together at this school when they were youngsters, forming an acquaintance that had outlasted the years. Later, the colonel had gone to

West Point and Thomas to an eastern university, but they had not forgotten their early days together at the academy. It was natural, of course, that Thomas should want his boy to go there. Hannah had grieved when she saw her son in a cadet uniform, but there was nothing she could do about it.

Thomas had promised he would not tell Peter about their relationship, at least until he was out of school. He would furnish ample funds for Peter's education, to be depleted from Lydia's account and administered by him.

Occasionally Thomas wrote to Lydia when posting remittances, offering such reports of Peter's progress as he had learned through Colonel Livingstone.

One Thursday morning in March, Hannah was met at the Edmunds door in Waterloo by an exuberant Lydia.

"Lots of news for you!" she exclaimed. "Just arrived. Pat letter from Thomas. Peter's been very bad. They've had to punish him. I'll tell you all about it. You'll love it! I'm so thrilled! Take off your coat. Come into the library."

HANNAH had followed Lydia, sinking weakly into a big chair and murmuring, "Don't tell me anything serious has happened to our boy. Oh, we shouldn't have let him go there, Lydia. Tell me—what has he done?"

"It's a long story. Thomas says Peter let some other youngster copy from his paper in an examination, and when Peter was brought up for it he told the professor he didn't know the other chap was copying. But unfortunately the culprit, in confessing, had declared that Peter knew all about it."

"I suppose Peter wanted to do his friend a good turn," said Hannah. "I'm glad he wasn't a tattletale."

"Of course—but it was against the rules, and our Peter seems to have lied a little. So they canceled his privileges—whatever that means—for ten days. One of the features of his punishment was that he was not to leave the campus for any reason during that period."

"And he did?"

"He did! You see, Thomas was having a birthday. He had written to Peter to meet him, that next Saturday night, in Richmond. They would have dinner together and go to a show, and Peter could return to school on the midnight train. Peter didn't want to confess to Thomas that he was under punishment. So he sneaked out that afternoon, and went to Richmond, where he spent the evening with Thomas, never breathing a word about the dreadful thing he had done."

"Oh, Lydia: what did they do to him?"

"He got back to the campus a little before two and hung about until the sentry had passed, and then he edged his way along the buildings until he came to Administration Hall. And there he smelled smoke. He looked into a basement window and saw a blaze."

"How awful for him!" interposed Hannah. "I suppose he turned in an alarm, and they found out he had been away."

"No—he broke the window and let himself down into the basement, found the fire well started, and while putting it out he burned his hands. Then, instead of going to the hospital, he went to his room and tried to do something for his injuries himself."

"Lydia, was Peter badly hurt?"

"Badly enough so that explanations were in order. Next morning they discovered all the evidences of the fire, and found Peter's fourth-year pen, and when he came to class they saw his bandaged hands. So, naturally, he was brought before Colonel Livingstone. Here is the

letter the colonel wrote to Thomas, and also the report of his interview with Peter." Lydia handed over the papers.

Dear Thomas (wrote the Colonel). I have been obliged to demote that young rascal Edmunds of whom you think so highly. I hope his punishment and humiliation will do him some good. He is a very headstrong youngster. I enclose a copy of the official stenographic report of my conference with him.

Hannah turned to the impressive document with nervous fingers.

Peter Edmunds, major sergeant in Company G, was then expelled.

COLONEL LIVINGSTONE: "Sergeant Edmunds, I understand you were under orders not to leave your barracks under any circumstances on the night of March thirteenth. Is that correct?"

Edmunds: "Yes, sir."

"Where were you on the night of March thirteenth?"

"In Richmond, sir."

"What were you doing there?"

"Spending the evening with Mr. Thomas Bradford, sir."

"Did Mr. Bradford know you were absent without leave?"

"No, sir."

"You knew the penalty for such conduct, did you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"It becomes my duty, then, to enforce the regulations. You lose your standing as a junior officer and are reduced to the ranks. You also forfeit all campus privileges for thirty days. You will also spend five days in the guardhouse. Have you anything you wish to say?"

"No, sir."

"That will do, then. You may go."

"Yes, sir."

"Just a moment. What is the matter with your hands?"

"I burned them."

"I have had a report of that incident. Do you wish to make a statement about it?"

"No, sir."

"I informed that on the night of March thirteenth you single-handedly extinguished a fire that might have destroyed this building. Is that true?"

"I do not know, sir."

"You do not know what?"

"Whether the fire would have destroyed the building, sir."

"But you put it out?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you been nourishing the hope that your gallantry or your injuries might give you immunity from punishment for your disobedience?"

"No, sir."

"Private Edmunds, when you have learned to obey orders you will probably make a good soldier."

"Thank you, sir."

"The academy is deeply in your debt for a courageous act."

"Thank you, sir."

"I particularly like you very much."

"Thank you, sir."

"Is there anything further you wish to say?"

"Yes, sir. I like you very much too, sir."

"That will be all, then. Private Edmunds. You may report immediately at the guardhouse."

Hannah buried her face in the crook of her elbow and sobbed. Then, when she could speak, she said thickly, "Lydia, I'll take back everything I've said about that place. Colonel Livingstone is wonderful! And Peter! My dear, I'm so proud! I've been repaid for everything—everything!"

"And you won't fret any more about Peter's being in a school where they teach boys how to fight?"

"Not if they teach that kind of fighting, Lydia. Hannah's eyes were shining. "That's the kind I believe in!"

The old misunderstanding between Lucy Trimble and Roberta which had arisen when they were at the Adirondack summer camp some two years earlier was still an unhealed breach. Roberta had taken the matter too seriously and had sulked over it too long.

With a fair imitation of her mother's accomplishments in repairing damaged feelings, Lucy had cooed affectionate entreaties. But Roberta, morbidly relishing this flattering solicitude far too well to deprive herself of it by the prompt conciliation, continued to brood until her friend grew bored and impatient.

On the surface, relations were amiable enough as the two girls made the journey home together, that September, to enter upon their second year in high school. But their friendship had lost its savor. Whatever may have been Lucy's brief misgivings over this situation, to Roberta the affair was in the nature of a tragedy. Since she lacked any gift for making friends, the quiet withdrawal of Lucy's interest left her in a perilous position socially. It began to be obvious to the unhappy girl that Lucy's patronage had accounted for the place she had occupied, and she was tortured with the thought that she had been accepted only because of Lucy's ardent loyalty.

It turned out to be an embittering year for Roberta. Always a recluse, even from early childhood, she went her own way, becoming less and less communicative at home and more and more distrustful of her acquaintances at school. She was still invited to the more inclusive parties but there were plenty of things going on in the inner circle of a dozen or more. These affairs she learned about after they had occurred.

Once Roberta pocketed her pride and asked Lucy why she hadn't been invited to Betty Partridge's birthday dinner.

"I didn't know you weren't," Lucy had replied. "I noticed you weren't there but I supposed something had turned up to —to keep you away."

"No, you didn't," protested Roberta sullenly. "You couldn't have helped knowing that I wasn't asked."

"Betsey's mother arranged that little dinner as a surprise, Roberta," explained Lucy gently. "Almost any sort of slip can happen in an affair like that. I wouldn't fret about it if I were you."

"You wouldn't have to," muttered Roberta. "Everybody likes you."

As the year wore on, Roberta drew more snugly into her shell, comforting herself with her drawing and taking but scant interest in the few social events to which she was invited.

Marcia worried about it but lacked the capacity for finding a remedy.

"I'm terribly anxious about Roberta," she confided to Eleanor. "She feels so —so out of things, this year; has it in her head that the girls don't like her; thinks Lucy isn't friendly."

"Nonsense!" scoffed Eleanor. "Some childish disagreement, maybe. Whatever it is, you can depend on its blowing over presently. Why, Roberta was at our house only yesterday."

"She was there on an errand," said Marcia obdurately. "It has been a good while since Lucy was over here. I know Roberta is too sensitive and reticent, but really—"

"Well, do you want me to speak to Lucy about it?" Eleanor's tone hinted that this procedure might be considered as a risky last resort not to be highly recommended.

"No, no, no!" Marcia shook her head vigorously. "I'm sure Roberta wouldn't want that! If she can't have Lucy's friendship of her own free will—"

Eleanor drew her chair closer and

lowered her voice confidentially. "These children," she began, "are all too preoccupied with their own affairs to have the least bit of sympathy or understanding for each other's peculiarities. I suppose we were that way, too, at fifteen. My Lucy is a heedless youngster who lives in a grand state of excitement. Your Roberta is inclined to be aloof and unaggressive. Temperamentally, they are as opposite as the poles. Your Sally is like Lucy—impetuous and full of ginger. Those two, if they were of an age, would hit it off. We'll just have to make up our minds that Lucy and Roberta represent different types."

"I suppose so," murmured Marcia, drawing a deep sigh. "Sometimes I think we should send Roberta away to school; give her a chance to make friends in another environment."

"It's a good thought," agreed Eleanor quickly. "A change like that might solve the whole problem for her."

Sometimes Sally felt sorry for Roberta and made awkward little excursions into her moody sister's confidence, where she had always been unwelcome. Each member of the family, in his own way, was distressed about Roberta. Wallie rarely had anything more winsome to say than, "Aw, snap out of it, can't you?" But he had moments when he would have been glad enough to think of something he might do toward the reconciliation of his sister's broken spirit.

Paul, now loaded with extra responsibilities since his elevation to the deanship, had nothing constructive to offer. Sometimes he pitied Roberta and resolved to leave no stone unturned in an effort to divert her, but when he approached her with his suggestions she exasperated him with her stubborn refusal to appreciate his generosity. As for Marcia, she cried for hours, and then



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SUCH FINE FLAVOR

drove downtown to a beauty shop for repairs.

None of them gave as much consecutive thought to the case as Hannah. It troubled her to remember that she had never given Roberta the affection she had bestowed on Wallie and Sally. Hannah went to endless bother to plan the meals with Roberta's tastes in mind and made special efforts to defer to her infrequent comments. But no one could do anything for Roberta.

She was nearing seventeen now and her isolation was becoming increasingly difficult to bear in the face of the inevitable pairing of her high-school classmates. Roberta thought them sickeningly silly and said so with such withering contempt that nobody any longer bothered about inviting her to anything.

Her drawing now served to compensate for her social isolation. There was no question about Roberta's artistic talent. Her themes were decidedly unpleasant but she handled them with astonishing skill and fidelity. By way of her father's influence she contrived to engage for private instruction at the Académie of André Gallet, head of the Art Department at the university, who reported that Roberta—if she applied herself—might be expected to go far.

Twice a week, on Wednesday and Saturday afternoon from four to six, Roberta sat at the feet of Monsieur Gallet, her drooping lips parted in admiration. She worked for Gallet as she had never worked at anything before. And because she was his most gifted student, he gave her the best he had to offer, now yelling at her until the big dark eyes swam with tears, now repentantly healing the bruise with encouraging pats on her angular shoulder which made her previously sluggish heart pound hard against her boyishly fat chest.

There was nothing unusual about the crush. Neglected at school and misunderstood at home, Roberta devoted all her pent-up affection to Professor Gallet. He was too warmhearted to snub her, and a bit too canny to make capital of her infatuation.

Roberta's starry-eyed adoration became embarrassing to the arty Gaul who, twice her age and comfortably domesticated with a roly-poly wife and four attractive children, had no notion of taking advantage of Professor Ward's prematurely neurotic daughter.

She brought him flowers, an incomprehensible modernistic etching, and a couple of thin vellum-bound volumes of lower-case poetry composed by frustrated souls who disapproved of the universe.

He thanked her for the poems and promised he would read them; and when cornered a few days later for an appraisal, remarked in a shrill falsetto that they were "tripe." Professor Gallet was proud of his American slang. Roberta wept and accused him of not liking her any more, which was true.

"It is the artistic temperament," consoled Professor Gallet. "Shall we now proceed to our work?"

They proceeded to their work. The lessons were continued. But Roberta became a pitiable object as her self-confidence lost its few remaining red corpuscles.

In this state of mental torture, she began to feel acutely unfriendly toward people who seemed happily adjusted to their environment. The only object of her envy was Sally. Sally was remarkably pretty. Everybody loved her. She knew what to say, what to do, how to dress. She was athletic, clever, well-balanced.

Ever since Peter Edmunds had gone

away to school, she had corresponded with him. Peter had sent her his picture in uniform. Sally had hidden it. She had never resented the family's teasing about boys who showed her attentions, but she didn't want to be teased about Peter.

Peter's letters to his aunt Hannah were, by instruction, relayed to her through his mother. He thought it might be because of Aunt Hannah's relation to the Ward household. He asked no question. Aunt Hannah did not want him to know she was a servant or he would have been told.

One day Sally wrote to Peter that she hoped to come East, the next year, to a preparatory school. She waited for a reply with impatience. Days passed; weeks passed. There was no letter.

At Christmastime, Mrs. Edmunds went to Virginia to visit Peter and her relatives. This time Sally extracted from Hannah. The lovely Christmas card she had sent to Peter brought no response. After two weeks had gone by, Sally ventured to tell Hannah her perplexity. She tried to make it sound casual, but her unsteady voice gave her away. Hannah's heart was touched as she replied, "Boys of that age are very careless. I expect he's pretty busy."

IN MARCH, Sally's mother noticed her listlessness and Doctor Bowen ordered her to take cod-liver oil, a tablespoonful of which was dutifully poured into the washbasin every night. Sally made an effort to be gay but it was hard work.

The postman usually rang the bell while the Wards were eating breakfast. Roberta had developed the habit of meeting him at the door.

Once Wallie had remarked, as Roberta laid her napkin aside and pushed back her chair, "I don't see why you've got to break your neck every morning to grab the mail. You never get any, do you?"

But she remarked that this was an unnecessary surly speech. Maria sighed deeply. Sally's brows contracted a little. An unpleasant thought occurred to her but she instantly dismissed it. Roberta was a difficult person to live with, but she wouldn't do a thing like that. No—Peter had found someone he liked better. He had been willing to write her an occasional letter so long as she was a thousand miles away, but when she had threatened to come East to school he thought it time to drop their friendship.

Hannah felt that she needed some cod-liver oil, too. She had never been confronted with the apparent necessity for showing disloyalty to someone she loved, in the hope of serving what she believed to be a worthy cause. It was going to be better for Peter—and for Sally, too—if their friendship was not allowed to develop into affection. She had devoutly hoped it might be broken off before it became serious.

But she felt very uncomfortable. Peter would write inquiring how Sally was. Sally would ask shy questions about

him. Once, Hannah was on the point of tossing the whole case away for she was carrying in her apron pocket a letter containing some pathetically wistful queries. But—Hannah had gone through too much heartbreaking sacrifice in Peter's behalf to risk jeopardizing it all now for the sake of humoring Sally in her girlish fondness for this boy. Doubtless she would get over it. In any event, Hannah had firmly decided to do nothing to aid them in promoting their friendship. There was too much at stake.

The whole country was passing through a phase of unprecedented prosperity.

Factories were running three shifts, the refrigerator business was booming. Paul Ward had been very successful in his adventures with the market.

For some time he had thought that Hannah looked tired and drawn. One day, late in May, he said to her, "You need a vacation; not two weeks, this time, but a couple of months. How would you like to take an ocean voyage? Go back to England. Visit your brothers. See your old home."

Hannah joined Paul in pressing the project. In a few days they had talked Hannah into it, and Paul was to arrange for her ship accommodations.

"June sixteenth, the *Jefferson*—how's that?" he asked.

Sally was in the kitchen talking to Hannah when her father stepped in to make his inquiry.

"Thanks, Mr. Ward," said Hannah. "That will be fine."

"We'll miss you dreadfully," said Sally. "I'll miss you too, dear. I wish you were going along."

Paul stroked his jaw thoughtfully. "Well," he said impulsively, "why not take Sally along?"

"Do you mean it, Daddy?" shouted Sally. "Really? Could I, Daddy? Oh, would you, Hannah? Please!"

Marcia drifted in to see what all the excitement was about. It wasn't a bad idea, she reflected. And Hannah would take good care of the child, no question about that. The whole affair was settled in fifteen minutes, Hannah's happiness shining in her eyes.

Sally was so beside herself with joy that she ran up to tell Roberta. "I wish you were going too!" she exclaimed.

"When I go abroad," sniffed Roberta dryly, "I'll hope to have more pleasant company than the family cook."

"How can you say such things?" demanded Sally.

Roberta grinned contemptuously. She always enjoyed getting a rise out of her sister. "Well, it's so, isn't it?" she murmured. "Hannah has our cook, isn't she? Go along with her, if that's your idea of a congenial traveling companion, and—"

Wallie, who had a talent for earring-in on choice bits like this, laughed raucously from the hallway outside and called, "Speaking of congenial traveling companions, I'd pity whoever went with you."

Roberta scrambled to her feet. Sally left the room. At Wallie's door she paused.

"You mustn't yell things like that at Roberta," admonished Sally soberly.

"Why should you care?" growled Wallie. "She's certainly been mean enough to you."

"A little cross, maybe," Sally admitted. "Not mean—any other way."

WALLIE elevated one eyebrow mysteriously. "She's jealous of you." He lowered his tone to a confidential warning. "I wouldn't trust that gal around the corner with a bag of peanuts."

Sally stood for a moment with troubled eyes pondering this remark and was about to ask Wallie to explain. Then, deciding not to pursue the subject further, she turned slowly away and went downstairs to revive her spirits with Hannah.

She was counting the days now. School was out. Two weeks from Saturday was to be the great day! It was hard to wait.

One morning Hannah seemed disturbed about something. She had had a letter, Sally hoped it wasn't anything that might interfere with their plans.

As the days passed, Hannah's abstracted manner persisted. She would have given much to have been able to

cancel the trip but couldn't get the consent of her own mind to disappoint Sally. The letter that had perplexed her was from Lydia, enclosing one she had just received from Peter. "Uncle" Thomas was taking him abroad for the summer. They were going to France first for a couple of weeks but would spend most of their time in England. They were sailing on the *Faversham* on the twelfth.

Hannah was glad that her boy was to have this interesting experience but it troubled her to consider the possibility of a chance encounter over there. She did not want to meet Thomas in company with their son. And she didn't want Peter and Sally to find each other.

Hannah went to Waterloo and talked it over with Lydia, who laughed at her apprehensions.

"Don't be foolish, Hannah. There isn't a chance in a thousand that you're going to meet them. Thomas has promised to keep your secret, and I believe you can trust him. He hasn't told Peter anything—about their relationship."

"Are you sure of that, Lydia?" urged Hannah. "How can you know?"

"For the simple reason that Peter has never asked any questions. Do you suppose that boy would say nothing to me about it, if Thomas had confided the truth?"

"Then you think I'm safe to go—and take Sally Ward with me?"

"Of course!" Lydia dismissed Hannah's fears with a toss of her hand. "I wouldn't give it another minute's thought."

There were plenty of young people aboard the *Jefferson*. Sally was instantly drawn into their deck sports and social affairs, but there was also much time for leisurely chats with Hannah.

One afternoon when they were sitting in their deck chairs reading, Sally looked up to say, "Did you see Peter last week when you were in Waterloo?"

Hannah explained that Peter hadn't come home from school.

"Did you write him that I was going to England with you?"

"No, dear, I don't believe I did."

Sally pretended to read another page. "I wonder why you didn't," she remarked, half to herself. Hannah reminded her that her decision to come along on the trip had been arrived at suddenly.

"Oh, well," said Sally, "it probably wouldn't have interested him. I haven't heard from him for ever so long."

"Peter doesn't write to me very often, either," Hannah replied quietly. "Their hours at the military academy are well filled, I suppose."

"With doing what?" Sally wondered half querulously. "Marching and dressing up and playing at being soldiers. Or maybe he doesn't tell you much about it." She laughed teasingly. "He wouldn't want to annoy you with talk about such things, knowing how you feel about fighting. You didn't want him to go there, did you, Hannah?"

"No—not at first."

Sally's eyes widened, and she said, "You mean, you approve of it now?"

"We-ell," Hannah faltered, "I still dislike fighting as much as ever, but I'm grateful for the discipline he's getting. People have to train carefully to keep themselves well in hand—if they're to live without fighting—and I think Peter is getting that kind of experience."

Sally laughed. "That's funny," she declared. "I never thought of boys going to a military school to learn how to keep from fighting."

Hannah was thoughtful for some time. Then she said, "I'm going to tell you a little story, dear, so you'll understand what I mean. I don't want you to think

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that I have changed my mind about war or the things that lead people into war. But it is important, I think, that boys and girls should learn to take their medicine. This story is about something that happened to Peter last spring."

Sally's eyes brightened attentively. Hannah told it slowly, and when she came to the point of the formal interview between Colonel Livingstone and Peter she opened her handbag and handed Sally the folded document, silently observing the girl's serious face as she followed the typed lines. Presently Sally's eyes swam with tears.

"Wasn't he marvelous?" she murmured, deeply moved.

"Wonderful man," assented Hannah. "I mean Peter!" declared Sally. "Colonel Livingstone was an old meanie."

"No—not a meanie. Peter's performance was grand, of course, but I don't think he would or could have done that the first day he was there in school. He had to learn that kind of control by associating with men who believed in it."

"Did Peter write to you about it?" asked Sally.

"Not a line," replied Hannah proudly; "nor to his mother."

"Don't you suppose he was pleased with himself, though? I'd have thought he'd want you to know about it—and his mother, too."

"That's just it," declared Hannah. "That's where the fineness of the whole thing comes in! Somehow, they've managed to teach Peter the importance of private bravery—bravery that isn't bragged about. Sally, the greatest thing anybody can do is to build himself up strongly on the inside. The trouble with most people is that they don't think enough of the value of their own selves. If they do something courageous, they want credit for it. And then, you see, the real value of it to themselves is gone."

"You mean, because they've collected all their pay for it in their family's ohs and abss?"

"Exactly! They got all their reward from the outside instead of privately storing it up on the inside! It means a great deal, Sally, to have a lot of strength under lock and key, strength that nobody knows about but you—only you."

Sally smiled wistfully. "I expect," she ventured, groping for the words, "that people who go about with a lot of proud secrets about themselves, all looked up on the inside, are awfully lonely."

Hannah shook her head decisively. "They're never lonely! Their memories are good company. It's the people who have no proud memories who are lonely, dear. They don't like to be by themselves because—well, there's nothing interesting there. The place is empty. They have given everything away."

Cynthia Bradford had become a very restless and discontented woman. After six months of freedom, she heartily wished she were still Thomas Bradford's wife. He did not love her and never had, nor did she love him, but he had been considerate of her comfort, amiable, courteous, kind. And now she was missing him more than she had previously longed to be free of him.

Always a nomad, Cynthia had soared her mileage to dizzying figures. Had she been a de luxe motorcar, she would have been junked by now. She had gone to India and stayed until it was too rainy, and on to China until it was too dusty. She knew more about Egypt than the Egyptians. She liked spring in England and fall in New York.

But eventually she always came back to Paris. If you were obliged to live alone, said Cynthia, Paris was the least

undesirable place in the world to do it.

There had been a brief period after the death of Martin Moore when it seemed that Adele might become a confidential comrade. But their intimacy had not lasted very long. Whenever Cynthia returned to Paris after an extended absence she would call up Adele and they would have luncheon together. And that would be all for a while.

Adele found these infrequent reunions difficult to handle. A couple of years ago, returning from a summer in the States, she had imprudently remarked that she had seen Thomas at Bar Harbor. Cynthia confessed that she wished she had the courage to spend some time there, but couldn't risk having her friends think she was sparring for a reconciliation.

Yesterday, as they had sat together at Prunier's, Adele, weary of Cynthia's monotonous prattle about Thomas, reflected that if she wanted to she could give her tiresome friend some amazing news. She wondered what manner of fit Cynthia might have if she were suddenly to blurt out that Thomas was now spending the best of his time and thought on the education of his idolized son. They promised to see each other again very soon, aware that their next engagement would probably not occur for months.

Adele was a bit annoyed, therefore, when she heard Cynthia's voice on the telephone next morning.

"Have you seen today's paper?" inquired Cynthia excitedly.

"No. What about it?"

"Thomas is here—at the Ritz. And his nephew is with him—a Peter Edmunds. Thomas has no nephew. What do you make of it?"

Adele wished she had a little more time to organize a reply. "Well," she drawled, "I suppose it is just one of those mistakes newspapers insist on making."

"Will you be seeing him?"

"That depends on Thomas."

"You aren't going to call him up?"

"Why should I?"

Cynthia's curiosity was rapidly devouring her. She phoned to the Ritz for a reservation, packed a couple of wardrobe cases, summoned a taxi, and within an hour was giving herself little errands in the lobby, at the information desk.

As for Adele, her interest had been stirred too by the news of Peter's presence in town. Doubtless Thomas would want to bring them together for a brief visit. Thomas knew where she lived—at the Orillon; or did he? Perhaps he had forgotten. She decided not to take the chance of missing a glimpse of Peter.

Dear Boy (she wrote). I see you are here with Uncle Tom. How long now, and am I going to see you? Lovingly, Aunt Adele

Calling a messenger, she dispatched the note and was much excited when the reply came at seven while she was dressing for dinner. Peter was anxious to see her. They had arrived only yesterday. Uncle Thomas hoped she could dine with them tomorrow evening.

Two hours later, Thomas telephoned to confirm the invitation. He was cordial but it was easy to see that he had something perplexing on his mind.

"I hadn't counted on seeing Cynthia this time," he remarked. "It's a bit awkward. She is here at the Ritz. We encountered her in the lobby this evening. Naturally, I had to introduce Peter. I'm not at all keen on their knowing each other. They're both fairly good at asking questions, you know. Perhaps it would be more sensible if Peter and I pushed along to London. I should like to have a little chat with you about it."

"Why don't you run over here now?" suggested Adele.

Thomas said he would do so. Tapping on Peter's door, he told him he would be out for a while. A few minutes later, Peter decided to go down to the lobby to buy some French magazines.

There he met this Cynthia person again. Uncle Thomas hadn't said her last name; or, if he had, Peter had muffed it. She was extremely affable as she plied him with the usual questions asked of newcomers. How was he liking Paris? And where did he live and was Mr. Bradford really his uncle?

Cynthia quite took Peter's breath away with the volume and velocity of her queries. It was obvious that this lady was eager to talk with almost anyone from her native land; doubtless this was just her way of showing a friendly interest.

Deciding that there was no occasion to be secretive with this lonesome woman who wanted to talk, Peter briefly replied to her questions, told her where he lived, where he went to school, how he had met Mr. Bradford who, having no family, had taken an interest in him, probably because his own father was dead.

"What an interesting story!" commented Cynthia. "I suppose Mr. Bradford really seems like an uncle, now that you've seen so much of each other."

Peter smiled and admitted that this was true. Cynthia laughed, her cryptic expression hinting that she might be about to impart some private pleasantries.

"Well," she continued, after a meditative pause, "if Mr. Bradford is almost your uncle Thomas, I think I could be considered almost your aunt Cynthia. Perhaps you don't know that I was your uncle Thomas' wife, once upon a time."

"N-no," admitted Peter, flustered. "But he never talks much about himself."

"Perhaps I shouldn't have told you. Maybe he didn't want you to know, though I can't see why not. There isn't anything disgraceful about it."

Peter was finding life a warm evening and patted the perspiration on his forehead with his handkerchief, Cynthia regarding him attentively. She chuckled.

"You love him very much, don't you?" she said gently. "You've picked up so many of his little tricks." She leaned forward as if about to rise, noting that Peter was growing restless. "Well, now you've an aunt Cynthia, so perhaps you'll let me call you Peter."

He nodded. "Thanks," he said pleasantly. "One can always make room for another aunt."

"Sounds as if you had quite an assortment," she observed invitingly.

For a split second Peter was on the point of mentioning Aunt Adele, but his intuition warned him that this might lead to complications. For Aunt Adele lived here in Paris. Maybe Uncle Thomas might have some reasons for keeping his Cynthia out of their affairs. He decided not to say anything about Aunt Adele.

"Yes," he replied, adding gallantly, "and they're all very nice."

Cynthia rose. "Perhaps it would be just as well if you didn't say anything to Mr. Bradford about our talk, Peter. I can't think of any reason why he shouldn't want you to know about me, but maybe it would be better to let him tell you when he gets around to it. Agreed?"

Peter was prompt to oblige her with a promise. After all, it was none of his business, and he said so now, without realizing that his remark really implied a reproof to Cynthia for being so free with her chatter.

"No—I'll not tell. Anyhow, it doesn't concern me."

Cynthia blinked and flushed under her

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ME OUT**



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The Gentle Art of Saladry

by JOSEPHINE GIBSON

THERE was a time—in the days of powdered wigs and flaring sconces—when the honor of mixing the salad was reserved for the youngest and loveliest lady in the party. A custom, it would seem, that called for delicate diplomacy.

Nowadays the saladier is quite as apt to be a man as a woman. And the way of man with a salad surpasses understanding, for each guards jealously his private contribution to the gentle art.

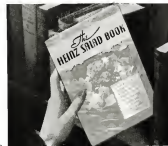
There is one point, however, upon which all salad artists agree. It is this: The success of a salad depends upon the excellence, purity and flavor of the ingredients. Which means that for salads, only pure, imported olive oil and mellow, winy vinegar will do!

That's why knowing saladiers insist upon the products of the famous House of Heinz, maker of the 57 Varieties.

One of my friends—a painter and noted gourmet—once said to me that Heinz imported olive oil is the body of his salads, but Heinz vintage cider vinegar—wine of apples—is the soul. This spirited cider vinegar, he said, gives a lift to a salad that no ordinary vinegar can impart.

Judge for yourself. Heinz vinegar is made like fine wine and aged in the wood before bottling. So we ask that you appraise it as you would wine—by its sparkling color, rich bouquet, mellow smoothness. (Advertisement)

Just one more thing. A little judicious snooping in the vicinity of saladiering experts usually reveals the presence of a certain book—*The Heinz Salad Book*. This has been called the handbook of salad wizardry. It's big, lavishly illustrated and contains unique photo-recipes for at least 36 kinds of salad dressing. Then there are recipes for about a hundred unusual salads for every mood and occasion—and cocktail sauces, too, canapés, sandwiches and all sorts of hors d'oeuvres. This artful and exciting volume will be sent to you for only ten cents. Address Josephine Gibson, Dept. 194, H. J. Heinz Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.



rouge. "Of course not," she replied crisply. "Thomas wouldn't bother to speak to you about his wives."

Peter's brows arched inquisitively, but he did not ask for any further light. They were retracing their steps to the lobby now, Cynthia with the uncomfortable sensation that the handsome young fellow's silence—after her last catty comment—had left her holding the conversational bag in the awkwardst possible manner.

"There were two of us," she continued, clipping her words hotly. "There was a Hannah Somebody before me, Hannah Parmalee, or some such name . . . Well, I hope you have a good time here, Peter, I may not be seeing you again. I'm leaving in the morning." She extended her hand, and Peter took it mechanically.

"Good night," he said. Then he turned toward the elevator, forgetting that he had wanted some magazines.

For a long time he sat by his window. His thoughts were in a grand state of confusion. It was difficult to know where to begin on this almost unbelievable tangle of relationships. This Cynthia was really a terrible person. If she had been married to Uncle Thomas, which was probably true, he had done very well to be rid of her. Now she was going to get even by attempting to prejudice Peter against him. So much for that.

But Aunt Hannah? It had to be true, of course.

Was this the reason why Uncle Thomas had taken so much interest in him? Because, once upon a time, Aunt Hannah had been his wife? Why, if this was true, Uncle Thomas really was his uncle! Peter grinned and then chuckled. This explained a great many things. Maybe Uncle Thomas wanted to make up to Aunt Hannah for their being apart, and had decided to be good to her nephew.

And then he fell to thinking about Aunt Hannah's being a servant. Was it possible that Uncle Thomas—so generous and tender-hearted—would leave her in such a plight? Maybe he had wanted to help her and she wouldn't let him. There never had been a person as independent as Aunt Hannah. The whole affair was very baffling indeed. He wished he dared talk to Aunt Anne about it, but that wouldn't be loyal to Uncle Thomas.

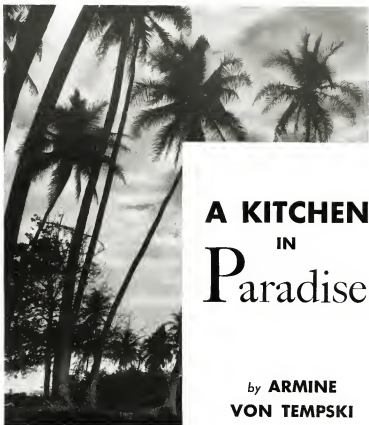
The fact was that Uncle Thomas didn't want him to know anything about it or he would have told him. But there had never been any secret about Aunt Hannah's being his aunt: why should there be a mystery about Uncle Thomas?

Peter undressed and got into bed but he was not sleepy. The intricate web refused to disentangle itself. The more he thought about it, the more perplexing it was. Well, he would have to wait until somebody who knew all about it was ready to tell him. He wouldn't make Uncle Thomas unhappy with questions.

And if Aunt Hannah hadn't wanted him to know about Uncle Thomas, that was her own business. She must have had some reason, and it wouldn't be anything to the discredit of either of them; he knew that.

He finally dropped off to sleep wondering what Sally would think if she knew that his uncle Thomas, of whom he had so often written, was indeed his uncle! How her blue eyes would open in surprise! And why had Sally stopped answering his letters? He wished he knew. Of course, it couldn't have been because she had discovered some secret that disturbed her. That was nonsense. Sally had seen another boy that she liked better.

In Lloyd Douglas' September installment Hannah's son faces a momentous choice



A KITCHEN IN Paradise

by **ARMINE
VON TEMPSKI**

AH SAM, for years kitchen autocrat on the sixty-thousand-acre ranch my father managed on the Island of Maui, Hawaii, was a magician. As a child I suspected it; as an adult woman, I know it.

The workers on the ranch, plus our family, totaled about forty people: whites, Hawaiians and Japanese. Unassisted, Ah Sam cooked three separate meals for three different sets of people three times a day. Each meal consisted of different foods, satisfying different racial appetites. And magically, he still found time to concoct culinary masterpieces which afforded outlet and expression for his soul; masterpieces which should be passed on to posterity.

Ah Sam's green mango pies were famed all over Maui. Ranchers and plantation owners rode fifty miles out of their way to sample them. How he ever managed in his crowded days to find time for the painstaking preparations remains a mystery.

The selection of fruit, ripe enough but not too ripe, the careful peeling and slicing, the just-covering of the amber-green slices with water and sugar was a task in itself. Then he prepared crust and beat up egg whites, to which, when they were stiff enough, he added a few drops of essence of almonds. His claw-like yellow hands, dusty with flour, moved as reverently as those of a priest while he rolled out feather-light, flaky crust and shaped cunning little leaves and flowers.

The steaming melted fruit was taken off the stove, lightly spiced with nutmeg and poured into deep, pastry-lined pans. The top of each pie was piled with two inches of beaten egg whites and the edge decorated with a lei of pastry leaves and flowers.

After eleven minutes in the oven the pies came out—golden-brown masterpieces which Ah Sam served so hot that they brought gasps of pain and bliss from everyone. He always brought the mango pies in himself, his old mummy-like face cracked by a grin.

On Sundays, after a mammoth breakfast, family and guests went off on horseback to favorite swimming pools in jungled valleys or to secret beaches, enabling Ah Sam to have half a day of rest. To return after a long day in the open to one of Ah Sam's island curries was an event that guests from all over the world went away remembering.

The secret of a good curry lies in the preparation of the sauce. What brand of curry powder used is unimportant; any standard powder will do.

Whatever meat, fish or fowl was to be used Ah Sam stewed in the morning, in

a covered pot with a large mild onion, thinly sliced, and several stalks of chopped celery.

The curry sauce was made separately. The foundation was the usual cream sauce: a tablespoon of melted butter, a tablespoon of flour mixed evenly into it. Then a pint of milk was added gradually, to prevent lumps. When the cream sauce had achieved the desired consistency—quite thick, to allow for diluting when the stewed meat in its juice was added—Ah Sam put in two cups of grated coconut and six or eight marshmallows, which gave it fluffiness and a tang of sweet. Then it was salted lightly and set away, and the curry powder was prepared.

A heaping tablespoon of powder was mixed with a cup of hot water and allowed to simmer in a small frying pan for six or seven minutes. The reason most curries taste raw and bitter is that the spices have not been sufficiently cooked to mellow them. When the powder and water had finished boiling, Ah Sam added it to the cream sauce, stirring the sauce thoroughly, then set it away again. Then the lamb or chicken or whatever it might be, boiled until tender, was put away separately to soak in its juice.

The cooking of rice for curry was the second item of importance. Ah Sam allowed one cup of rice to two cups of water for each two persons. After washing the rice thoroughly in cold water and measuring the amount needed, he placed it in a heavy pot to cook on a

slow fire. About fifty to fifty-five minutes brought it to the flaky consistency desirable for curries. When it was ready he molded it in a cup and set the steaming mounds around a great platter.

The curry sauce, which had been mixed with the meat content and well heated, was poured into the center of the rice mounds and grated coconut was scattered heavily over it. The rice mounds were then garnished with finely chopped parsley and paprika, and between each one was alternately set a date and a slice of lemon. The delectable mess was eaten with a salad of avocado and romaine, mixed with a sharp French dressing, and whatever drink was desired.

Island curries, to be right, are slightly sweet. In lieu of homemade mango chutney, sirup-soaked ginger, minced small, may be used, a teaspoonful to top each heaping plateful. And afterwards, pineapples sliced lengthwise, semi-frozen, and sprinkled with powdered sugar and chopped mint, make the perfect dessert.

Another dish of Ah Sam's was a special way of preparing bananas quickly and easily. Allowing two large bananas to a person, he fried them slowly in butter until they were brown. When they were finished, he covered them with a mat of grated coconut, dotted thickly with marshmallows, and covered all with a lid for a couple of minutes, until the marshmallows melted through the coconut. This he served on a club-plate with broiled steak and green beans.

Ah Sam always cooked beans sliced diagonally, in fine slivers. They were

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dropped into a saucepan of furiously boiling salted water, to which he added a pinch of soda an instant before the beans were immersed. When they were finished they were bright-green and tender. Judging from results, especially where males were concerned, this combination of broiled steak, green beans and marshmallow-bananas was an inspiration direct from heaven.

Another dish for Sunday-evening supper Ah Sam learned from a julep-drinking gentleman from New Orleans who spent months under our roof. Allowing one pound of large shrimps in their shells to each person, he dropped them into a large pot of boiling salted water and cooked them for about twenty minutes. Then they were drained and put into a fresh pot of boiling water, into which had been put a package of pickling spice, one package of spice to each two pounds of shrimps.

Still in their shells, they were boiled in this solution for six minutes. Then they were drained thoroughly and heaped on a huge platter, garnished generously with celery stuffed with Roquefort cheese, mixed with butter and worcester type sauce. A sauce made of melted butter and worcester type sauce, mixed with parsley and garlic minced fine, was served in individual containers. The guests helped themselves from the platter, which was set on the table, dragged the shrimps out of their shells, rolled them in the sauce and ate them while drinking beer, wine or coffee.

Kedgerie, a dish of Indian origin, was another of Ah Sam's chefs-d'œuvre. Using rice cooked as directed for curry, he shook the smoking, flaky kernels into a frying pan slightly greased with butter,

then added chopped parsley, minced onion, hard-boiled eggs, diced ham and smoked salmon or any salty fish, and if possible left-over turkey or chicken cut into small pieces. He kept turning it until it browned and was so fragrant that just smelling it maddened you.

Some day, try adding a good cupful of grated coconut to creamed spinach or stewed chicken, for a change. And find out how cabbage can taste when it's sliced fine and dropped into a frying pan filled with boiling salted water. It cooks in five or six minutes, has none of the strong cabbage taste or odor and melts in your mouth when you eat it buttered, salted and peppered.

For an appetizing side dish instead of salad, try *Salmon lomt*, prepared in the Hawaiian way. If possible, get a salmon belly which has been saturated in brine, though smoked salmon will do. If you can get the former, scald it under running water and remove the scales, then pull it into small pieces with your fingers. Take six large tomatoes, not too ripe, cut them into fairly large pieces; quarter and requarter a large, mild onion; mix the three ingredients thoroughly together, squeezing them with your fingers so the flavor of each one penetrates the other. Then add a green pepper, chopped small, and set the whole mess away to chill. Serve with broiled steaks, rubbed with dry mustard, butter and worcester type sauce.

And when you eat any of these dishes, think of a kitchen in Paradise, perched on the slopes of Haleakala, the world's largest extinct volcano, where a benevolent mummy who was a master in concocted culinary masterpieces for the delectation of human beings.

Going Through the Moonlight (Cont. from p. 72)

Pete's way, a fool's way . . . He mustn't go away thinking that merely going away was going to solve everything. It wouldn't. He had lost Virginia that way—had lost everything. Oh, if he could only go back and undo the mistakes!

Something was happening here in the dark street. He felt a new strength entering into him.

It was impossible to go back and undo the old mistakes, but it was possible to go on from there, and not make the same mistakes again.

Yes, he decided, starting back to the house—he would hop a freight, as he had planned, but he would go in a different mood. "Going through the moonlight." He remembered that, very sweetly.

When he reached the house Mrs. Dobrski was at the door. "Dere's a girl here looking for you," she said.

"Thanks," he said and hurried upstairs, a little annoyed at the thought of a visit from Mary Cisek. But when he entered his room, he stopped, dazed.

"Virginia!"

"Are you surprised?" she asked.

He stared at her. "Why, I—"

"I went to the Pavilion last night," she said, "to look for that girl you were with—Mary. She gave me your address."

Then he saw her eyes. "Virginia!"

"You're crying."

"I wasn't going to—I said I wouldn't—and then—"

She pointed to the pieces of underwear he had left on the radiator after having washed them. "I saw those things drying there, all wrinkled and unironed, and I couldn't help crying."

As she wiped her tears away Ethel Driscoll came into the room, her arms full of groceries. Burt, introducing her, saw Virginia eye Ethel evenly. "You're new friends of Burt's, aren't you?"

Ethel, still holding the groceries, faced Virginia with a steady, defiant air. "I suppose you'd say we're 'new friends.'"

What difference does that make?"

"But when he has so many 'old friends'—"

and stopped. "Oh, I don't understand!" she said in despair.

"Burt got my husband a job once, two years ago, when he needed it. We're glad to have Burt with us. People have to help each other in times like this."

Ethel went out of the room and left Virginia staring at the floor uneasily, as if she had been reproached. Then, suddenly tense, she came up to Burt.

"You've got to tell me one thing. Do you still love me, or don't you?"

The next moment he had her in his arms again, holding onto her desperately. "Oh, I must never let you go, Ginny. Never. No matter what happens."

They sank down on the edge of the couch, talking impetuously, interrupting each other in their feverish haste to get everything said. "Oh, I see everything, all right!" exclaimed Burt. "But how can we ever get married? I'm right where I was six months ago."

"No, you aren't, dear," she said.

"That's just the point. You've lost some of that false pride, and I've gained some."

Something that—well, maybe I understand a little better now. As long as I make enough for two—and I do—what we have, we have together. Your friend here is right. 'People have to help each other.' Especially when they're in love."

"Oh, darling! I am in love with you."

"And another thing, Burt. People have to help themselves too, especially when they're in love. And that goes for all kinds of help—not only money but everything else, everything you mean to

me. Don't you suppose that's a help to me?"

He looked at her eagerly. "Is it really?"

"The fun we have together, the companionship—it's a partnership, like a business, and the money I can contribute to it can't touch what you can contribute in other ways. See what I mean?"

"I see now," he finally admitted. "But I was all mixed up before." "But I am here, wondering at a new sensation in his mind. "I feel more like hunting a job now," he discovered, surprised.

"Of course, Burt. You'll find it, too!"

Half an hour later, they came up the steps of Virginia's house, hoping they weren't late for dinner. "Oh, dear!" exclaimed Virginia, as she caught sight of her mother vanishing into the dining room. "I forgot. It's her club night." Then they both sank into chairs in the kitchen, laughing.

Mr. Follett came in and said it was no laughing matter. Burt was warmed by his friendly, unaltered greeting, as if nothing had happened. "You've picked a bad night, Burt. This is dinner-out-of-cake night."

Mrs. Follett's greeting would have dwelt longer on her astonishment if she hadn't been so preoccupied.

"Mother, when you get time I want to speak to you," begged Virginia.

"Don't bother me now. It can't be as important as this."

"No, it's just my marriage to Burt."

Mrs. Follett stopped in her tracks, and turned. "Your marriage? You kids! You're too young to think of that."

"Nevertheless, we did think of it for several minutes when we were in the city clerk's office just now, getting the license before he closed. And we thought of it when the city judge was marrying us, a few minutes ago. And now we're wondering where we're going to sleep tonight. No hurry. Mother, but when you get a minute we'd like to discuss it."

Burt witnessed the phenomenon of an abrupt cessation in Mrs. Follett's activities. Mr. Follett was the first to launch practical suggestions as to how the household could be readjusted in a jiffy, with a new cot in the dining room, and

the old dining-room door, brought up from the cellar and dusted off and rehung, to set the room off from the others, privately. The Gillespies next door had a cot they could borrow till he could get around to buying one. "And now," he concluded, "what about giving us our supper here on the kitchen table?"

But Mrs. Follett had recovered from her surprise. "A wedding supper!" she exclaimed. "In the kitchen? I guess not. You'll eat right in the dining room. Nobody's going to say I can't be a proper mother-in-law. Burt, I always liked you, though I never saw much of you, did I?"

"No, Adelaide," put in Mr. Follett, grinning. "The Fortnights were in the way."

"Virginia, get the chicken out of the icebox."

"What about the ladies, Adelaide?"

"They can put up with cocoa and cookies. Burt, do you like chicken? If you don't, say so, dear, and I'll get something else." She hurried out of the room.

Mr. Follett chuckled. "Thank heaven, she's found something to mother. Now we'll have meals that are meals. This is like getting my home back."

After dinner was over, and the dishes cleared away, and the coming of the Fortnightly Club prepared for more meagerly than usual, Mr. Follett drew Burt and Virginia to the back porch. "Listen, if you kids want to go to the dance at the Pavilion tonight, it's my treat. Wedding present," he mumbled, and thrusting a bill in Virginia's hand, went rapidly down the steps.

"Father!" cried Virginia, touched.

"Don't bother me!" he called back. "I'm after night walkers."

An hour later, in the soft spring night, Burt and Virginia were walking toward the Pavilion. Beyond the silhouetted outline of a factory the moon was swimming up with a slow gradual rise. Already its glow whitened the roads.

An incredibly happy feeling swept over Burt. "Going through the moonlight," he said. "Remember?" He felt Virginia's hand on his arm tight.

"Always going through the moonlight," she said softly, "always."



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Man Who Killed His Wife (Cont. from page 31)

again. He found another fifty dollars set down in it, and so he went to her and said that the cheap shoes he had been buying didn't last, and he wanted ten dollars for a better pair. In a way, he was trying her out; but Dolly looked as though he had asked for her right arm. "Ten dollars! I have never heard of such a thing. You'd think money grew on trees to listen to you."

"We seem to have got things rather mixed, somehow," he told her mildly. "Whose money is it, anyhow?"

She gave him a long look, but he appeared the same as usual, soft-spoken and shabby and without an ounce of guile, so she merely said: "It's yours to earn and mine to spend. You said that yourself, after we were married." "Did I?" he said gently. "Well, maybe I did."

He went to the library the next day, using his lunch hour for the purpose. He had never been there before, so nobody wondered when he asked the librarian for a book on poisons.

"I'm writing a crime story," he explained, with his pleasant smile. "I suppose everybody's doing that nowadays."

"Yes, we get a good many calls. Not for poisons, though. They're too easy to find out. All this science has done away

with poisons," the young man added affably.

"Well, what would you recommend?" Clarke inquired. "It oughtn't to be too simple, of course."

The librarian was subtly flattered. He considered the matter gravely. Poisons or automatics were not so bad, he allowed, provided the murderer wore gloves. But both of them had been rather overdone lately, and so had knives.

"Not that a knife isn't dramatic," he said. "But first you have to get your knife, and it's remarkable how the police can trace them. Of course the best crime is one that doesn't look like a crime at all. If you can do something like that..."

Clarke, however, seemed rather deficient as to crimes that looked like something else, and in the end the librarian remembered a book somewhere on the shelves with a list of famous cases on that order in it.

He went to the card-index division himself and looked for it, and Clarke stood at the desk in what he hoped was the pose of an author about to begin a long and arduous job, and even got out a pencil and an old envelope and made notes on it. Finally the librarian came back with the book itself, and

Clarke took it to a desk and settled down with it.

He eliminated the Borden ax case at once and with a shiver, for there was no cruelty and no revenge in him. Simply a dire driving necessity. Also he passed over arsenic cases and stabbings for the same reason. But at last he came to the section he wanted, which was murders which had looked like everything else but, and finally he found something. He studied it for some time but made no notes, and at last he got up and took the book back to the desk. "Get what you wanted?" said the librarian.

"Well, got something to start me thinking."

"I've let me know when the book comes out."

"I will indeed."

They grinned as one man of the literary world to another, and Clarke went back to the office, where he did a good afternoon's work and felt calmer and more efficient than he had for days—or weeks, or even years.

THE NEXT DAY WAS SUNDAY, and so he went out to the country to look at the small farm he had seen advertised. It was precisely what he wanted. It had a place for a vegetable garden and a good chickenhouse, and also there was a tree with a big branch as though on purpose for a swing.

He stood there with the March wind blowing around him and saw Johnny and Nellie there, getting round and rosy, and with a good countrywoman cooking substantial food for them. And he saw himself putting in the "smooth" peas and the carrots and parsnips and beets and so on, and coming in later with the early radishes and the first young onions.

He had always loved onions, but Dolly never allowed them in the house.

In the end, he got a thirty-day option on the place, which he considered gave him ample time, and that night he was so healthily tired that he slept soundly until morning, when Dolly reached out a leg and prodded him in the back.

"What are you trying to do?" she said. "I've your job?"

He slung his long legs in their worn pajamas over the side of the bed and, sitting on the edge, contemplated her. "I don't like being kicked out of bed," he said evenly. "As to losing my job—I'm buying a new suit today. You'll have to arrange to pay for it somehow."

She was still walling about the suit when he left the house, but he got it that day—a better one than he had had in years—and felt more of a man and less of a mouse in it.

He was to pay for it the first of the next month, which left him little time, but it was astonishing how clear his plan was in his head by that time. Of course there were details to be arranged, and he did not want anybody to suffer. Not even Dolly. But things were going very well.

By devious methods he learned that his landlord carried insurance on the house; more than it was worth, as a matter of fact. And there was the fact, too, that it stood alone. That meant no trouble for the neighbors. Then Clara, like all the town Negresses, went home at night, which simplified things a lot.

The children, however, offered a real problem. In the book at the library there had been no children, so the man had simply soaked his house with kerosene and then lighted a candle and gone away to a near-by city. When the fire was discovered he was in a theater there,

fully alighted, and as the fire had destroyed everything he would never have been arrested; only, as it happened, his wife's body had fallen in a puddle of water in the basement and so they could tell that he had killed her first.

Clarke meant to have no puddles in his cellar.

He looked perfectly normal during those days, although he had a good many nightmares while he slept. He was very gentle with everybody, even with Dolly. But then, he had always been gentle with her, although she never noticed it. He even went to church one Sunday morning, much to Dolly's disgust. She had wanted him to take up a carpet that day.

Strangely enough, he found nothing in the service to disconcert him. Probably what he wanted was some reassurance that, no matter how things looked on the surface, if there was really a God He would look under the surface and see why men did certain things. As to a penalty later on, Clarke was willing enough to pay it for the chance of really living, and for the children's chance as well.

The children, however, certainly complicated matters. There was no getting around it. Then one day he suggested letting them spend their Easter holidays with his sister Eve, who lived a few miles out of town, and Dolly was glad to get rid of them. It was a fine plan in every way, for Johnny liked to collect bugs and butterflies, and while it was still early for the latter his father promised him a killing jar and got the man at the corner drugstore to give him some cyanide of potassium to put into the bottom. Well protected, naturally.

"Tell the kid to be careful," the druggist said. "That stuff's deadly poison."

"He knows," said Clarke pleasantly. "He's had one before. Anyhow, I'll fix it. I'll put melted wax over it so he can't get at it."

Not all the cyanide had gone into Johnny's jar, but there was enough; and Clarke, taking the two to the train, warned him to be careful of it. "Also," he said, "I don't like promiscuous killing. Take a good specimen now and then. That's enough."

"It doesn't hurt them, Daddy?"

"No, it doesn't hurt. Just don't get the habit."

He kissed the children good-by. Their young faces were soft, and their eyes luminous with happiness. They looked freed of some unconscious burden; as if merely leaving Dolly for a few days were enough in itself for contentment. And as the train pulled out, he saw them as they were before—free, truly free, growing up free and wholesome and happy.

He did nothing that evening, save perhaps to observe Dolly's habits more closely than usual. He knew most of them. He knew that she got out of bed about ten in the morning and threw the covers over the beds without really making them. And he knew that she often went to the movies in the afternoon and brought home something easy and cheap for supper. Now, however, he had to know them all.

For instance, did she make the coffee she drank at eleven o'clock every night before she went to bed, or was it some Clara left in the coffeepot? And if the latter, did Dolly wash the pot after she had used it or not? Because ever since he had read of that puddle in the cellar he knew that the little things counted, and the coffeepot just might survive the fire.

So that night in his old dressing gown

he slipped downstairs and watched her through the pantry door. She was in her nightgown, and she padded methodically about the business as though it was purely automatic. First she heated the coffee which Clara had left. Then she poured it into her cup on the table, and while it cooled she dumped the grounds into the sink—which might be one reason for some of the plumber's bills—and washed them down by running the faucet.

Even then, although Clarke found himself suddenly shaking all over, he wondered at this strange example of neatness. Perhaps she was afraid that Clara would drink what was left in the morning. She would be sure to think of that.

He was back in bed and apparently asleep when she came heavily up the stairs again and got into bed. Before she did that, however, she opened her bureau drawer and after a sharp glance at him took out the bankbook. She stood gloating over it for a minute or two; then she put it away and turned off the light.

She was asleep almost as soon as her head touched the pillow. Coffee never kept her awake.

Clarke spent several hours that night in the cellar. It was an unpaved basement into which Dolly had dumped all the unwanted stuff from the house for years, and now Clara dropped the trash there. It was filled with papers of all sorts, dry old carpets and other rubbish, and the wooden floor beams above were supported by dry and inflammable posts. His examination, however, took only a short time. What he was doing was experimenting with a candle. He timed it exactly, and it burned about an inch an hour. That is, if he left five inches of candle over the paper, he would have five hours to get somewhere else and establish an alibi. He figured that carefully. If Clara left at eight and he set his candle going then, it would be one o'clock in the morning when the fire broke out.

The cellar was cold and he was almost frozen when he got back to bed. Dolly was still snoring. He got his feet warmed and then raised himself up on his elbow and looked at her in the faint light from the street lamps.

IF SHE HAD looked anything like the girl he had married, even then it would not have been too late. She merely looked like Dolly, however, fat and slovenly and making him a mouse instead of a man, and he finally got to sleep by laying out an imaginary vegetable garden and planting it in neat rows.

His nerves were pretty ragged the next day, but he managed to get through it somehow. Dinner was late, for Dolly had fallen asleep at the movies and had only been roused by an usher at five o'clock. She was hungry, moreover, and she ate a heavy meal, doing it deliberately and thoroughly; and he began to wonder if Clara would ever get away at all. He managed to get down something, however, although it would hardly have mattered, since Dolly never noticed whether he ate or not.

She did rouse at the end to tell Clara to save his meat, which he had not touched. "I'll do for your lunch tomorrow," she told the colored girl.

She had scarcely spoken to him during the meal. She was still sulking after the incident of the suit. Nevertheless, that night his heart failed him. He began suddenly to have a wild desire to make her talk to him. Perhaps under all the fat and the cold selfishness there

was still some spark of common humanity, some trace of the Dolly he had married, or thought he had married. If he could only find that . . .

She went into the living room and dumped an old jigsaw puzzle onto the battered table, and then turned on the radio.

When he followed her she did not glance up, but when he had pulled a chair up to the table and began to help her turn over the pieces, she looked at him coldly.

"What's that for?" she demanded, over the blat of the machine.

"I thought I'd help, that's all. If you'd rather not—"

"I'd prefer to do it myself. If you think you can soft-soap me into doing something you want, you'd better think again."

He sat back then, but he did not move his chair. His eyes were on her, wistful, faded, with a sort of anxious hope in them. "Listen, Dolly. Do you mind if I turn off the machine and we talk a bit?"

"What for? It's time for Amos and Andy."

"I can't talk over it. And I think we ought to have a talk."

"What about?" she said suspiciously. But she reached over and shut off the noise. She was curious.

"I don't exactly know." He hesitated. "—sometimes we seem a long way apart. It's my fault probably, but if we'd—well, if we could start again and maybe pull together better. I just wondered if we couldn't get together again. I don't ask much. I—"

"Oh," she said darkly. "So that's what you're after!"

He flushed wretchedly. "That's not what I mean. In common decency, Dolly, can't we build a life that means something more than this? Maybe you're satisfied; I don't know. I don't really know much about you any more. But we could do better." He was almost appealing now. "We could do better by the children, for one thing. It's hardly fair to them, the way things are."

"Just how?"

"Well, keeping them in the city. You know how they love to go to Eve's; and they don't look well. Take Nellie, now—"

She did not let him finish.

She made a sudden massive gesture and swept the puzzle onto the floor.

"So that's it," she said. "You want to go to the country! It's spring, and so you've got that into your head again. Well, you'll do it over my dead body. I can tell you that. You and your garden. You make me sick."

He had gone a greenish-white over part of that speech, but he kept his voice steady. "That's your last word, is it?"

"That's my last word. You'll never amount to a hill of beans. I knew that when I married you. But I draw the line at some things, and the country's one of them."

He stood up. He felt dizzy, as though he were on a trapeze high in the air and saw the ropes slowly giving way. He made one final effort, however.

"I suppose it's no use asking you if I mean anything at all to you. I'd like to know, just the same. It's—important."

"Oh, for God's sake, Clarke," she said impatiently, "are you trying to make love to me at your time of life?"

"No," he said slowly. "No. I had something entirely different in mind."

She had picked up the pieces of her puzzle, and the radio was on again when he came back. She had taken off her shoes, and she did not lift her head

THIS LETTER from a Linit enthusiast will interest every fastidious girl and woman in America:

"Frequently I am faced with the problem of going out to evening social functions with little time to rest beforehand. However, I usually allow myself an hour in which to bathe and dress and so I decide to indulge in a little rejuvenating beauty treatment, in which Linit plays a dual role. First, I make a thin paste of Linit, mixed with orange water. This is generously spread over the face, neck and shoulders. Meanwhile, the bath water is running and to this I add a half package or more of Linit. While I lie in the soothing bath of milky Linit water, I feel the beauty masque of Linit slowly lift the tired facial muscles. Then, a cool shower removes the masque easily and I step out of the tub refreshed and eager to face the long evening."



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Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package...recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.



when he came to the door, with his coat on and his hat in his hand.

"I think I'll run out to see the children," he told her.

"At this hour of the night? And wasting good money on train fare! Don't be a fool."

"Nevertheless," he said quietly, "I'm going out to see the children. And Eve. I've let you come between me and Eve, but that's all over, Dolly."

She was astounded. Here was rebellion, and she was not of a mind to let it pass. She pushed back the table and started to get up, but her movements were slow and heavy, and by the time she was really ready to start a fuss he had closed the front door. As it was, she followed him to the door and jerked it open behind him, but Joe Smith was passing and so she said nothing.

On the pavement Clarke was looking up at her. His face looked white in the light from the open door. "I'll take the last train in, or the first one in the morning," he called.

Dolly said nothing, but Joe Smith stopped. "Going out to town?" he said.

"Just running out to see the kids."

"Well, I hope they're all right."

"Probably. They like the country."

Clarke was breathless, like a man running, when he caught the car at the corner; but as he settled back he considered that all was as well as it could be. He had been seen leaving his house, with Dolly on the porch alive and well. Joe would testify to that. And down in the cellar the candle still had four hours to go.

It was a half-hour's run by train to Eve's, but it might have been as many years for the whirling activity of Clarke's mind. Again and again he went over his arrangements. Clara had been gone when he went to the kitchen, and it had been easy to pour out all but one cup of coffee from the pot, and then attend to that.

The cellar, however, had been more troublesome. He had had to cover the windows with boards, so that the blaze would not show through, and there had been trouble in making the candle stand upright. Then there was not as much kerosene in the can as he had thought, and although he had used it carefully it had not gone very far.

But the house was frame, and once the fire started there would be no stopping it. Even if it did not do all he hoped it would, who was to know that Dolly had not had a heart attack in the excitement? These women like that usually had some sort of heart trouble. She was often short of breath, especially after too many sundae at the drugstore. He was sorry, now, that he had not mentioned that to Clara, or at the office.

On second thought, sitting there on the plush seat, he decided not to go back that night but to wait until morning. The last train would get him in too soon, before the fire was well started. But to be certain of his alibi, in case Eve couldn't put him up, he called to the train conductor and asked the time.

"Nine-ten," said the conductor.

"Then I'm right. When's the last train back to town? I mayn't take it, but again I may."

The conductor told him, and he sat back, well satisfied. It was not until he tried to see if his watch was right that he found his hands were shaking. And when he tried to get up, his legs almost refused to lift him.

He was better for the short walk to Eve's, however. She and Harry lived near the station, but back of the house were woods and fields, and even in the

night he sensed them there, filled with things already growing but still buried in the earth. He stood on the porch breathing in the clean air before he rang the bell.

Harry opened the door. "Well, of all things, Clarke!" he said. "Eve, come and see who's here. Come in, you old son-of-a-gun. It's a year since I've seen you."

Eve came and kissed him warmly, and he took off his dreadful overcoat, expanding under their affection, their orderly house, their orderly lives.

"The children are asleep. Shall I wake them?"

"No. I'll go up and see them later."

They led him into the living room and put him into a big chair. There was a log fire there, and Johnny's shoes were drying in front of it. It was a long time since Clarke had sat by a wood fire, although he often dreamed of one.

"Lord, I like the smell of it," he said.

"It takes me back home. Remember, Eve?"

Eve remembered. She fussed about him with small sisterly attentions, and it occurred to him that he had missed her all these years. She and Dolly had never hit it off. No, don't think about Dolly. Sit here and look at the fire, or go up and look at the children; but don't think about Dolly. Oh, God, don't think about Dolly!

Eve was standing off, looking at him.

"You don't look well, Clarke. You're pale."

"I'm all right."

"Look, Harry. He does look pale, doesn't he? Maybe if he had a drink—"

"Sure, a drink's what he needs. Plain whisky, or soda with it?"

"I'll take it plain," Clarke said.

He lay back in the chair after Harry had gone and stared up at Eve.

"You're a good girl, Eve. You make Harry a good wife. He looks—happy."

"Sit still and don't talk," she said.

"Get your drink and then we'll talk. How's Dolly?"

He went even paler, and she looked startled. This wouldn't do. He pulled himself up in his chair.

"Just the same. All right when I left."

"Don't sit up, Clarke. Just rest until you've had something to brace you. Then we'll go and see the children. They're having a lovely time. It's a pity you can't keep them out of town."

"Maybe I will, some day."

HE LEANED BACK and closed his eyes. Pretty soon now Dolly would go for her coffee, and soon after that the candle . . .

Eve was talking. She had picked up some sewing and was filling in the time with small inconsequential talk. The children ran all day and ate like horses. Johnny had found a bug or two but of course it was early, and Nellie was getting rosy cheeks and looked wonderful.

Clarke heard her as from a far distance. A vast terrible lethargy had settled down on him, and when he tried to lift his hand it felt heavy and dead. Even the whisky when it came only made him feel rather nauseated.

"I think you'd better stay all night, Clarke," Eve said anxiously. "You don't look fit to go out."

"Maybe I will," he said. "I do feel rather used up. I'm not sick. I just—"

Quite suddenly he was asleep in his chair, as though his mind had reached the limit of what it could bear and had quietly dropped a curtain. He awakened with a start. Harry and Eve were still there, but a glance at the mantel clock told him it was almost eleven.

He looked about the room, at Harry

with his paper and Eve with her sewing, and something in the normality of the picture showed him his madness in its full horror. He had been insane. He had never meant to kill Dolly. He could not kill Dolly! He was not a murderer. He could not look at his children with that on his soul. It took all his strength to keep from shrieking it aloud.

"You've had a nice nap," Eve said, looking up. "I've fixed your room for you. Maybe you'd better tell Dolly now."

He got up. "I'll call her," he said thickly. "Where's the telephone?"

"In the closet under the stairs."

He went back, going carefully so as not to excite suspicion. He would call Dolly and warn her about the coffee. He could tell her something to stop her; maybe that he'd dropped a cigarette in it by mistake, or seen Clara put something in it.

EVEN IF HE had to tell her the truth, she was not to drink that coffee. Let her have him arrested. Let her do what she wanted. Only—oh, God, don't let her make him a murderer!

He closed himself into the telephone closet and called his house, but there was no answer. In a growing frenzy he tried again and again.

"But somebody's there!" he shouted.

"My wife's there. I tell you."

"Sorry. They don't answer."

In the hall he stood still and wiped his shaking lips. It was over. He had done it, and Dolly was dead. She was lying dead on the kitchen floor, and soon the fire would start. It would lick at the rafters under her, and at last they would give way and she would pitch into the cellar.

He wouldn't do that to a dog. He couldn't do that to Dolly!

In the living room Harry was putting fresh logs on the fire, and the roar and crackle of the flames burned into Clarke's very brain. It was his house burning that he heard, and he never remembered Harry turning and seeing him in the doorway, or Eve's voice.

"Why, Clarke! What's happened?"

"Dolly must be sick. She doesn't answer."

They tried to see him out but he was off before they could do so, running for a train which was just drawing into the station.

"Can you beat that?" said Harry. "That woman treats him like a dog, and yet because she doesn't answer the telephone he's off like a lunatic."

Eve looked puzzled. "He was always like that," she said. "Affectionate and sensitive. Maybe they'd had a fuss, and now he's worried."

The train crept toward the city. It crawled and stopped, inching its way along as though time meant nothing to it; and cowering in a seat, Clarke tried to marshal his shocked faculties. Dolly might not be dead, after all. She might merely have gone out. In that case, if he telephoned from the station he could still be in time. He sat with his watch in his hand, counting minutes, counting seconds.

In the station he ran to a booth, but that call was as useless as the other. He could hear the buzzing at the other end as the bell rang, but no Dolly jerked off the receiver after her own particular fashion and shouted angrily into it. He knew, then, that she was dead . . .

Nothing mattered to him after that. It did not matter that he had destroyed his careful alibi; or even that the candle must be burned almost to the paper below it. Nothing mattered except that Dolly was lying stark on the kitchen

floor in her nightdress and kimono, with the light blazing down on her poor fat upturned face, and that he had done that to her.

He made no attempt to go home. Instead, he began aimlessly to walk the streets. Now and then he saw policemen, and he thought they looked at him curiously. Otherwise, he merely walked. Once he found himself on a bridge looking down at the river; but he had made up his mind by that time to take his punishment, so it was merely a river to him, with a tug and some barges on it.

It was after two when he finally started on his pilgrimage toward what had been home. His thin tired face looked like that of an old man, and he was weaving along the pavement like a drunkard. He paused for a moment, looking as though he were about to faint, when the fire engines passed him with shrieking sirens. Then he took up his plodding progress again.

However, when he turned the familiar corner of his street, he was vaguely surprised to find no engines there at all. There was no blazing house, no flying sparks, no crowd, no excitement. The street looked exactly as it had always looked at that hour of the night. He stopped and stared. But he was on his way now. There was nothing to do but go on. He moved along like a man going to certain doom.

There was his house. Save that the light was burning in the hall, it, too, looked as it always looked at that hour. There was no fire. There was no anything.

He stood at the bottom of the steps and tried to rally himself. It should be burning, he thought dully. In the book

the house had burned like a furnace. Now he would have to go up and look at Dolly on the kitchen floor in her nightdress. Then what? Bounce the neighborhood? Call the police?

He got to the top of the steps at last and could see through the glass panel into the hall. Well, he would not have to call the police, anyhow. There was an officer there already. He was talking to Joe Smith, and the faces of both men were dazedly sober.

Clarke drew a long breath and opened the door. "Here I am, if you want me," was what he said.

Both men looked faintly surprised, and Smith came forward and put a hand on his shoulder. "I'm sorry, old man," he said. "But it was quick and painless. The doctor says she didn't suffer at all."

Clarke gave him a thin twisted smile. "So I've been told," he said. "Well, I guess it's all over."

"Just like that," said Smith, showing relief at this matter-of-factness. "I was sitting in the seat right next to her, and she simply toppled over. It had been an exciting picture, and the doctor thinks—"

What the doctor thought, however, was not revealed at that moment, for Clarke Wellington had given a small sigh and gently collapsed on the floor.

Some time later he opened his eyes. He was on the sofa in the living room, and the policeman was loosening his collar and tie.

"That's it, sir," he said. "You just lie quiet and you'll be all right. You've had a shock, so don't move. Mr. Smith's gone to get his wife, and she'll look after you. I'll be going along now."

Clarke tried to speak, but his lips were

stiff and dry. "Thanks," he said finally. "Thanks, and good night."

"Good night, sir."

The officer moved ponderously to the door and then stopped. "I don't like to bother you just now," he said, "but you almost had a fire here tonight. Somebody'd left a candle in the cellar, and it set fire to some paper. If the windows hadn't been boarded up so as to shut off the air, the whole place might have gone. Better have that cellar cleaned out."

He tipped out and left Clarke alone. Clarke waited until the officer's footsteps faded away, and then he got up and slowly padded out to the kitchen. On the stove sat Dolly's coffeepot with its contents untouched. Acting by a sort of automatism, he emptied it into the sink and flushed it down the pipe as he had seen her do before.

He was still dazed as he went back to the living room. The house was very quiet. On the mantelpiece was the seed catalogue he had left there a week ago, and his eyes dwelt on it with a faint revival of hope. "Vegetables that may be planted as soon as the frost is out of the ground . . ."

He sat down on the sofa. On the floor were still a few pieces of the jigsaw puzzle Dolly had flung there, and near by was the radio where she had liked to sit and listen to Amos and Andy. Suddenly he forgot the long tortured years of his marriage, the slatternly selfishness, the avarice and greed, the callous indifference to his children and himself. He lay back on the sofa, and painful tears filled his tired eyes.

"Poor Dolly!" he thought. "Poor old girl, to have wanted so much to live, and then to have had to die."

*Coming: The tender story of a brave widow and her two children
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Johnnie: Call for Philip Morris, Captain?

Miss Drew: Well, well, one of America's smartest smokers!

Captain: It's the one cigarette that doesn't irritate my throat.



Johnnie: 'cause it's made differently.

Captain: Yes. A medical journal said tons by a group of doctors showed that in the majority of cases, irritation cleared completely on changing to Philip Morris . . .



Captain: Now don't misunderstand me . . . Philip Morris make no claim to cure irritation. But an added ingredient, a source of irritation in other cigarettes, is not present in Philip Morris.



Johnnie: You never knew that, did you Miss Drew?

Miss Drew: No, but I'm not too surprised. Everybody knows Philip Morris is a superior cigarette. A better smoke in every way.

Call for

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America's Finest
15/ Cigarette

AMAZINGLY MILD
WITH A NEW KIND
OF MILDNESS

Summer Lightning by Allene Corliss

(Continued from page 25)



his mind back to Julie Shaw. He remembered now that there had been some talk about her coming home; he'd heard it mentioned here and there, but he hadn't paid much attention to it. He didn't think Carol had mentioned it at all, which was odd. And he was quite sure Ives hadn't; but then he hadn't seen much of Ives recently.

He wondered now what Julie Shaw's coming back to Westboro would mean to his handsome brother-in-law. Ives had been in love with her eight years ago, everyone knew that. But eight years was a long time, and Ives had consoled himself in the meantime. There had been half a dozen girls in the five years since Tony had married Carol—and more recently there had been Brenda Lane.

Tony thought of Brenda now—a slim greyhound of a girl whose family was comparatively new to Westboro and comparatively unimportant. But Brenda looked like Sutton Place and Bailey's Beach. She was only twenty-one or so, but she had been running around with Ives for some months now. Tony didn't know how far things had gone between them but he thought that all things, and Ives, being what they were, probably they had gone pretty far . . .

He drove in between white-painted garages, drove up a wide gravelled driveway and parked his roadster at one side of a white-shingled house—the sort of house that is always being photographed for the more expensive magazines, with careful mention of the architect and views of the rose garden.

This particular house had cost sixty thousand dollars. It required six servants to run it, and the amount of their combined monthly salaries matched Tony's monthly income exactly. But this was all right, as no one expected him to pay any part of it.

He did, however, pay the food bills. They had had quite an argument about this, and in the end Carol had lifted slender eyebrows, shrugged and given in. It was annoying and childish, one gathered from the lifted eyebrows and the shrugged shoulders, but scarcely worth quarreling over. That had been the first year; now practically nothing was worth quarreling over. For a long time now, whenever they had disagreed about anything she had given in to him, so there was no longer any point in even winning an argument with her. In the end, she had taken even that away from him.

He walked across the closely clipped grass and along the flower-bordered path that led to the swimming pool. He heard their voices before he saw them: Carol's voice, clear, composed, a little amused, and Weston Reid's, less clear, less amused, but quite as composed.

The path curved sharply, and he saw them—Carol, looking cool and lovely in a white bathing suit, the shattering sunlight doing something beautiful to her brown hair; Weston Reid in sun flannels and a pale blue shirt, sun-burned, muscular, forthright. Arresting-looking as usual, with his prematurely grey hair and darkly tanned skin.

Tony said, "Hello, you two," and crossed to Carol, who was lying in a canvas chair.

He had meant to kiss her lips. But she turned her head and he kissed her cheek.

She said, "You look tired. Was it terribly warm in town today? Weston, fix him a highball, won't you? He looks as if he could use one."

Weston Reid poured Scotch into a highball glass, added ice and a shot of Vichy. Tony, watching him, thought, I wonder what it is Carol sees in this guy; she must like him to have him around so much. Well, he's amusing, no doubt.

He was wrong there. Weston Reid was forty-six. He was exactly seventeen years older than Tony.

Carol had met him on a West Indies cruise she had taken alone in the spring of nineteen thirty-three. He had been pleasant to her. He had lent her books, bought her an occasional drink, danced with her. They had made one or two shore trips together in Jamaica, and they had made the plane trip together from Old Panama to Colón.

Arrived back in New York, he had called her and asked her to dine with him. She had refused, believing that this sort of hybrid shipboard friendship was almost always unsatisfactory when continued afterward.

She had, therefore, been astounded when, three weeks later, she learned that he had been in Westboro, and had bought the property adjoining hers for a permanent summer home.

He had then made no attempt to see her. Either then or during his first two or three visits while extensive repairs were being made on the house and grounds. Then one day they met at the country club. Sam St. John introduced them.

Reid waited for her to take the initiative. Without quite knowing why she did it, she let the moment for acknowledging a previous acquaintanceship pass. Later, when Reid asked her why she had done this, she had frowned and said: "I haven't the least idea."

She had told him the truth. There had been no sensible reason for not having admitted that they had met before. Not having admitted it, she had committed them both to silence. At first this embarrassed and annoyed her, but later she came to believe that it was of little importance actually whether people knew that they had met before or not.

In the three years since, they had become good friends and nothing more. He had never made love to her or given her the slightest reason to suppose that he had anything but the most candid, friendly interest in her. Yet it flattered her to know it was because of her that he was here.

Presently, when she saw that he was going to have another highball with Tony, she excused herself and went upstairs. When Tony followed her half an hour later, her door was closed. He went to his own room, showered and shaved carefully. Then he walked across the hall into Carol's room.

She was sitting in front of her dressing table brushing her hair. Looking at her—at her long, tapering eyebrows, narrow, arrogant chin, and the serene, lovely line of her lips—Tony thought she looked as cool and remote and virginal as she had looked five years before, coming down the stairs at Dick Fellows' wedding, her arms full of cornflowers—and he wondered suddenly if he knew her any better, any more intimately than he had that day.

But that was absurd, of course!

He walked over to her, took the brush out of her hands and put it down on the dressing table and tried to take her in his arms.

She pushed against him with her two hands, lightly. She said: "Please, Tony, we're not in a mood for dressing."

He dropped his arms. It was no use. It was always like this: she was either too busy or too tired. She simply couldn't be bothered any more. He thought, It's been weeks since she's let me touch her.

He said: "Who's coming for dinner besides Ives and Brenda?"

She told him. She said: "The St. Johns and Loring and Mrs. North."

"You're not having Weston, then?"

"No. It would have made nine at table." She said, then, "I may go to England next month, Tony. That is, if you don't mind."

Tony said, "Of course I mind. Isn't this rather sudden?"

"Rather. I had a letter from Marion Roberts the other day. She and her husband have taken a house for the summer in Surrey. She asked me to come over for August."

"You want to go, I suppose?"

"I think I do."

"Well, I shall miss you like the devil, but I want you to do whatever you like about it." How, he asked himself, staring at her unhappily, had he managed to fail her so badly that they could talk to each other politely like this, no better really than strangers? And he had meant it all to be so different; he had meant it to be so splendid, this marriage of theirs.

"That's settled, then. I'll write Marion that I'll sail the first week in August. You'd better finish dressing, Tony; we're having cocktails at seven-thirty."

"Black tie, I suppose?"

"Black tie, I suppose." He needed no more.

"Well, I'll run along." He had meant to say something about Julie Shaw, but the moment had passed. He no longer wanted to. Compared with the fact that Carol was going to England for six weeks, it seemed unimportant. He started slowly toward the door.

Carol looked up then and smiled at him. Now that he was going, some of the fine tension seemed to be gone from about her mouth, from the very way she held her shoulders. It was almost as if she were holding her breath lightly, waiting for him to be gone.

I must be tired, to imagine such, he thought. It's this heat and always having so damned many people around, never being alone with her any more, even for an evening.

In the hall he passed Rose, the upstairs maid, a lace dinner dress of Carol's over her arm. There were little drops of perspiration on the bridge of her nose but her silk uniform rustled coolly against her slim legs. She smiled at him and said good evening softly, and he wondered what she would do if he slipped his arm around her waist and tilted her small chin up and kissed the warm white hollow at the base of her throat. She'd be more concerned, probably, with keeping Carol's dress from being crushed than with anything biological.

Well, he'd never know because upstairs maids, even young, pretty ones like Rose, didn't interest him. The only woman he wanted that way was Carol; the only woman he had ever wanted that way was Carol. That was the hell of it.

He went into his own room and finished dressing. By this time the room was filled with a thick, sweet-smelling dusk. He turned on the lights and regarded himself dispassionately in the mirror on his dressing-room door.

A tall young man, not yet thirty, with light brown hair, brown eyes flecked with green, and a well-out sensitive mouth. There were lines about his eyes and mouth that had not been there a few years ago, he noticed.

And then his image faded from the mirror and he saw Carol's reflection there, instead, her lips curved in her cool, remote but wholly beautiful smile, her eyes aloof, enigmatic, telling him nothing, never telling him anything.

Turning away abruptly, he snapped out the lights and wondered why he had had the bad taste to try to take her in his arms just now. He didn't often do it; at least, not any more. For some time, now, he had disciplined himself never to let her see how much he desired her, how much he wanted her. Because it seemed to upset her, annoy her. Why in hell, he asked himself violently, should it annoy her to know he liked to make love to her?

But he had been asking himself this question for some time, and he knew there wasn't any answer to it. He turned and walked across the room and down the stairs.

By eight-thirty, Ives Towner saw that Carol's dinner party had reached the exact stage all her dinner parties invariably reached by eight-thirty. The heady effect of the cocktails had begun to wear off and the insidious effect of the wine had begun to be felt.

Sam St. John was a little drunk. By the end of the evening, he would be quite drunk but pleasantly so. Loring North, the newspaper publisher, would be as sober when he left as he had been when he arrived; no matter how much he drank, he never showed it. Tony, looking slightly less tired than usual, wasn't drinking anything except sherry.

Little Eve St. John wasn't drinking anything. She never did. Irma North had had too many cocktails before dinner, and now she was having too much wine. Irma drank badly, just as Brenda drank superlatively well.

He caught her eye down the length of the table and smiled at her. She had high cheekbones, narrow dark eyes with very white irises and a sulky, carnation-red mouth. For some time he had been seeing her pretty constantly. Probably everyone here tonight thought they were having an affair. It amused him to know that they weren't.

Brenda didn't want an affair with him; she wanted him to marry her. He could have told her that he wouldn't. In fact, he had told her in all but so many words again and again. Was it his fault that she chose not to believe him?

Irma North leaned forward suddenly and, looking at him, said: "Whom do you suppose I saw in Trudeau's Market today?"

He knew, but he said, "I can't imagine."

She said: "I saw Julie Shaw."

Julie Shaw. Eight years ago—and they had both been too young, and he had wanted too much from her too quickly. And when she couldn't give it to him, he had looked elsewhere for it and found it—and the girl he had found it with had been seven years older than he and two years divorced. Her kisses had been knowing and her arms had held him warmly, and he thought he would never quite forget how sick Julie's eyes had



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looked when she had found him making love to that other girl in a parked car at a country-club dance.

In eight years he hadn't been able to forget her eyes. If only she had given him a chance to explain that it was merely a matter of a few kisses. But she wouldn't see him, and within two weeks she had run off to New York with Michael Shaw, married him and sailed with him to France.

Now she was back in town and Irma North had seen her and was saying so, and Brenda was asking in her faintly insolent voice: "Who is Julie Shaw?"

Ives wanted to smile at her and say: "Why, she is the little black-haired girl I intended to marry but something happened, something I was to blame for, and since then I haven't wanted to marry anyone, darling, not even you." But Carol said, instead: "Why, she is the girl who jilted Ives seven years ago to run off to Paris with his young cousin, Michael Shaw."

"Only it wasn't seven years ago, it was eight," corrected Ives softly, "and they didn't go to Paris, they went to some little town in Normandy." And he thought, You're looking very calm and amused, Carol darling, but you weren't any more amused than I was when Julie ran off with our handsome young cousin.

"Has she changed any?" asked Eve St. John now, her eyes fastened eagerly on Irma. "Is she still as pretty as ever?"

Yes, Irma, is she still as pretty as ever? She was pretty, you know—such a pretty little dark girl with funny gray eyes and a wide, sweet mouth.

Irma said: "Pretty?" I never thought she was pretty. Did you think she was pretty, Loring?"

"I don't know whether she was pretty or not," said Loring North slowly, "but she certainly had something."

Yes, Loring, she certainly had something. Ives held his wingless up to the candlelight and slid the crystal stem around fast in his fingers, so that the champagne jumped up and down inside the glass. And Eve St. John said: "There's a child, isn't there? A boy named Michael."

"No," said Tony Conant unexpectedly, grinning, "not a boy. A little girl. A little blond girl. She looks like an angel but she's a holy terror."

There was a little silence, and then Carol said, "I gather, then, that you have seen both Julie and the child."

"Yes," said Tony. "They were in the office this afternoon. Came in to see old Moffat. I meant to tell you about it."

So Tony has seen you, too, Ives thought. And you have a little girl. A little blond girl. Well, Michael was blond. Tall and blond with a pleasant southern voice. Did you love him? I wonder. Did you love him as much as I could have taught you to love me? I don't think so, Julie.

"I guess she had pretty tough going for a while after Mike Shaw died," said Sam St. John reflectively.

"Oh, I don't know"—Irma North's smile was sweetly malicious—"not if all the things you heard about her were true."

What did she mean by that? Loring wanted to know, his voice a little ugly.

Irma said she didn't mean anything, really, only everyone knew Mike Shaw had died and left Julie without a penny, and you couldn't barge around Europe for six or seven years on nothing.

Loring said flatly that whatever she had heard he didn't believe it. He said women made him sick, the way they were always trying to stir up something.

"Good heavens," gasped Irma, her voice suddenly defensive, "anyone would think it was you, Loring, who was so

crazy about Julie, instead of Ives."

There was a little silence, at the end of which Brenda Lane said: "Were you crazy about her, Ives?"

Ives grinned at her. He said: "Didn't you just hear Irma say that I was?"

Driving negligently with one hand, Ives extracted two cigarettes from a package on the dashboard, thrust one between Brenda's lips and one between his own and reached for the lighter. Then he said, "Not very polite of you, darling, to walk out like this on Carol's very nice dinner party."

"It wasn't a nice dinner party," said Brenda. "It was a lousy dinner party."

"Oh, I don't know. I thought it was rather good. The champagne was excellent."

"Well, the conversation was dull."

"That's funny. I didn't find it so. I thought it was amusing."

"Well," said Brenda, "I wasn't amused."

"So you left?"

In the faint moonlight the delicate contours of Brenda's face looked white and lovely. She said: "Eight years ago I was thirteen. Sex was something you read about in a book—the little one your mother gave you with all that rot about the birds and flowers, and the other one that you found hidden on the bottom shelf of the bookcase."

"So what?" said Ives, his voice amused.

"So you were discovering love with someone else. Was she the first girl you ever cared for—seriously, I mean?"

"Oh, yes. Definitely." You were, you know, Ives. You were my first dear love.

"I suppose you were terribly shattered, when she went off like that."

"Yes, I was. Completely shattered."

"But you did get over it eventually?"

"Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that I survived it."

"Then you didn't get over it. But that's absurd! Eight years. You must have!"

"That's what I tell myself." Ives grinned at her. That half-insolent, half-tender grin that was at once the most maddening and the most enchanting thing about him.

"But you're not sure? You don't really know?"

Don't go on with it, Brenda. Don't be such a little fool. Don't you see it isn't any good?

"I can tell better about that after I've seen her, don't you think?"

"Meaning, I suppose, that you're hoping you will find her as exciting and desirable as you did eight years ago?"

"Well," protested Ives, "that's almost too much to expect, wouldn't you say?"

"I hate you!" said Brenda.

Oh, no, you don't; you love me. But I don't love you, little Brenda. I've never pretended to. I've only made love to you and never too ardently.

"No," said Brenda, when he didn't speak or even look at her, "I don't hate you. I'm crazy about you. So what?"

"So don't spoil everything by being like this."

"Like what?"

"Like this. You know. I'll stop the car and you drive for a while."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't want to drive."

"You mean you don't want me to make love to you and you know if you drive I will?"

"Yes, I guess that's what I mean."

"Well, I won't make love to you."

"Listen, Ives. I've got to know. Are you still in love with her?"

"With Julie Shaw?"

"Yes. Are you, Ives? After all these years?"



Am I still in love with you, Julie? I don't know, but I rather think I am. Anyway, that's my affair and yours.

"I was a fool to ask you that," said Brenda in a hard voice. "I should have known you wouldn't tell me."

"Yes," said Ives softly, "you should have." He added, "Sure you don't want to drive, darling?"

"Oh, very well." She spoke tonelessly now, without emotion.

In the moonlight he saw that her face looked white and drained of its beauty. And she looked older than twenty-one, like the other men in the room. But she had never looked quite young since she had fallen in love with him one winter's night when he had taken her home from a country-club dance. Stew Taylor, the boy she had gone with, had passed out cold early in the evening, and Ives had stepped out of the stag line and taken Stew's place.

Before the end of the evening he had taken the place of all the other men in Brenda's life. It was not until later, much later, that she was to know how tragic this was. At the time she thought it was the loveliest thing that could have happened to her.

She changed places with him now and they drove for perhaps fifteen minutes without speaking. The road was white with moonlight. They drove for perhaps a quarter of a mile along the dark edge of the lake and he didn't touch her or speak to her, but she was as achingly aware of him as if she had been in his arms.

She thought that if he didn't touch her soon, or speak to her, she would die. Then, when she couldn't stand it another second, she slowed the car to thirty, and then to twenty, and then she drove it off the road and cut the engine. Turning to him, she put both her hands behind his head and kissed him passionately.

Presently, with her arms still around him, he leaned forward and turned on the ignition. It had been a mistake asking her to drive. The minute she had kissed him, he had been sure that this wasn't what he wanted; at least, not from Brenda. A week earlier it might have been, but it wasn't now; it quite possibly never would be again.

Julie was giving Michael a bath. He had driven to the lake in Julie's second-hand roadster and swum lazily in the clear, fresh water. Then they had driven home along the back road through a warm blue dusk. Now Julie was giving Michael a bath, and they were going to have a picnic supper of sandwiches and milk and strawberries. They would eat it on the shallow porch that clung to the kitchen wing of this hundred-year-old house and looked straight over the tops of the trees and the roofs of the houses of Westboro, toward the lake, shimmering in a blaze of setting sun seven miles away.

Michael slid down in the ancient tub until the soapy water touched her chin. She said: "We love it here, don't we, Mummy?"

"Yes, darling." Michael's straight, fair hair was pinned in an absurd knot on the top of her head, and her back had two narrow white scars where the straps on her sun-suit crossed.

"We love the squeaky floors and the twisty staircase and the garden and

the view. We particularly love the view, don't we, Mummy?"

"Yes, we particularly love the view, darling."

"It's the same one you used to come 'way up here to see when you were a little girl, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's the same one."

"Tell me about later—when you grew up and married my father and went to live in France."

"Well, we went to a little town in Normandy called Caudebec-en-Caux. It was on a river, and there was a big brass bell that you rang when you wanted the ferryboat, and there were villas all along the river with children playing in the gardens."

"It was better than New York, wasn't it, Mummy?"

"Yes, darling, it was quite a bit better than New York."

"But not so good as this. This is going to be lovely, isn't it, Mummy?"

"Yes, darling, I hope so."

"And Mrs. McGurn isn't a nurse, is she? She's just here to help cook and wash dishes and things?"

"That's right. Jump out now, darling, so I can dry you."

Julie finished drying Michael and went to get her pajamas. Michael hopped around the bathroom on one leg, chanting, "Look, Mummy, look! I'm an ostrich. I'm a one-legged ostrich." She stopped by the window and said: "There's a man coming up the path."

"Where?" asked Julie, coming in with a pair of blue pajamas over her arm.

"Right there," said Michael, pointing. Julie looked out of the window, turned away quickly and said: "Here, darling, get into your pajamas."

"But Mummy, you said we could have supper on the porch."

"Yes," said Julie. "I tell you what, you

stay up here and put your animals to bed, and I'll go down and get rid of him and then we'll have supper just as we planned."

"All right," said Michael. Then her small pink face screwed up anxiously. "He doesn't look as if he were selling anything; are you sure you can manage it?"

"Yes," said Julie, "perfectly sure."

She went into her own room, took off her white shorts and halter and put on a pair of dark blue slacks and a white shirt. She kicked a comb through her hair and went downstairs.

Ives Towner was leaning against the mantelpiece in the sitting room fitting a yellow flower into the buttonhole of his white coat.

He looked up and smiled at her.

Eight years, and he looked just the same—same flat, arrogant shoulders; same casual, pleasant clothes; same way of smiling—intimately, with a sort of tender insolence. Looking at him, Julie knew she had expected he would be different, that somehow the years would have changed him. It was confusing to find that they hadn't.

He was, it seemed, thinking much the same thing about her. He said, his voice bewildered: "You don't look any older than you did eight years ago. You don't look any more than nineteen." Then he said, "But I don't like those pants you are wearing or that shirt. They don't do a thing for your figure." He frowned at her. "Maybe you haven't got your lovely little figure any more."

"Yes," said Julie, "I have. It's just as good as ever. In fact, it's better." She sat down on a plum-colored sofa with a carved back. She looked at Ives and clenched her hands in the pockets of her blue slacks.

He said, "Why did you do it, Julie?"

Why did you run off like that, without giving me a chance to explain?"

"Nothing you could have said then would have been any good."

"You mean that because you were so young and inexperienced nothing I could have said then would have been any good, but now you understand?"

Julie said, "I mean that now I can understand better."

"But you still don't really understand."

Julie could hear Michael running across the room overhead in her bare feet. She could see her tucking her white duck and her pink rabbit and her brown bear into the doll's bed at the foot of her own high spool bed. She could see the blue-and-white quilt on the spool bed and how Michael would look in an hour or two, tucked into it.

Ives, watching her, saw her face go still and expressionless, and he said abruptly, "Oh, hell, let's skip it. Shall we, darling?" He added, "Are you in love with anyone?"

"No. Are you?"

"Yes. I'm in love with you. I have been for years."

"Oh, that! I mean anyone else?"

"I don't know. I was last week. I suppose I was a little last night. A girl named Brenda—Brenda Lane."

"I don't seem to remember the name."

"You wouldn't. She's new here in Westboro. Moved here from Rochester three years ago. Her father has something to do with the new power plant."

"Pretty, I suppose?"

"Pretty," said Ives, "and young, and born knowing how to put more fun into a kiss than most women get out of a lifetime."

"It sounds like nice going," Julie grinned. "Why don't you do something about it?"

"Because I don't want to. Why haven't

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you ever let me know where to find you?"

"Because I didn't want you to find me. I had Michael and my job, and I didn't have time for you, Ives."

I didn't have time for you, Ives; besides, I didn't ever want to see you again. Not after what happened. But that was silly because I have seen you now and you are just a good-looking young man with an insolent smile. You can never hurt me again, Ives. You can never mean anything to me at all.

So you didn't have time for me? You ran off and married Michael Shaw and had a baby and came back to New York and got a job. What sort of job was it?"

"It was in a publishing house."

"And you got a job in a publishing house but you didn't have time for me. How did it work out?" he asked abruptly. "I mean, your being married to Mike?"

"All right during the little time we had."

"I know. I was sorry about that. I was, really, Julie. I hated him for catching you on the rebound like that, but when he died, I was sorry. Tell me, Julie, did you miss me at all? Did you ever think of me?"

Yes, I missed you, Ives. I missed your gay, insolent smile and your love-making which frightened me, and your charming, selfish manners. I missed you and I thought about you—a lot that first year, less the next, and these past five or six almost not at all. And the less I thought of you, Ives, the better I liked it.

She said: "No, I didn't miss you, Ives. I suppose too many things happened to me too fast. After Michael was born I was busy thinking of her and how I was going to take care of her."

"You seem to have managed pretty well."

"I managed," said Julie; "I don't know how well."

"How old is she now?"

"Seven," said Julie, "almost."

"Imagine your having a child almost seven years old. It's ridiculous. Does she look like you?"

"No. She looks like Mike. She's sweet."

"I bet she is," Ives grinned. "There must have been a lot of men who have wanted to be a father to her."

"There've been a few, but none who had the right qualifications."

"Good Lord, that certainly puts me on a spot."

"Yes, it does. Still," said Julie slowly, "you have one."

"One qualification?"

"Yes. You have a lot of money."

Ives looked startled. He frowned at her. "I never knew before that you were mercenary."

"I'm not. That is, not for myself. But I want Michael to have a nice life."

Ives said, "I see." He added, "Well, I should hate to be a means to an end."

"I know you would, darling. So we won't go on with it."

"Only we will. Damn it, you know we will. At least I will. You knew that when you came back here."

"For all I knew you were married and had children of your own. I hadn't seen anyone from Westboro for years."

"Well, I'm not."

"I know you're not, now. I was simply telling you that I didn't know it when I came back."

"Then why did you come back?"

"Michael had pneumonia in March, and she didn't get over it the way she should, and the doctor said she ought to have a summer in the country. That was one reason. There were others, but they all had to do with her—with Michael and me. You wouldn't understand if I

told you, and anyway, I'm not going to tell you."

"All right," said Ives, "but I think I know. You haven't ever given the kid much time and she almost died and you got scared."

"Well," said Julie, "you're partly right." She added defiantly, "But I did the best I could. That last nursemaid came well recommended. I didn't know she'd let Michael walk to dancing school without her galoshes. And I didn't know until it all came out what she was detestable that she used to be awake nights waiting for me to come in."

"That was silly," said Ives crossly.

"Yes, I know it was silly," said Julie. "You've got to go now because I promised her I'd get rid of you in half an hour. I suppose you think that's silly, too."

"Yes," said Ives, "I do. I'll go—but I'll come back later. About nine, say?"

"No," said Julie.

"Well," said Ives, "about nine-thirty, then. I'll park the car at the end of the lane so as not to waken the child. And for heaven's sake, put on some decent clothes."

Julie Shaw lay on her back, her arms folded beneath her head, her eyes screwed up against the sun. She was wearing white shorts and a blue halter, and her bare feet were thrust into disreputable tennis shoes. She had been eating strawberries, and there was a deep pink stain at one corner of her mouth.

She said, "It's nice of you, Tony, to come to see me like this—but not very bright of you, probably."

Tony Conant said, "What do you mean, not very bright of me?"

"Well, Carol isn't going to like it."

"Don't be funny."

"I'm not. I'm merely telling you something you already know. I've been back nearly two weeks and she doesn't know I'm in town. Obviously, you aren't supposed to, either."

"See here," said Tony irritably, "haven't I even a right to my own friendships?"

"No," said Julie, "not when you're married you haven't."

"Listen," said Tony, "I like you. I liked you when you walked into my office two weeks ago, and I like you today."

"I like you, too," said Julie. "I like you better than any man I've met for a long time."

"Why?" asked Tony.

"I don't know exactly, and probably I shouldn't have told you that. I'm always rushing into things. Friendships should grow, shouldn't they, not just spring full-fledged out of a first meeting." She was frowning at him, her gray-glass eyes narrowed intently.

"I don't know," Tony said. "I've never had much experience with friendship, I'm afraid. That is, with women."

"No," said Julie, "I suppose you haven't. They would expect other things from you. Well, that's natural, of course. No young, attractive man ever has close women friends; he may have pleasant business or social relationships with women, but he doesn't have intimate women friends. You agree with me, don't you?"

"I don't know. I've never thought much about it. You mean, I suppose, that any emotional relationship between a man and a woman means that eventually they're bound to become lovers."

"Yes. That is, I mean they eventually reach a point where they have to decide one way or the other about it."

"I don't know," said Tony again. "I shouldn't think it would be so, necessarily. Take you and me, for instance."

He stopped abruptly, his eyes a little shocked. Hadn't all this vague exhilaration had known for two weeks now meant just that? But that was absurd. He was in love with Carol.

He laughed uncertainly. He said: "How did we get started on this, anyway?"

"Oh, something I said, probably. Let's skip it, shall we?" Julie grinned at him and jumped up. She said: "I promised to take Michael bathing before lunch."

They walked back toward the house, stood for a moment on the porch. In front of them a meadow fell away abruptly into a thickly wooded hillside. Over the tops of the trees they could see the roofs of the houses in the village, and in the distance, at the edge of the horizon, the lake seven miles away, the water the same cloudy blue as the sky.

It was Sunday morning, and Tony was supposed to be playing golf with Sam St. John. He would have to think up some reason for not having shown up at the club before noon, or maybe he wouldn't bother. Perhaps when Carol asked him, he would simply say, "I spent the morning with Julie Shaw." He tried to imagine what would happen if he said that.

Julie said: "It's hazy today. You can't see the Adirondacks at all."

"The sunsets must be gorgeous from here," said Tony. He stood beside her, not touching her, but terribly aware of her, as he had been now since that moment when he had said, "Take you and me, for instance."

"They are. I used to climb up here when I was a child just to see them. I wanted to live here even then."

"So now you've brought Michael back here?"

"Yes," said Julie. "We can't stay long. Just this summer. I've got it all figured out, and if I am careful I can manage this summer. It may be enough," she added slowly. "It may make a difference in her whole life."

"If that is what you want from the summer," said Tony slowly, "I hope you get it."

"It is what I want," said Julie quietly. "It's what I want more than anything in the world."

And looking at her, he knew it was. He said: "About Carol. I'll have it out with her. I don't know why she's taking this attitude, but it's absurd. I'll see that she asks you to dinner."

The child Michael ran around the side of the house in a barefooted clutch in her hands. She said, "Mummy, you said we could go swimming before lunch," saw Tony and stopped.

Julie said, "Yes, darling. I know I did, and we're going. We're going right away." Then she turned to Tony. "Don't do that—about dinner, you know."

"Yes," said Tony. "I'm going to. Everything will be all right. She'll call you up soon."

"Well," said Julie, "we'll see."

He wanted to say, "What do you mean by that?" but he knew what she meant, and he knew she knew. So there was no use in it. Much better to say again, "Good-by—and it's been fun."

But he still didn't go, and Julie stared at him thoughtfully as if she were trying to decide something, and presently, as if she had decided, she said: "The next time you come to my house, you the house. It's over a hundred years old and quite lovely."

"Yes," said Tony, "I'd like that. I like

old rounds, and this is one of the oldest around here."

He went then, feeling much better. Whatever happened about the dinner, Julie had inferred that he would come again. There was something reassuring about that. He drove swiftly down the narrow gravel road but at the bend he turned and looked back.

They were still standing there—Julie and Michael. Julie was not looking at him, she was looking at the child, and she was laughing.

All day Tony hadn't been able to forget how those two had looked standing in the sunlight as he drove away. All day, playing golf or mixing drinks at the club, and later at home, he remembered and he wanted to say something to Carol about asking Julie Shaw to dinner. But he didn't. It ought to be easy to say to your own wife, "Listen, Carol, I saw Julie Shaw again today and I think she's a swell person. I told her you'd give her a ring and ask her to dinner."

It ought to be easy, but somehow it wasn't. And now it was one o'clock and everyone had gone home, and they had gone upstairs to bed.

Tony belted a dark silk dressing gown about his waist, shoved his feet into leather slippers and walked across the hall to Carol's room. She was propped up in bed reading a magazine. She looked surprised to see him. She had said good night to him when she had come upstairs half an hour before.

He sat down on the bed. The room was dim except for the little pool of light that the reading lamp on the bedside table threw over the bed. Carol lay in this little pool of light. Tony sat just outside it, on the foot of the bed.

He looked at his wife and smiled. He

had felt gay and relaxed and quietly excited all day. Whenever he thought of Julie Shaw, life seemed a fine and exciting piece of business. And now here was Carol, lying back against her pillows, and if he reached forward and turned off that lamp, the room would be dark and cool.

He took the magazine away from her and lifted her hands and laid them against his face. He said: "Carol, love is a swell thing. That is, it could be if you would just let it."

She lay very still, not saying anything. Not helping him at all.

He tried again. "Listen, darling, we could have such fun. It should be like that, you know—gay and joyous and exciting, an adventure. What's the use," he finished, a little wildly, holding her hands tightly, "of going on at all unless we have that?"

"When you talk like that," said Carol in a slow, wrenched voice, "I realize that I should never, never have married you."

Tony dropped her hands. He stood up. His face was pale and his mouth twitched at one corner. He said: "It's a hell of a shame you ever did." He walked across the room and out the door.

"Do you think that it was all right to ask her?" said Eve St. John anxiously, handing her husband the top to the thermos jug.

Sam took the top and screwed it onto the wide neck of the jug. Usually he waited and made the cocktails after he got to camp, but tonight he'd made them at home. He said: "Of course. Why not?" He set the jug down on the kitchen table and picked up a fried chicken wing and began to eat it. He looked at Eve and saw that she was frowning. He said: "For heaven's sake, why shouldn't

you have asked her? You wanted her to come, didn't you?"

"Yes. That is, I don't know. She's been back nearly three weeks and no one has invited her to dinner, and I guess Irma and I are the only ones who have called on her. It seems funny."

"It seems damned stupid, if you ask me. You women are just like a bunch of sheep; not one of you dares make a move without the other. And you've all been waiting for Carol to make the first move."

"Well, maybe we have. After all, it was Ives—"

Sam St. John laughed. "Sure, it was Ives. Well, he isn't losing any time waiting to see whether Carol's going to ask her to dinner or not."

"What do you mean? Has that started up again?" asked Eve.

"Has what started up again?"

"You know. Ives and Julie."

"How should I know? All I said was that he wasn't waiting to see what Carol was going to do about Julie. I didn't say anything had started up again."

"But you do mean he's been seeing her?"

"Well, why not? I know they've been swimming a couple of times, and someone passed them in Ives' car the other day going toward Montreal. Of course they may not have gone to Montreal."

"I bet they did. I bet they went to Montreal," said Eve. "Well, it's too late now. I've asked all three of them."

Sam said, "What do you mean, all three of them?"

"Why, Julie and Ives and Brenda. After all," said Eve dramatically, "there is Brenda. He's been going around with her now for a year and a half. You can't laugh that off, Sam St. John."

"No," agreed Sam. "I guess you can't." He walked over to the icebox and began

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taking out bottles of ginger ale. He lined up six bottles on the black-and-white linoleum and then came back and patted Eve on the shoulder. "Cheer up," he said, "it's the Fourth of July; you got to expect a certain amount of fireworks."

The last skyrocket left the earth with a hissing, frightening sound, zoomed in a tremendous arc through the black-velvet backdrop of the sky and exploded into a thousand blue and scarlet and green fragments.

Sam St. John started back toward the circle around the fire. The fire had burned itself out to a mass of pale salmon-pink embers, and the five or six people sitting around it were a vague blur of shoulders and faces and hunched-up knees. Carol Conant's dress was a whiter blur than Brenda Lane's yellow bathing suit, and the only thing discernible about Tony Conant was the right shoulder of his blue-and-white-striped beach robe. He was lying on his side, his face turned away from the fire.

"Well," said Sam to no one in particular, "that's about it—there isn't any more." He sat down beside Weston Reid.

Reid didn't say anything. Sam saw that he was looking at Carol Conant, and he thought: Weston's a queer duck. I bet he hasn't any use for any of us, really. He just puts up with us because he's got a yen for Carol. And a lot of good that will ever do him.

But after all, this was his party and Weston was his guest. He was also, as Sam knew, one of the most important defense lawyers in the East and the first wealthy New Yorker to choose Westboro as a place of summer residence. His action meant that in time the village might hope to gather to its bosom a small summer colony as prestigious as the Rockefeller Bank. Sam couldn't afford to overlook that. He had to make certain gestures.

He said: "By the way, Weston, I wonder if you would speak to the boys some Monday at Rotary. They've been at me to get you to. Any subject you like, you know. We'd certainly appreciate having the opportunity of listening to you."

Weston Reid smiled. "Way, certainly, Sam. Why not?"

Sam laughed. "That's right; why not? I guess after all the experience you've had speaking in public, it's sort of second nature for you to get up and talk. I certainly envy you the ability—"

Carol Conant stood up and started walking up the beach toward the cottage. Reid said, "Mrs. Shaw is very attractive, isn't she?"

Tony moved his eyes from Carol's white dress, which now was just a pale glimmer in the distance, to Brenda's yellow bathing suit. He said: "How about another swim before this party breaks up?"

It was so hot that at ten o'clock they were still in bathing suits that dried almost as soon as they came out of the water.

Ives said: "Sure. Wait a minute and I'll find Julie. I think she and Loring are mixing more drinks." He hauled himself to his feet and went off up the beach.

Brenda watched him go, letting her cigarette burn down until it scorched her fingers. She said: "Mrs. Shaw is very attractive, isn't she?"

"Very," said Tony. Carol's dress had disappeared completely now.

He thought: Ten days and I feel just as I did that night I walked out of her room; ten days and I don't feel anything at all about her. We can't go on this way;

at least, I can't. She doesn't seem to care; she doesn't seem to notice anything but she does. She knows something is wrong, but she doesn't know what; she doesn't know that after all these years I've suddenly stopped caring. I'll never want her again. And I've got to do something about it. We can't just go on this way. We've got to have a showdown.

Brenda said: "I may go to New York, Tony. I wanted to talk to you about it. You see, I have a chance to go there and live with a girl I know. Mary Borden. She's a professional model. I mean, she poses for commercial photographers and for the better illustrators."

"Sure, I know," said Tony—"cigarette ads and things."

"Yes," said Brenda. "She's doing awfully well. She makes about a hundred dollars a week. She's been at me for a long time to come down and sign up with an agency. She says I'm the type they're after. What do you think, Tony?"

"Sure," said Tony enthusiastically; "you'd look swell on the back of a magazine, Brenda. I think your friend is right. She's got just the right type—nice and streamlined through the hips and sort of high-hat looking through the eyebrows."

"No, but seriously, Tony, I did want to talk to you about it. You see, my father and mother are willing for me to go but I wanted to talk to someone else."

"What does Ives think about it?" asked Tony.

Brenda said, "I haven't said anything about it to him yet, but I think I'll go, Tony."

"Won't it be awfully hot in New York now?" asked Tony. "I mean, perhaps you'd better wait until fall."

"No," said Brenda, "I'm not going to wait. If I go at all I'm going now. You see, she added, her voice going brittle, "I can't think I'm going to want to be in Westboro this summer."

And suddenly Tony saw that Brenda was desperately unhappy. He said: "Well, I spent a summer in New York once. I lived in Brooklyn with a couple of fellows. We had a furnished apartment that looked out over the harbor, and we used to get a great kick out of watching the boats come in."

Tony stopped talking. Brenda wasn't listening to him. She was looking over his shoulder. Tony turned his head and saw Ives and Julie coming down the beach.

Ives signaled to Tony and Brenda. He said: "Come on, you two, let's swim out to the raft."

Brenda said: "You go on, Tony. I'm afraid to swim out over my head when it's so dark."

Ives bent down and caught her hands and pulled her to her feet. "I'll swim along beside you," he said. "If you get scared you can put your hand on my shoulder."

She took her hands away from him and pulled on a tight yellow cap. She said: "All right," and they started to follow Tony and Julie down the beach.

Halfway between the fire on the beach and the people sitting around it and the dark, curled edge of the water where Tony and Julie were waiting for them, Brenda stopped. Her hand clutched around Ives' wrist. She said: "Tell them to go on. Tell them not to wait for us. Tell them I have to telephone."

Ives looked at her and then shouted at Tony. He said, "Go on in. Don't wait for us. Brenda has to go back to the cottage to telephone."

He turned to Brenda and unclenched her hand from about his wrist and patted her shoulder gently. He said, "Mad as hell at me, aren't you, Kitten?"



It was his intimate name for her, used only in intimate minutes. She caught her breath sharply. She raised her hand, and he thought for a moment she was going to strike him. He felt the muscles of his face stiffen, and then, when she didn't strike him, he felt a little foolish.

He said, "Listen, Brenda, you're all chewed up about Julie Shaw and me, aren't you? Well, don't be."

"Brenda said in a hard, tight voice, "What do you mean, 'don't be'?"

"Just that. Don't be. There's nothing to get all up in the air about. Just take it easy, won't you?"

Brenda stared at him, her face hard and unlovely. "I know. You don't want me to make a scene. You think I may make a scene, so you're being sweet to me; you're being sweet to little Brenda so she won't behave badly and embarrass everyone. Well, you needn't worry."

"I'm not worrying. I'm just asking you to be a sweet, sensible girl and not do anything you'll be sorry for, later. There isn't any reason why I shouldn't have brought Julie to this picnic tonight. There isn't, is there? When she didn't answer him, he continued softly, "No, there isn't, and you know it, Brenda. You know it—and that's what is burning you up."

"It isn't just tonight," said Brenda. "It isn't just this silly picnic."

"What is it, then?" said Ives.

"It's all the times you've taken her swimming—and Montreal—and the way you look at her. Look," said Brenda, her voice shaking. "Why can't you be honest with me? Why can't you tell me straight out that—"

"That what, darling?"

"That she's come home and you've seen her and it's all begun again, right where it left off eight years ago. Why can't you tell me that, Ives, and be done with it?"

Ives said: "Listen, Brenda, won't you let me grow up? I like you. I like you a lot. We've had some nice times together. We've given each other a lot of fun. Now, just because—"

"I know," Brenda wrenched away from the touch of his hands on her shoulders. "Now, just because it's all over, I mustn't let on that I care. It was just a harmless flirtation, and now it's finished. Only it isn't. I won't let it end, Ives. I won't let it tell you I can't treat me like this." Her voice choked hysterically.

"Like what?" said Ives evenly, his eyes growing angry.

"Like this. Everyone feeling sorry for me."

"Listen," said Ives. "No one will feel sorry for you unless you feel sorry for yourself. There are half a dozen men who will be delighted to take my place."

"Then you are through? Then I am right. You are all washed up with me?"

"I didn't say that."

"But it's what you meant. It is what you meant, isn't it? Well, I won't stay here and give everyone in this damn town a chance to laugh at me. I don't have to stay here. I can go to New York."

"That job with the model agency?"

"Yes. Mary Borden keeps writing to me. The only reason I haven't gone before is—well, you know. I couldn't bear to leave you, Ives. But now—"

"Now you want to go?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's probably a good idea. I told

you six months ago you ought to go."
"I know you did. I guess even then you wanted to get me out of town."

"That isn't true and you know it isn't. I simply said that you were the sort of girl who should be in New York; that it was a shame for you to bury yourself here in Westboro. You'll go a long way in New York, Brenda; you'll probably go so far that you'll end up in Hollywood."
"I don't want to end up in Hollywood. It's too far away. If I went to Hollywood, I would never see you. But if I go to New York—" She paused and considered him moodily. "If I go to New York, Ives, and take a small apartment, will you come to see me?"

He said, "You know I will. I'm in New York two or three times a month. We'll have dinner and dance. And in the fall I may even take an apartment there myself, before going to Nassau."

He was a fool. There was no sense in this. He didn't want to see her in New York. He certainly didn't intend to take an apartment there this fall. Why was he deliberately letting her think he might? Why couldn't he break this off completely, right here and now?

In trying to be kind, he was really being cruel. Or was he? She would go to New York and have a gay time and in almost no time she would have forgotten all about him. That was what he was counting on. That was what men always counted on, he supposed, when they broke off an unimportant love affair with a girl. And a little kindness now, a little skillful evading of the truth, couldn't possibly hurt.

She said, "If I thought you would, Ives; if I could count on that . . ."

He linked his arm through hers. They started back toward the group around the fire. He said: "Well, you can. You go to New York and have a nice glamorous time, and we'll still manage to see a lot of each other."

Julie was swimming without a cap, her short black hair floating on the water about her small face. She swam easily, without effort. Tony swam close to her on his side, his eyes on her face.

She smiled at him. She said: "Let's rest awhile when we get out there before we start back."

Tony said, "Okay," and five minutes later they pulled themselves up on the raft and sat side by side.

Julie said, "I haven't seen you since that Sunday—"

"No," said Tony. He wished he knew how to tell her what had happened between him and Carol. He wanted to say: "See here, everything has cracked wide open for me since I saw you last. That day I was in love with my wife. Now I'm not. I don't know why I'm not, but I'm not."

He said: "I've been pretty busy, I guess." Then he asked: "How's everything going?"

"Everything's going fine. Michael's gained two pounds. She's sleeping a lot better, too. She wasn't sleeping at all well in New York. That was one of the things . . ." Her voice trailed away lightly. She said: "About Carol's asking me to dinner—don't let that bother you, will you? I don't mind; really, I don't."

Tony said: "As a matter of fact, I didn't ask her."

"Well, don't, then."
"You don't quite understand," said Tony. "You see, I don't think I'm going to live with her much longer, so there's not much sense in asking her to have anyone to dinner."

"Oh," said Julie, her voice shocked. "I didn't know. I supposed—"

"Yes," said Tony, "so did I." He added,



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"Listen, we'd better be starting back. They'll be wondering what's happened to us."

"All right," said Julie. They let themselves down into the water and started to swim back.

"I suppose there's no use asking if I can come in?" said Ives.

"No," said Julie. She was holding her wet bathing suit wrapped in a towel on her lap. She looked toward the house. The upstairs was all dark. Downstairs there was one light burning in the sitting room. It had a thin parchment shade.

It was the new lamp with the copper base that she had bought the day before: the parchment-shaded lamp and the blue chair, the two hooked rugs for Michael's room and the dressing table with the blue-and-white petticoat and the ruffled curtains with the blue dots. That was all; that was absolutely all. She felt a little faint now when she thought how the four figures in her bankbook had suddenly become three figures. Three nice big figures; still, only three figures. Not four any more.

"Listen," said Ives, "what harm can it do if I come in for half an hour? It's not more than eleven. I'll leave before twelve."

"No," said Julie.

"Did Michael like the rabbit we brought her from Montreal?"

"It wasn't a rabbit," said Julie. "It was a little white, woolly lamb."

"Well," said Ives, "whatever it was, did she like it?"

"Yes," said Julie. "But I'm afraid it won't make her like you any better."

"So she doesn't like me? So Michael Shaw's little girl doesn't like me?"

"No," said Julie, sighing softly, "she doesn't."

"See here," said Ives, "that's silly. You know it is. Why shouldn't she like me? I've always been nice to her, haven't I?"

"I know," said Julie. "It told her it was silly. I told her there was no sense to it. Maybe she'll get over it," she added slowly.

"But in the meantime, I can't come in."

"That hasn't anything to do with your coming in."

"You mean you just don't want me to. Is that it?"

"I mean I'm too tired to argue with you about—well, you know what."

"Listen," said Ives, "haven't I been good? Haven't I taken you swimming and didn't we drive to Montreal and back together and have dinner at the Mount Royal and dance and did I make love to you? Did I?"

"No," said Julie, "you didn't."

"And do you know why I didn't?"

"No," said Julie, "but I think I can guess."

"Oh, so you think you can guess. Well, if you're so darn smart go ahead and guess. But I'll bet you're wrong; I'll bet you're not within a mile of being right."

"All right, I'm wrong. You tell me. Why haven't you?"

"Because I don't want to make love to you. I mean, I want to but I want something else more. I want just what I wanted eight years ago—just what I wanted ever since . . . I want to marry you."

"That's what I thought you wanted," said Julie. Then she said, "Oh, dear, this bathing suit is dripping all over me."

"Well," said Ives, "you could sit here. You wouldn't let me come in with you where we could be comfortable and talk this thing out decently. No, we have to sit in a car with a wet bathing suit dripping all over you."

"Oh, very well," said Julie. "Come on in, then, but please be quiet. If Michael wakes up at this time of night she's hours getting back to sleep."

"Don't worry," said Ives. "I'll remember not to speak above a whisper."

They ran up the glistening flagstones. In the square white handbox of a hall Julie put her finger on her lips and Ives sneezed violently.

"Good Lord!" he whispered. "Now I've done it. Now I've probably wakened her." "Don't be silly," said Julie, giggling softly. "I'll just go up and see that the windows are fixed all right."

She ran lightly up the narrow stairs; tiptoed into Michael's room. Michael was sleeping on her side, her brown hair clutched in her arms. In the dim light from the hall Julie could see the pale golden puff of hair spread out on the flat little pillow.

She bent down and kissed the fluff of hair. She said, the words forming silently on her lips: "You are silly, Michael; it's the thing to do. It's the sensible, reasonable intelligent thing to do, darling. It means nice little handmade dresses and French lessons and a pony to ride and the right schools later on and a lovely coming-out party and a wedding with a long white veil and orange blossoms."

"It means all that, darling, and it's the only way you'll ever have any of it and you ought to have it—you really ought. You would have had it if I had waited and grown up a little and not been so afraid of being hurt, but it's not too late if we're both sensible about this."

She straightened up and went into her own room. She put on a white wool dress and a pale blue sweater. She ran a comb through her hair that was still damp from swimming without a cap.

She did all this in the dark, without turning on a lamp. When the comb left her hair, soft curls sprang back on her forehead and over her ears. She found a powder puff and ran it over her face. She remembered how Ives had sneezed in the hall downstairs and she wanted to laugh; then she remembered suddenly how Tony's voice had sounded out there on the raft, saying, "I don't think I'm going to live with her much longer," and she wanted to cry.

Tony was sweet. He was the sweetest person she had ever known. He ought to have a happy life. He had all the things a woman valued most in a man: a tenderness and understanding and a nice, warm sense of humor and steadfastness.

Living with Tony would never be an exciting adventure but it would be a lovely experience. Living with Tony would be a great deal like what living with Michael Shaw would have been, if Michael had lived. She didn't know how she knew that she did. But he hadn't lived and so things had been pretty bad for her and his young daughter; she hadn't minded for herself but she had minded terribly for young Michael.

She ran noiselessly down the stairs. If only she could be sure this beautiful immunity where Ives was concerned would last, there might be something she could do about it. But she had to be sure. She couldn't risk that again; she simply couldn't. Not even for Michael.

"Now, let's get down to brass tacks. Just how much money have you got?"

Ives stopped prowling around the room and sat down in the new blue chair. Julie got up and walked over to the black walnut secretary and picked up a checkbook. She crossed the room and held it out to him.

He took it, snapped it open, scowled at



it and said: "Is that all? Just nine hundred dollars?"

"Nine hundred and eighty-seven dollars and forty-five cents," said Julie.

"But that's nothing. That is, it's very little."

"I know," said Julie. "But the car is paid for and three months' rent on this house. Perhaps I shouldn't have bought the car but it was only three-fifty and I almost have to have a car, don't you think?"

"Of course you have to have a car," said Ives crossly. "You have to have a lot of things, for that matter. You have to have food and clothes and servants." "Not servants," said Julie. "Just Mrs. McCurn. She used to be father's housekeeper, remember, and she said she would come for five dollars a week. It's absurd, I know, but it's all I could pay."

"Listen," said Ives, closing the checkbook and tossing it to her, "you can't go on like this. It doesn't make sense. What about that job in New York?"

"It's not a very good job," admitted Julie, "but I can have it back in October."

"How good is it?" insisted Ives.

She told him, mentioning exact figures.

"And you have to pay for an apartment and a nurse for Michael out of that?"

"Yes," said Julie, "and doctor's and dentist's bills, and nursery school and dancing lessons."

"Listen," said Ives suspiciously, "how did you get the money to take this vacation?"

"There was a paid-up endowment policy that Father took out for me when I was just a kid. It came due in May. Eighteen hundred dollars."

"So you decided to blow it on a holiday?"

"You don't understand. Michael had been ill. She nearly died in March. Besides, we've never had any time together—just half-holidays and Sundays and a little time matched in the morning and a little time at night. She was growing up and I didn't know her at all. And she was picking up all sorts of wrong behavior habits. She was having tantrums when she didn't get her own way, and she wasn't eating properly. In another year or two she'd have been a brat, Ives, a spoiled little brat."

"And you think one summer with you will change all that?"

"I don't know. I hope so. At least, it will help. It already has. She's a different child."

"But in the fall you'll have to go back to New York and this measly job, and you'll have to turn her over to a nurse-maid, and in no time at all she'll be right back where she was."

"Well?" said Julie, looking at him squarely.

"Don't go back. Stay here and marry me, instead. We'll be married in October when the rent runs out on this house." He grinned at her.

Stay here and marry me in October—and I'll love you and be faithful to you to the end of my days and yours. You wouldn't, Ives. You're not made that way. And I want faithfulness. Or do I? Once I thought I did. Once I was so sure that I wanted I wanted from you that when I found I couldn't have it, I ran away and married someone else. But I loved you then, Ives, and now I don't.

For a long time I haven't loved you the least little bit. You look very handsome sitting there in your white flannels and your blue shirt but I don't love you and you couldn't ever hurt me again; no matter how badly you let me down, you couldn't ever hurt me again. And it would be a swell thing for Michael if I married you, Ives.

She said: "What about this other girl? What about this Brenda Lane?"

"Well," said Ives, "what about her?"

"If I marry you, what happens to her? Where does she fit into the picture?"

"She doesn't fit into it. She drops out of it. Completely."

"You mean, you don't—that is, you're not involved?"

"Of course I'm involved—up to a point. Not beyond it. If I tell her I'm going to marry you, she'll go to New York and get a job and forget me inside of six months."

"You don't really believe that," said Julie.

"Of course I believe it. You do, too."

"I wouldn't want to hurt another woman," said Julie slowly. "I wouldn't want to barge in and crack up things for a young girl like that."

"Well, don't you worry about that. You leave Brenda to me. You will marry me?"

"I haven't said I would," said Julie. But she knew she was going to. She felt numb all over, beautifully numb. The room swam around pleasantly in a sort of golden light. Eight years is a long time; it is long enough to get over being in love with anyone.

There was nothing to be afraid of. She didn't have to think of herself at all. All she had to think of was Michael.

"But you will?" persisted Ives. "You will marry me, won't you, Julie?"

"I don't know, I might. I've got to think it over. I can't decide right off like this." Her breath was coming very fast; her heart was beating violently but her body still felt light and numb.

"But I'll bet you have been thinking it over. I'll bet you've been thinking about it ever since that first afternoon."

"Well, maybe I have. But I've got to think some more—and you've got to go home."

"Listen," said Ives, "if you throw me over again and go back to New York you're going to have a dreary time of it—and that little girl of yours is going to have a dreary time of it. You pretend to think so damn much of her, and yet when you have a chance—"

"Shut up!" said Julie violently. When she was breathing evenly again and her heart was beating normally, she added: "Don't you think I've thought of all that?"

"Well, then."

"I'm too tired to decide tonight—and anyway, I've got to talk to Michael about it. But I'll let you know."

"When will you let me know?"

"Right away. Within a few days. Really I will, Ives. And now—"

"I know. Now you want me to go. All right, I'll go. But you think hard. You remember everything I've told you."

"Yes," said Julie, "I intend to." Her voice was breathless again. She was urging him toward the hall. Now he had the screen door open. In a minute he would be gone; he would be gone and she hadn't promised anything. She'd just promised to think about it.

In that minute he put his arms around her and kissed her hard on the mouth. He said: "You might think that over at the same time."

The screen door slammed softly. She leaned against it, breathing hard, one hand pressed against her mouth. She watched him jump into his car and back

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it out of the driveway. She turned and went softly up the stairs.

When Weston Reid went to France with the New England Division in nineteen-eighteen, he was twenty-eight years old, a junior partner in a State Street law firm, making five thousand dollars a year. He came back eighteen months later, determined to become one of the best defense lawyers in the country before he was forty-five. And the incredible part of it was, he did it.

But he didn't have time for much else. He didn't have time, for instance, to get married or have children or even make many close friends. So when, in the spring of nineteen thirty-three, he met Carol Conant on an English boat headed for the West Indies, his life was singularly uncluttered.

He met her at a cocktail party in the captain's cabin. By the time they reached Kingston, their first port, he knew he was in love with her. By the end of the cruise he had decided that she was the woman with whom he wanted to spend the rest of his life.

He realized that she was the proud, repressed type that would be hard to express emotionally, but this stimulated rather than discouraged him. He wanted Carol, and he determined to have her. The fact that she refused to dine with him in New York when he called her at her hotel only piqued him into action.

He came to Vermont, bought the farm that adjoined her property, remodeled the old New England farmhouse, added stables, riding horses, a rose garden, a tennis court. He arranged his affairs so that he could spend part of each week there. He met her husband and friends. He became a quiet, inconspicuous but definite part of her life.

For two summers he had remained that—and nothing more. He had waited patiently. But this morning, the morning after Eve St. John's party, walking with Carol across the Westboro golf course, he decided he had waited long enough.

When they reached the ninth green, he said: "You know what I told you last night? Well, you see if I'm not right."

Carol bent down and teed her golf ball carefully. Then she picked up her driver, took three practice swings and said: "How did you happen to come to Westboro, Weston?"

His mouth relaxed into a slow smile. He said: "Why didn't you have dinner with me that night in New York?"

She said: "I can't remember. I probably had another engagement."

"Or maybe you just didn't want to go on with it. I had been acceptable enough on the cruise but I might not have worked out so well in New York. I might even have been a nuisance in New York."

"Well, you know yourself how those things are. You meet someone on a cruise and you enjoy knowing them, but when you see them afterward everything goes suddenly flat; you find you haven't anything in common."

"I don't suppose it ever occurred to you that I might be in love with you?" said Weston, regarding her thoughtfully.

"No, it didn't. At least, not then. Were you?"

"Yes."

"And that's why you came to Westboro?"

"Yes. Haven't you thought that might have been the reason?"

"Yes. I thought that at first but later when you never—well, later, I thought I must be wrong."

"Well, you weren't. You were right."

"But you knew I was married," protested Carol. "You knew about Tony."

"And you think that should have discouraged me?"

"Well, didn't it?"

"No."

"But I never gave you any reason to suppose that I wasn't—that is, that my marriage wasn't satisfactory."

"No," said Weston. "You never did." He added, "Is it?"

"Yes," said Carol.

"That's funny," said Weston reflectively. "I should have said it wasn't."

"I know more about that than you do, shouldn't you think?"

"Yes," agreed Weston; "only you probably wouldn't be as truthful about it."

"This is utterly absurd."

"That's what you said last night when I told you—"

"I remember perfectly what you told me."

"Why do you shy away from it? Why don't you face the thing intelligently?"

"Because there is nothing to face."

"And by the way," continued Weston, as though she hadn't spoken, "you'd be wiser to be more friendly toward her. It works out better in the long run."

"I don't know what you're talking about, Weston."

"Oh, yes, you do. You know I'm talking about that little Mrs. Shaw. I'm talking about her and Tony."

"You're deliberately trying to make me jealous," said Carol slowly. "You can't, of course."

"I know that. You can only be jealous of someone you love. At least, so I've been told."

"And you think I don't love Tony?"

"I know damn well you don't," Weston stared at her. He said: "How did you happen to marry him in the first place?"

She stared back at him, her eyes for the moment unguarded. She said, "I don't know, really." Then she added, "Yes, I do, too. He reminded me a little, a very little, of someone else."

The summer of nineteen twenty-eight.

The summer Weston Reid had been busy becoming an important defense lawyer in New York. The summer Ives Towner, freshly graduated from college, was trying to get Julie Shaw, then little Julie Weir, to marry him. The summer Tony Conant was living in Randall Phillips' sister's apartment in Brooklyn Heights. The summer Brenda Lane had been thirteen and finding out about sex in Rochester. The summer Michael Shaw had come up from Charleston, South Carolina, and stayed at the inn.

Michael was Carol's third cousin. His mother had been her mother's second cousin. Her family had tried to get him to stay with them. But Michael had preferred to go to the inn at the time. He was writing a novel and could do better work if he were by himself. But he would come around for tennis in the afternoon if he might—and his smile had been the most beautiful smile Carol had ever seen. And his head was golden in the bright summer sunlight, when he ran across the center court, that August.

Afterward, drinking lemonade at the summerhouse, he told her about his novel and about how he wanted to go to France to finish it. But he had very little money and it was a long way to go alone.

Oh, Michael, take me with you. I love you so. I love your golden hair and your brown eyes. I love your smile and the way you play tennis and the way you walk.

I have plenty of money, Michael, and if I am with you you will never be lonely again. I have plenty of money, and some day I shall have a lot more. We can live in France or New York or Vienna. We



can travel and you can write novels, and when you aren't writing novels you can make love to me.

I have been very carefully educated, Michael, and I am clever with people. When you become famous, as you will, I will be a great help to you.

But he had not married her. And he had never lived to become a famous young novelist. He had died, instead.

And she had married Tony Conant. Because he reminded her a little of Michael Shaw, that June day when she walked down those stairs at that wedding in Springfield.

His hair had not been as golden or his smile as beautiful, but he had been tall, with the same flat, straight shoulders and the same way of carrying himself lightly, with his head up, like a dancer. And it had been three years, and three years was too long. She couldn't go on mourning Michael forever.

So she had married Tony. And in a pitifully short time she had realized that the resemblance she had clutched at had been too vague to be of much use—and so, presently, she had stopped trying to identify this young man she had married with Michael Shaw.

And that had been the beginning of this situation between Tony and herself which had come to a climax the other night when he had walked out of her room.

She had not been too much disturbed at the time, and even now, ten days later, with Weston Reid taking this absurd attitude about Tony and Julie Shaw, she refused to be alarmed. Tony, she told herself with calm assurance, was too much in love with her to know another woman existed.

She was, then, utterly unprepared for Tony's saying to her, two hours later: "Carol, when you come back from England in September, I am going to ask you to divorce me."

It was five o'clock in the afternoon—and very hot. She had lunched at the club and played bridge until four and had a Tom Collins on the veranda with Sam St. John and Weston and Irma North. Then she had driven home and left the car in the driveway and walked slowly into the house. She had meant to undress and have a cold shower and lie flat on her back in a room with drawn shades until time to dress for dinner.

And now here was Tony, facing her in the living room, his thin face looking more tired than ever, his dispassionate voice, saying: "Carol, when you come back from England in September, I am going to ask you to divorce me."

She sat down because suddenly her legs refused to hold her upright. She stared at him speechlessly, her composure for the minute deserting her. She said finally, "But this is absurd!" and remembered with a sharp sense of disaster that that was exactly what she had told Weston Reid the night before, when he had said, "You know, Carol, that your husband is rapidly falling in love with Mrs. Shaw."

"No," said Tony, "it isn't absurd. It only seems so to you because you haven't thought about it; because it has apparently never occurred to you that we shouldn't go on like this indefinitely. As a matter of fact, Carol, our going on together is what is absurd."

"I don't know what you mean," said Carol. "You have given me every reason

Michael and being so disconcertingly yourself.

She said: "If I have been such a failure as a wife, Tony, I'm sorry—but there are some things we have very little control over."

Tony said wretchedly: "That may be true. And I loved you so terribly much that for a long time I was willing to do with very little."

"But now you no longer are?"

"No," said Tony.

Carol took a deep breath. She said, because she had to know: "Is there anyone else? Another woman?"

For a moment Tony didn't answer her. In that moment he was conscious of Julie Shaw lying flat on her back with the sun beating against her eyelids—but that was ridiculous. Julie Shaw had nothing to do with this. He wasn't in love with her; he had never been in love with anyone, but Carol—she probably never could be—but he couldn't go on living with her and retain any sense of decency, any shred of self-respect.

He said: "No, there isn't anyone else."

She breathed again. She felt suddenly light and warm and reassured. Weston Reid had been wrong. There was nothing to fear. And as for this absurd idea of Tony's that he wanted a divorce—he'd get over that. Something had upset him; he was indulging in a bad case of nerves, but it wouldn't last. She'd go to England next week instead of in three weeks as she had planned.

When she came back, he would have forgotten the whole thing. When she came back, she would even try to see that things were different between them, better. After all, eight years is a long time; she was no longer quite young and Tony was very sweet. If she could bring herself to relinquish this ghost of a love and turn to the reality that was waiting for her in Tony's arms, she might still find happiness of a sort.

She said: "In that case, let's leave this until I come back from England. I've arranged to sail next week instead of the first of next month. I found I could get better accommodations."

Tony said, "Very well; I suppose there is no reason why we shouldn't leave it until you return." But even as he said this, he had a vague but tormenting conviction that he was making a mistake; that there was some reason why he should have insisted upon getting the matter cleared up before she left.

It was a very gay midseason dance. It might have been any dance eight years ago, Julie decided, her hand light on Ives' blue-coated shoulder. The ballroom was the same; the music was the same. That is, it wasn't the same, really, but it sounded the same. The crowd was the same. She could turn her head and see the same people she would have seen eight years ago.

Some of them had changed quite a lot. Sam St. John had, for instance. Eight years ago he had been a chubby young man with a good-natured smile. Now he was fat and slightly bald. But Eve hadn't changed at all. She was still slim and eager-looking.

Yes, it was the same crowd. Or almost. For a fleeting second, violent in its intensity, it almost seemed as if that golden-haired youth dancing with Brenda Lane might be Michael Shaw. But it wasn't Michael, of course. And eight years ago, there hadn't been any Brenda Lane—that lovely dark girl whom Ives was involved with. . . . up to a point.

Julie wondered what point that was and how much it affected her and her future relationship with Ives, and at that moment Ives said: "Well, it's the

fifth of August. It's been exactly one month since you said you'd think about—you know what."

"Yes," said Julie.

"Well," said Ives, "have you thought about it?"

"Yes, I've thought that I couldn't keep putting you off much longer."

"You're right about that," said Ives. "You've got to make up your mind. We can't go on this way."

"Yes," said Julie. "I know we can't." "Then why don't you do something about it?" asked Ives softly.

Julie said: "I'm going to do something about it."

"When?" asked Ives.

"Tonight," said Julie, and then Tony Conant cut in.

They danced halfway around the floor, and Tony said: "How about a drink?"

In the bar, which at the moment was deserted, Tony said to the barkeeper: "Two brandies, Jake." He turned to Julie. "Well, how's tricks?"

Julie smiled at him. He was looking very thin and not at all happy. Looking at him, she had the same feeling she sometimes had looking at Michael. She wanted to put her arms around him and draw his head down on her shoulder and hold it there. Whenever she was with Tony, she felt maternal and protective, which was absurd, of course, because he was quite able to look out for himself. Or was he?

No, she decided, he wasn't, and that was probably the reason why she always felt the way she did when she was with him, or when she thought about him. And lately she had been thinking about him a lot. She had been wondering how he had come out with Carol—and whether, when she came back from England next month, he was going to continue to live with her.

She said: "Everything's all right with me. How about you?"

Jake slid two brandies across the top of the bar, and Tony carried them to a table in the corner. They sat down, and he smiled at Julie and said: "She's going to let me know when she comes back from England next month. I was probably a fool to let her go without having anything settled, but she asked me to wait and it seemed the only decent thing to do under the circumstances."

"Of course," said Julie.

"She can't possibly wait to go on with it. Not now, would you think?"

"No," said Julie. "I shouldn't think so."

"I mean," said Tony, "she's felt the same way I feel now for years, probably. Only she didn't do anything about it. She probably never would have. You see," he explained carefully, "it was different with her. After all, it's her own money that she spends. It was one thing for her to live with me and not—well, not care a hoot about me; it's another thing for me to go on living with her. It was bad enough, her having so much money, when I was crazy about her. Now it would be a thousand times worse."

"Yes," said Julie, "of course."

"So when she comes back, I'm going to insist that we get the thing washed up as soon as possible. She can go to Reno and there won't need to be any unpleasant publicity. These things happen all the time."

Julie wanted to reach across the table and squeeze his hand hard. She wanted to comfort him, make him look happier and less tired. All her life she had been terrifiedly stirred by anyone's need of her; it had been one reason why she had run off with Michael Shaw. He had been begging her to marry him all summer. He had said he needed her so—and



when Ives had shown her so plainly that he didn't need her at all, she had gone with Mike.

And he had needed her. But for such a little while; for such a tragically little while. And for a long time, now, no one had needed her at all—except young Michael, of course. Certainly Ives didn't. If only, she thought, Ives could manage to need her just a little. She looked up, then, and saw Brenda Lane coming into the bar with the blond young man who might have been Michael Shaw eight years ago.

Brenda walked toward them. She said: "Hello, you two. Where's Ives?"

Tony said: "I think he's dancing. Won't you sit down?"

"No," said Brenda. "I think not," and she looked unpleasantly at Julie.

The blond young man looked embarrassed, and Tony looked annoyed. He said: "Well, if you're looking for Ives, he isn't here."

"No," said Brenda. "I see that he isn't." Then she said, "You might tell him, Mrs. Shaw, that I still like to dance with him. Any time you can spare him for a few minutes."

"I'll tell him that," said Julie gently. "And I can spare him almost any time."

"Can you?" said Brenda. "I don't think so. I think you're the kind of woman who would hang on to a man no matter what."

"Brenda!" said Tony warningly, getting to his feet.

"Well," said Brenda, "I mean it! I mean every word of it." She leaned forward suddenly and snatched up Tony's brandy glass. She said: "I don't like what you've been doing to me; now see how you like this!" And she flung the brandy neatly in Julie's face.

Julie said, "Give me your handkerchief, Tony."

Brenda said, "Yes, Tony, give her your handkerchief, and your shoulder to cry on, and anything else she wants," and she turned and walked with complete calmness out of the bar. The blond young man followed her.

"Tony said: 'She must have been drinking, Julie.'"

Jake said: "Sure; she's been drinking absinthe flips all evening. She's tight as a coot."

Julie said: "It doesn't matter." She added abruptly: "Let's dance, Tony." A few minutes later, dancing, she spoke again. "Don't say anything to Ives about what happened, will you?"

"No," said Tony, "not if you say not to."

"What about that barkeeper?"

"He won't mention it if I ask him not to and slip him five dollars."

"All right," said Julie; "ask him not to. Ask him now, Tony—and you'd better make it ten instead of five. Just to make sure."

Ives took a step forward. Now his head came out of the shadows and then his shoulders, and with another step he would be standing completely in the pool of light that the parchment-shaded lamp threw on the green carpet.

Julie said: "No. Stay where you are." She pushed back against the nearest piece, her arms folded over her small, firm breasts. She was breathing fast, and her arms rose and fell with each breath. They looked very bare and white against the red chiffon of her dress.

Ives said: "All right; but you've got to tell me before I leave. We can't go on this way. Besides, you promised. You said—"

"I know," said Julie. "I said I'd tell you tonight."

"Why are you so afraid of being in love with me again?" asked Ives.

"I don't know," said Julie, and then: "Yes, I do know, too."

"Well, it doesn't matter, because you're not in love with me. Or are you?"

She didn't answer him.

"So that's it? You think that perhaps you are, and if you are you don't want to marry me—you don't want any part of it. Is that it, Julie?"

"Yes, I guess that's it."

"Why?" asked Ives. "Why don't you? What are you so afraid of?"

"Myself," said Julie.

Ives frowned. "You'll have to explain that, I guess."

"Well, it's like this. I'm such a rottenly possessive person, Ives—when I love anyone, I mean. It's awful, really; it goes 'way down deep inside of me. I can be tolerant and generous with people I like but not with people I love. They're mine—every breath they draw; every thought they have; every emotion they feel. I can't share them—not with anyone. They have to belong to me. Not just when they're with me, but all the time. There couldn't be any little extramarital detours on the side; not any, Ives."

"And you think there would be?"

"Yes. With you—because you're like that. It wouldn't mean anything, maybe—that is, it wouldn't to you. But it would to me. That is, it would if I loved you."

"And you do love me?"

Julie didn't answer him. She just stood there, her eyes brooding, narrow, gray-green, a little defiant, a little supplanting.

"Darling," said Ives, "darling little Julie. Look at me."

For a long time she looked at his mouth. Then she looked at his eyes—and now all the defiance had gone out of her own eyes and only the supplication remained. In the little circle of pale lamplight, her face looked small and white and childish. All the adulthood was drained from it. It was a face soft and yielding, pale and sweet with desire.

"Oh, God," said Ives huskily. "I'll be good to you, little Julie. If you want faithfulness, you'll get it. So help me you will. If that's what you want, you shall have it. You just wait and see, darling."

He began raining kisses on her face. On her mouth and her eyes, which were closed now, and on the slender whiteness of her throat. His words went on, muffled now against her neck. He said:

"We'll go to Europe on our honeymoon. We'll go to Rome, darling. Rome is a lovely city to spend a honeymoon in. And later, we'll go to Vienna and be very gay, and then north to Stockholm. Everyone should go to Stockholm at least once."

He laughed then, exultantly, and slid his hands down to her elbows and lifted her off the floor and swung her back and forth, like a paper doll, and her feet, in their silver sandals, hung narrow and shining from under her swirling red chiffon skirt.

He said: "Think of it, sweetheart. Rome in September and Vienna in October and Stockholm in November. Home for Christmas—Christmas in Vermont."

Julie said: "But three months is too long. I can't leave Michael for three months. Not possibly, darling." Her voice was soft and breathless.

"Oh, yes, you can," said Ives. "We'll get a trained nurse and a governess, or

maybe we'll put her in a school—a good school, Julie. Just until we get back; just for these months, Julie."

Out in the hall Michael caught her breath in a tight, hard sob.

She had heard her mother come in and hadn't been able to go back to sleep. She had waited and waited for her to come upstairs, and when she didn't come upstairs, Michael had slid out of bed and tiptoed out into the hall. From the top of the stairs she could hear voices, and her mother's sounded frightened and strange. She was saying: "No, Stay where you are."

With her heart pounding violently, Michael had crept down the stairs and looked in at the door. And then she had wondered why her mother had sounded so frightened, because the person with her was just Mr. Ives Towner who was around a lot. Then, while she stood there not knowing whether to say something and so let them know she was there or just go back upstairs because Julie wouldn't like it if she listened when they didn't know it, everything had seemed to happen at once.

Both Julie and Mr. Towner, whom she didn't like much because of Mummy, began talking very fast. Michael didn't understand what it was all about, but there was a lot about being afraid of something and being in love and his being good to Mummy, and then he was kissing her and now he had picked her up in his arms and was swinging her back and forth, and he was going to take her away to lots of places Michael had never even heard of. And they were going to put her, Michael, in a school or else leave her with a nurse, an awful trained nurse who would be worse than the other kind—and Mummy had promised she would never send her away.

There was Martha Jane Squiers in New York who lived in the apartment downstairs, who had been sent away to school last year because her new father didn't like her to have her around. And now Michael was going to have a new father and she would have to go away, too—you always had to go away when you had a new father. Martha Jane had explained all that to Michael, and Martha Jane ought to know because she'd had three.

Suddenly that dry, hard sob pushed up in Michael's throat and she began to tremble violently. Sobbing noiselessly, she turned and ran up the stairs, still careful not to let them hear her, even when her whole little-girl world had crashed suddenly about her head. Mummy had promised and she wasn't going to keep her promise—never again would Michael believe in anything—and life, which had just begun to be so lovely and safe, suddenly became ugly and frightening. By the time Michael had reached the top of the stairs she was making terrible wrenched noises, and she didn't care whether they heard her or not.

But they didn't hear her. They didn't hear her because Ives was laughing and saying: "Five weeks. It's taken me five weeks to convince you that this is the thing to do—that it is the only thing to do. Eight years and five weeks, Julie, and everything is all right again. Everything is lovely again."

For five years now, or ever since his father and mother had been killed in that accident in Florida, Ives had lived summers at the Westboro Inn. In the winter, when the inn closed, he usually stayed in New York until after Christmas and then went to Nassau or Bermuda or somewhere until Easter. And other months in New York, and then the

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PHONE TO FIND WHO SELLS IT...SEE PAGE 7

inn was open and he was back in Westboro for the summer. It made a pleasant arrangement for a young man who could handle the affairs of his estate and his sister's equally well from any of these three points, having left them more or less safely in the competent elderly hands they had been in before his father's untimely death.

Tonight, the lobby of the inn was deserted when Ives came into it after leaving Julie. The night clerk was apparently lingering over his midnight meal in the kitchen, and none of the guests were about. Then Dick, the boy who ran the elevator, came out of a telephone booth, and Ives stepped into the elevator. A moment later, he wondered if he imagined it or if there was a silly grin on the boy's face.

Then the lad spoke, and he knew he hadn't imagined it. He said: "Just took a lady up to your suite, Mr. Towner. Hope it was all right." Every inflection of his voice suggested a tip—a generous one. His grin said, "I won't mean to mention it, of course, but for a couple of dollars, I'll be sure not to."

Ives said: "What lady, Dick?" but even as he asked, he knew. Brenda must be crazy to do a thing like this, he told himself; she must be out of her mind. You couldn't get away with coming to a man's rooms after midnight—not in Westboro, you couldn't.

"It was Miss Lane, Brenda Lane, Mr. Towner, and she said you were expecting her." The silly grin had slid from the boy's face and he looked frightened.

"After this," said Ives, "when I'm expecting guests after ten o'clock at night, I'll tell you myself."

"Yes, sir," agreed the boy, all thought of a tip receding from his mind, fear of losing his job taking its place. But how was he to know? She'd said it was all right and she'd been here before; never quite so late perhaps and never alone, still she'd been here.

Ives stepped out of the elevator, said, "Miss Lane will be leaving immediately," and walked down the hall and disappeared into the first corridor on the right. Dick settled down with a magazine; he'd wait up on this floor if that was the case.

Brenda was sitting on the davenport. She looked up and her lips formed a smile but her eyes didn't smile; they simply looked at him.

Ives said: "Hello, Brenda. This wasn't very wise of you, you know." And he thought, I've got to be careful how I handle this. She's brittle as glass, and she's been drinking too much.

Brenda said: "You've been a long time coming." She was wearing a black dress and her red mouth looked like a fresh wound against the drawn whiteness of her face. She lifted her arms and looked behind her head and a slender silver bracelet slid halfway down one bare arm to her elbow. It was a bracelet Ives had brought her from Nassau the spring before. It annoyed him now to see that she was wearing it; it annoyed him to think he had brought it to her—to remember that, since he had, he had worn it almost constantly.

He said: "And now that I have come, you have to leave. At once."

"Oh, no," said Brenda. "I'm not leaving. I'm staying right here until we get something settled." She said then, her voice mocking, "So if I would be a good girl and go to New York, you'd come down a lot; you'd even take an apartment there in the fall. You can't mean a word of it, did you, darling?"

"I don't know whether I did or not," said Ives. "I may have meant it that night. I probably did."

"You mean that since that night things have changed?"

"Yes," said Ives. "That's exactly what I mean." And he thought, She's right. We may as well get this settled right now.

"Then you weren't sure whether you wanted Julie Shaw again or not, and now you have found out that you do?"

"Yes," said Ives. He added slowly, "You may as well get this straight, Brenda. I want her so much I am going to marry her."

"No," said Brenda, and suddenly she was on her feet coming toward him. "No, Ives, you can't!"

"But I can," said Ives. "Now you listen to me." He pushed her gently into a chair and stood looking down at her. "Did I ever tell you I loved you or wanted to marry you? Did I ever give you any reason to suppose that I ever would? No, I never did. I've played around with you and made love to you and danced with you and sent you flowers and bought you drinks and that damned bracelet but that's all—that's absolutely all, isn't it?"

She didn't answer him. She simply sat there in the chair, her hands clutching its arms.

Ives went on: "I've made it clear to you from the start that it wasn't serious—that if it was marriage you were looking for, it wasn't any good. I've never led you on or let you think anything else. Now you come here and try to start something. You try to make things tough for me. Well, you can't do it. I've waited eight years for this second chance with Julie, and I'm going to have it. Do you understand, I'm going to have it—and neither you nor anyone else is going to stop me!"

The telephone rang, and he turned to answer it. He said: "Hello," and then, his voice losing its impersonal note, "Oh, hello, Julie. Just a minute, please." He was struggling with Brenda, trying to push her away and she was laughing shrilly, and suddenly she had snatched the instrument out of his hands and was saying: "So sorry, Mrs. Shaw, but could you, perhaps, call a little later?"

With one hand he flung her back into the chair, and with the other he picked up the receiver. His face was white. He gave the operator Julie's number and waited while she rang. He could hear her ringing, and as he listened he knew Julie wasn't going to answer—and he knew why. Behind him, Brenda was laughing hysterically.

After a while the operator said: "Sorry; the number doesn't answer. Shall I keep on calling?"

"No," said Ives. He hung up and turned toward Brenda. He stared at her for a moment, then he started toward her. He said: "Why, you—why, you little—"

"Don't!" she said, crouching back against the chair, her eyes frightened. "Don't, Ives. Don't touch me."

Julie waited until the telephone finally stopped ringing. Then she lifted the receiver and gave another number. Tony's number this time. When Tony answered, her voice was calm. She was like a woman talking in her sleep.

She said: "Listen, Tony, something dreadful has happened. I've just been in Michael's room, and she isn't there. She's gone."

Tony said: "Gone? But where could she have gone at this time of night?"

"You sure, Julie?"
She said: "Yes, I'm sure. I think she climbed out the window onto the porch roof and then jumped to the ground. She could have done that quite easily. She's done it before."



Tony said: "But what on earth—I mean, why should she?"

"I think I know but never mind that. We have to find her, Tony. We have to find her right away."

"Yes," said Tony, "of course. I'll jump in the car and be with you in ten minutes."

Julie was waiting for him at the foot of the flagstone path. He saw that she was wearing a pink silk nightgown under an old white polo coat and that her bare feet were thrust into canvas shoes. He saw all this as she ran in front of his headlights. Then she was pulling open the door and climbing in beside him.

He said: "Which way shall we go first?" And she said: "Toward the lake, I think." And she added: "Oh, Tony, it's all my fault." Her voice was torn with self-accusation.

Tony said: "Try to tell me exactly what happened. That is, when did you discover she was gone?"

"About fifteen minutes ago. I called Ives first."

I called Ives first and he wasn't alone. He had just left me but he wasn't alone. Brenda Lane was with him—at one o'clock in the morning. All the time he knew she was waiting for him; all the time he was with me, kissing me, making love to me, he knew he was going back to her. It's just the same; nothing is any different. Nothing would ever be any different, not where women were concerned. There would always be someone he would go to when he left me. Not right at first, maybe, but later.

But shut your mind on all that. That has nothing to do with Michael. Compared with Michael's running away like this and the necessity for finding her quickly, it has no importance. Tomorrow you can think of that, but tonight you can think only of Michael.

She said: "And then I called you. I had gone upstairs, and instead of going straight to her room, I undressed first. I almost always go in to her first, but tonight I didn't."

Tonight I wasn't thinking about Michael; tonight I was thinking about Rome in September and Vienna in October and Stockholm in November. She began to laugh hysterically.

Tony said: "Please, Julie, try to tell me just what you found." He was driving slowly, watching the sides of the road.

"Well, I found she was gone, and the screen had been taken out of the window, so I knew that she had put on her red slippers and her white bathrobe and climbed out the window, Tony."

Tony said: "White bathrobe? That's swell. That'll make it easier to find her." Then he said: "There she is now, Julie." Julie said: "Where? Where, Tony?"

"Right there by that elm tree." Now Julie saw her, too, outlined clearly in Tony's headlights—such a little girl in a white bathrobe, tears streaming down her cheeks, a brown fuzzy bear clutched in her arms.

It seemed to Julie as if she had been sitting there by the bed for hours. For some time Michael had been asleep, but Julie had kept on sitting there holding one of Michael's small hands. Now a clock struck three thin notes and she slipped her hand gently from beneath Michael's and stood up. She remembered

suddenly that she ought to go downstairs and turn off the lights she had left burning in the living room.

She went carefully down the stairs, still wearing that white polo coat over her nightgown, her feet noiseless in those old canvas tennis shoes. At the living-room door she stopped and said: "Tony!" in an astonished whisper.

He was sitting in the blue chair, his shoulders bent forward, his head in his hands. He jumped up and started toward her.

She said: "But I thought you had gone home. I forgot all about you, darling. You should have gone home. Why didn't you, Tony?"

He said, "I know I should—but I couldn't, Julie. I thought if I waited, you might come down again."

She said, "Hush!" and put her finger to her lips. "We mustn't let Michael hear us."

Tony said, "Oh, Julie, I love you so!" And suddenly he was on his knees with his arms wrapped around her waist, his face buried against her polo coat.

She said, "Tony," in a bewildered voice. "Get up, darling; you must get up."

He said: "I couldn't go without telling you. I knew I ought to go and come back tomorrow but I couldn't. Oh, Julie, what a fool I've been not to know."

Julie said: "But Tony, you can't be. A few weeks ago at the picnic and to-night at the dance—you weren't then."

"I was but I didn't know it. But I know it now. It's the most terrific thing that's ever happened to me, Julie; what are we going to do about it?"

She wanted to comfort him just as a little while ago she had comforted Michael. She said: "I don't know, Tony. We'll have to think."

"But I can't think," said Tony. "I've been sitting here trying to think and I can't. All I can think is how much I want you; how much I need you, Julie."

"Yes," said Julie, "I know." She wasn't thinking of herself at all. She was thinking of Tony. It didn't matter about herself. It might never matter about herself any more. She didn't think it would. For a little while tonight she had mattered tremendously—for that little while when she had thought that she would go with Ives to Rome and those other cities; for the little while that his kisses had rained on her face and his arms had held her—but all that was finished. She didn't matter any more. But Tony mattered terribly, and Michael—Michael who needed her, and Tony who perhaps needed her, too.

She said: "Listen, darling, we mustn't wait. Michael. You go home now, and tomorrow we'll talk this over." Her eyes smiling into his were calm with assurance. She bent her head and kissed him swiftly.

He got to his feet, his eyes dazed. He said, "Julie, you're such an angel, such a lovely little angel, and I shouldn't have let you in for this when you're so tired."

She said, "That's all right," and pushed him toward the hall.

As he the door he turned and put his hands on her shoulders. He said, "You do love me, Julie?"

She nodded. Her face was drenched with fatigue. She said, "Yes, Tony, I guess I've always loved you." And she thought, I have—not as I have loved Ives, but the way I love Michael; the way I loved Mike Shaw.

She added: "Good night, Tony—and thanks for everything."

He laughed softly. "What a funny thing to say, darling. I'll make Carol divorce me the minute she returns from England. I was a fool not to have asked her to before she went."

It was not until he had gone and Julie was halfway upstairs that she thought with a little sense of shock. It hasn't even occurred to Tony that Carol may refuse to divorce him. But she was too tired to go on with it. That, too, would have to wait until tomorrow.

In the garden at the side of the house the child Michael was playing in a blue sun-suit, the morning sun shining brilliantly on her straight blond hair.

At first Ives didn't see her—all he could see was Julie smiling at him calmly and with a cool finality. All he could hear was her voice saying lightly: "It's a good story, Ives, and it may be true. Only you see I'm not at all sure that it is. And so long as I'm not sure, there's no possible use in going on with this."

He had said: "Just because that other time you happened to see with your own eyes."

"I know," Julie had said, "and this time I heard with my own ears. Rotten bad luck, Ives, both times."

He had known then that she was right and that there was no need of going on with it. He made his way out of the room, out of the house . . .

And now here was Michael playing in the garden.

He walked swiftly toward her. He knelt on the grass and smiled at her. She had never liked him but now that didn't matter. It didn't even matter that her eyes looking into his were wide and hostile and a little frightened. He said, speaking slowly: "Listen, Michael, I am going away. You won't see me again—not for a long time. Maybe never."

"Where are you going?" said Michael, the hostility sliding out of her eyes.

"Never mind that," said Ives, "but it's a long way off. The point is that I won't be here to look after your mother. I meant to look after her, Michael. I meant to look after you, too. You were Michael Shaw's little blond girl who didn't like me but I liked you. I wanted to do things for you. Lovely things for you and Julie, Michael. But something has happened, and so I can't."

"I know," said Michael. She knew what had happened, all right. She had run away and frightened Mummy almost to death, and Mummy had promised never to leave her, so Mr. Townner, whom she was suddenly liking very much indeed, and feeling dreadfully sorry for, would have to go away all by himself. It occurred to Michael that perhaps she had made a mistake; that perhaps Martha Jane had been wrong, and all new fathers weren't the same. This one might have been different.

Ives said: "No, you don't know. But that doesn't matter. I was you to promise me something, Michael."

"All right," said Michael, and her small pink face was lifted seriously to his. She did know, of course, but it wasn't worth arguing about. "What do you want me to promise?"

"I want you to promise that you will be very good to her and always do just as she says and never worry her or make her feel badly. Because she loves you, Michael, more than anybody in the world, and no one but you can ever really hurt her."

"All right," said Michael; "I promise. Cross my heart."

Ives picked her up and swung her very much as he had swung Mummy the night before, and then he set her down and turned and walked very fast down the path to his car.

She watched him go, and as she watched, she felt a lump rise in her throat and tears spring to her eyes and she knew suddenly that she didn't want



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him to go—that she wanted him to stay and help her take care of Mummy. He had made it seem too much for one small girl to undertake alone—and she started to run toward him.

But before she could catch up to him, or even call out to him, he had jumped into his car and was driving very fast down the road.

So she turned and went slowly into the house.

Julie was sitting in the blue chair staring straight in front of her. She was so still she didn't even seem to be breathing, and she didn't see Michael at all. Michael walked around in front of her so that she looked right at her, and still she didn't seem to see her at all.

Michael said: "Mummy, about Mr. Townner. Maybe I was wrong. Maybe you should marry him, after all."

"No, I shouldn't," said Julie, and her voice was queer and funny.

It didn't seem much use, but Michael had to try once more. She said, "If it's because of me, Mummy, I don't mind—truly, I don't. I like him, Mummy."

"It isn't because of you," said Julie. "It isn't at all because of you, Michael." She added, "Now, run out and play—run out in the sunshine and play hard; run quickly, darling."

Michael ran. Not because she wanted to but because she had promised—and as she went, she still felt sad but she also felt relieved. Whatever had happened that had made Mummy send Mr. Townner away, at least it wasn't anything she had done. It wasn't last night. There was, surprisingly, a great deal of comfort in that thought.

Old black Selma, who went every day to the Lanes' timber-and-stucco house on the Valley Road to clean and cook lunch and dinner, walked on flapping felt bedroom slippers from the upstairs linen closet to answer the telephone in the downstairs hall. It had rained hard toward dawn but now at ten o'clock in the morning it was blazing hot again. They were in for another hot spell, Selma decided, and she was glad Mr. and Mrs. Lane had gone to Maine on that fishing trip this week.

Cooking for Miss Brenda wasn't much work; she scarcely ate enough to keep a bird alive, especially this last month. A bit of toast and black coffee for breakfast, no lunch like as not and not half touching her dinner. Plenty of brandy, though. No wonder Mrs. Lane hadn't wanted to go off and leave her alone this week, but the boss had insisted and finally she'd gone. He liked his fishing and he liked to have his wife along—and he figured probably Miss Brenda was old enough to look out for herself. Anyhow, men never seemed to sense things the way women did.

Selma had reached the telephone and she lifted the receiver and said, "Mr. Hubert Lane's residence," as Miss Brenda had taught her to do.

It was Mrs. Loring North. She wanted to know if she could speak to Miss Brenda, please.

Selma said: "Well, I reckon you can't, Mrs. North, because I don't rightly know where she is. Seems like she couldn't have come home last night; leastways, her bed hadn't been slept in. I figured she went home with one of her girl friends for the night."

Mrs. North said if she came in to have her call; they were making some changes in the golf tournament that was being played that afternoon, and they wanted to get in touch with her as soon as possible.

Selma said she'd tell her. She hung up and ambled out through the dining

room to the kitchen. Opening a bottle of ginger ale, she went back into the dining room. There ought to be some gin left in that bottle Mr. Lane had opened last week to make cocktails. A little spot of gin would make her bad leg feel better, and then she'd get back to the upstairs cleaning.

Finding the gin and returning with it to the kitchen, she thought, I mustn't forget to give Miss Brenda that telephone message when she comes in. It sounded important.

But Brenda didn't come in, and by six o'clock that night, when Selma was ready to leave, it was known all over town that she wasn't coming in—that she was not, as a matter of fact, in Westbrook.

It might have taken longer for the news to spread if she hadn't been playing in a golf match that afternoon. As it was, by noon it had even fairly well ascertained that she wasn't staying at any friend's house. By two o'clock, when she had failed to show up for the match, it was obvious she wasn't in town.

By six o'clock that evening, when it was discovered that Ives had left town that morning, the rumble seat of his car full of luggage, the story was being rapidly circulated that Brenda had gone with him. No one could prove it, of course; she certainly wasn't with him when he left the inn or when he stopped at the Park View gas station. But that didn't necessarily prove that Ives hadn't picked her up somewhere.

It was all very exciting, and by late afternoon the country club was agog with it.

"I still don't see," said Irma North, "why after all this time they should have done anything so adolescent as to run off together without saying one word to anyone."

"Well, if they had to do it," said Sam St. John, with an awkward attempt at humor, "seems to me they might have picked some other time than the very day of an important golf match. Damned inconsiderate, if you ask me."

"The funny part is that for at least a month now Ives has been trying to break off with her," said Eve. "At least, that's the way it's looked to everyone. Why, when you stop to think of it, he's been twice as attentive to Julie as he has been to Brenda."

Tony Constant said: "Let's leave Julie out of it, Eve."

Julie didn't say anything. She simply sat there looking calm and undisturbed, her eyes unfathomable and smiling. She was thinking: The last time it was I who ran away and got married in New York. This time Ives has done it. She was thinking: How she must have wanted him, to leave him this way. No wonder she threw that brandy in my face. She thought, further: Tony is very sweet. Pretty soon I have to decide what I'm going to do about him. I shall never be really alive again; all that ended last night. But presently, after the worst of this is over, I shall be reasonably happy. I suppose, and I don't know anyone I'd rather spend the rest of my life with than Tony. And he deserves a little happiness if I can give it to him. Apparently he has had almost none at all with Carol.

Tony looked at her and smiled, and she smiled back at him reassuringly. And Loring North said: "Well, I'm damned if I know how to handle it for the paper. It's certainly news when a prominent young citizen and the daughter of a well-known businessman leave town unexpectedly on the same day, but you can't run it as an elopement when you don't really know—"

"You'll simply have to run it under



Personals for a day or two, Loring," conceded Sam St. John, "until Brenda wires her folks. She's bound to let them hear from her sooner or later, you know."

But they didn't hear from her. Three days later, when Mr. and Mrs. Lane returned from their fishing trip, there was still no word from either Brenda or Ives. Mrs. Lane went to bed with a mild attack of nerves, and Mr. Lane said that it was a funny thing, children simply didn't have any consideration any more for their parents. Neither of them, however, was overlooking the fact that Ives Townner was worth half a million dollars.

Irma North glanced at the page twice, while she waited for Loring's second slice of toast to brown. The article was called "Hot-Weather Meals," and there was a close-up view of some fine-looking vegetables photographed on a chromium-topped table. Irma ran her eye carefully down the page. There was a "Company Dinner" and a "Guest Luncheon" and an "Outdoor Buffet Supper," but what finally held her attention was "Dinner After the Game." There was the menu in small print, and underneath, it said, "This is an easy dinner to serve after an afternoon of golf or tennis."

"I think I'll do it," said Irma, with sudden decision.

"Do what?" demanded Loring, looking up from his paper.

"When I have a Dinner After the Game. Yes, I believe I will. I'll have Sam and Eve and Julie—and Tony Constant. I've been wanting to have him while Carol's away, and now, with Julie, it will work just right. There'll be six of us and I can use that new lace dinner cloth Aunt Hat sent me for Christmas."

"Okay," said Loring.

Irma got up from the table and started energetically for the telephone. She called Tony and asked him if he could come in Saturday night for just a little after-the-game snack. "Informal, you know. You don't even need to dress unless you prefer to."

Tony could come—and so could the others. She came away from the telephone presently, her face flushed but triumphant. "The hardest part of entertaining," she confided to Loring, who was hastily gulping down a third cup of coffee, his eye on the clock. "Is making up your mind to do it."

Everything was going very nicely, Irma decided. It had been a little disappointing when it had turned cold and then rained hard, so no one could play golf—it rather threw off the after-the-game idea—but otherwise everything was fine. The men had dressed, which gave the party the festively important air that blue coats and white flannels could never achieve. And in the candlelight—she'd used pale blue candles—Julie's old red chiffon dinner dress looked as effective and seductive as a fresh Paris import.

Irma knew it was an old dress because Julie had told her so. She had said, "I don't have much use for formal clothes. When I go out in the evening it is usually for business reasons, and the men seldom dress." The red dress was apparently the only dinner dress she had, because she had worn it constantly all summer—and managed to look more enchanting in it than any of the rest of them did in brand-new evening gowns that had cost twice as much. It

was funny, too, because Julie wasn't really pretty. She was just a little dark woman, who somehow managed always to look absurdly young and have a number of attractive men around her.

Tonight, for instance, Tony Conant had scarcely taken his eyes off her, and both Loring and Sam hung on her every word. It was a little amusing and quite bewildering. Irma couldn't, for the life of her see what they found so fascinating about Julie.

But men certainly fell for her—even Ives Towner, whom she had treated so badly, had been beaming her around before he ran off with Brenda Lane. That was a funny thing—a whole week now and not a word from either of them.

Lesty came in through the swinging service door. Irma could see the six cut-glass finger bowls already filled with water, a single pale-pink rose petal floating in each. She hoped Lesty had remembered to have the water warm—and was annoyed when the telephone rang.

Lesty went to answer it. A moment later she announced that it was the office calling Mr. North.

Sam St. John said: "I thought you put that paper of yours to bed before noon, Loring," as Loring went through the living room into the hall. A moment later they heard him say, "Hello," and then they didn't hear any more.

When Loring came back, he stared at them as if he didn't really see them at all. He said, "They've found her."

Irma said, "What are you talking about?"

Loring said, "Brenda. They've found her. Or, rather, they've found her body."

Eve said, "Her body?" and screamed softly.

"Crumpled up in a heap at the foot of that embankment halfway between the inn and her house. A couple of boys just found it; they're waiting for the sheriff to get out there now."

"You mean that she's been murdered?" asked Tony Conant.

"Good Lord!" said Sam St. John, leaning forward. "That's why I've went—"

"No!" said Julie, getting to her feet. "No, it isn't. He went away because—"

She stopped suddenly. Her eyes traveled slowly from one to another of them. Then she sat down.

"What were you going to say, Julie?" said Tony gently.

"Nothing," said Julie. "Nothing at all." Anything I can say will only make it worse, she thought. But they can't believe—they simply can't believe I've had anything to do with it. It's too absurd; it's too ridiculous. Why, they've known him all their lives; ever since he was a little boy. They can't think he had anything to do with this hideous crime!

But they did think so. Not only these five people thought so, but before the end of another day everyone in Westboro was convinced that Ives Towner had killed Brenda Lane and tossed her body over that embankment. "He didn't have time to do anything else," they said. "He was scared, and his one idea was to get out of town."

The facts of the case, when considered calmly, were so damnably incriminating, as Loring pointed out the next afternoon. They were all drinking Scotch highballs at one end of the clubhouse veranda. It was nearly seven o'clock, and except for a few youngsters who were amusing themselves inside with the radio, they had the place to themselves.

Summed up briefly, Loring said, these

were the facts: Johnny Grahame, the boy who had taken Brenda to the dance, had said good night to her at about twelve-fifteen on her front porch. (She must have left, thought Julie, right after she threw that brandy in my face.)

About twelve forty-five, Dick Jones, the elevator boy at the inn, and Fred Rice, the night clerk, had both seen her come into the inn. Dick had taken her up in the elevator and admitted her to Ives' suite. She had said Ives was expecting her.

Ives had come in about half an hour later and had spoken sharply to Dick. Then he had told Dick to wait on that floor with the elevator as Miss Lane would be leaving at once. Dick had waited for an hour, during part of which time he had fallen asleep, but Brenda hadn't come out of Ives' suite. Then Dick had gone down to help the night clerk lock up, and they had both gone off duty.

Now, three days later, Brenda had been found, still wearing the black dress she had worn at the dance, crumpled and bruised, and quite dead, at the bottom of a twelve-foot embankment on the road between her house and the inn. And between the time she had gone into the inn and the discovery of her body, not one living person had set eyes on her.

"And the damnable part of it all is," concluded Loring, "that Ives lit out that very morning, and for forty-eight hours now every effort to locate him has failed. If that doesn't make him look guilty, I don't know what does!"

"But he had to have a reason, Loring," protested Eve St. John. "That is, a motive."

Instinctively five pair of eyes turned toward Julie, who was sitting in a green wicker chair, a small glass clenched in one hand.

"Well," said Irma North, breaking the uncomfortable silence that had settled on them, "I don't see why you're all so afraid to say it. We all know he was rushing Julie again and that Brenda was drinking too much and making herself ill about it. Isn't it true, Julie," she demanded suddenly, "that Brenda threw a glass of brandy in your face at the dance that night—the night it happened?"

So Jake had talked in spite of the ten dollars—or maybe young Johnny Grahame had talked. Yes, Tony decided, it had probably been Johnny.

"See here, Irma," Tony said, his face coldly angry, "whatever happened that night between Brenda and Julie is her business, shouldn't you say, and quite over and done with."

"No," said Irma. "I shouldn't say it was. Not when there's a murder concerned."

"Please, do you have to keep calling it that?" said Eve plaintively.

"Well," said Irma, "what do you want me to call it? That's what it is, isn't it?"

The district attorney was Charlie Saunders. That seemed funny. Julie had known him all her life.

Charlie had been a thin, redheaded boy four years ahead of her in school. He had won all the high-school debates and a scholarship to U. V. M. Afterward he had worked his way through law school, waiting on table at a hotel in the White Mountains in the summer and shoveling snow and ashes and washing dishes in his fraternity house in the winter. Now he was district attorney.

He was still thin and redheaded, and he was smiling at her. He said: "I won't keep you a minute, Julie. There are just a few things I want to know." He added: "Someone telephoned Ives between one



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and one-thirty on the night of August twenty-fourth. Was it you, Julie?"

"Yes," said Julie.

"Did Ives answer the telephone himself?"

"Yes."

"And you talked with him?"

Julie nodded. "Yes, I did."

"Did you talk with anyone else?"

"Yes," said Julie. "That is, someone else talked with me."

"Was this person who talked to you Brenda Lane?"

"Yes," said Julie. "It was."

"What did she say? Try to remember exactly, if you can, Julie."

"She said, 'So sorry, Mrs. Shaw, but could you perhaps call a little later?'"

"What did you do then?"

"I hung up."

"One thing more," said the district attorney. "Did Brenda Lane ever give you any reason to believe that she was jealous of your relationship with Ives Tower?"

"No," said Julie.

"No reason at all? Won't you please try to remember any little thing that might have happened which would have made you think that perhaps she was?"

"I can't think of anything," said Julie.

"Isn't it true that on the night of August twenty-fourth at a dance at the country club she threw a glass of brandy in your face?"

"Yes," said Julie. "It is."

"But you don't know why she did this?"

"She had been drinking too much," said Julie.

"You think that was the only reason? Just that she had been drinking too much?"

"Yes," said Julie. "I think that must have been it."

"Isn't it also true that the next morning you saw Ives Tower and talked with him alone at your house?"

"Yes, that's right."

"But he didn't mention the fact that he was going away?"

"No, he didn't. That is, he didn't to me. But he told to Michael—to my little girl."

"He told your little girl that he was going away?"

"Yes," said Julie.

"Doesn't it strike you as strange that he should tell her and not tell you?"

"No," said Julie. "It doesn't strike me as being particularly strange."

"Now, let's get this straight. He told your little girl he was going away but he didn't say where."

"That's right," said Julie.

"You're sure about this?"

"Perfectly sure."

"That's all, then. You may call the next witness, Miss Greene."

Julie started to say something, and then she remembered that this wasn't just an ordinary conversation with Charlie Saunders whom she had known all her life, but something that was called a district attorney's inquest, and she got up and walked out of the room.

Julie said: "Think hard now, darling, and tell us just what Mr. Tower said."

Michael's small shoulders squirmed beneath Julie's hands. The sun pouring in through one of the office windows was hot on her head, and Mummy looked funny down on her knees like that, and Mr. Tony Conant wasn't laughing and joking the way he usually did when he talked to her at home.

She said: "Well, he said he was going away. He said I wouldn't see him again for a long time—maybe never. He said, 'I couldn't speak very fast now, that I was to be a good girl and promise him to take good care of Mummy.'"

Suddenly Michael stopped talking and looked as if she were going to cry.

Tony said: "But Michael, didn't he say where he was going? Think hard and see if you can't remember."

"Never mind," said Julie, and she stood up and smiled at Michael. "It's no use," she said to Tony. "You can see he either didn't tell her or she has forgotten."

"But Mummy," protested Michael, "I didn't forget. I remember everything he told me." He said—

"Never mind," said Julie again. "You run out now and talk to Miss Moffat. I won't be long, darling."

Michael walked slowly out of the room.

Tony waited until her small pink-clad figure had disappeared, and then he said: "By now Carol is halfway across the Atlantic on her way home, and I've just talked with Weston Reid in New York. I thought probably Carol would want him to handle the case for Ives."

Julie was walking toward him. She looked at him, her eyes widening. She said: "You mean . . ." and didn't go on. Just stood there staring at him.

Tony said: "Weston is the best defense lawyer in the country, Julie."

Julie sat down and twisted her hands together. She said: "But they can't—there isn't any real evidence, Tony. Just because he was the last one who saw her alive; just because they had been quarreling—"

"You don't seem to understand," said Tony wearily. "Don't you see that there isn't a chance in the world as the case stands now of the grand jury not bringing in an indictment of first-degree murder against Ives?"

"No," said Julie. "no, Tony." Her face was as white as the white silk dress she was wearing. She added in a small, pitiful voice, "But Tony, this is Ives we're talking about. Ives, whom I've known all my life. Ives, who is Carol's brother."

"Don't you suppose I have thought of all that?" said Tony grimly.

"But don't you see that he couldn't have done this horrible thing? Don't you know he couldn't have done it?"

Her voice was pleading with him desperately to reassure her; her eyes were piteous in their supplication. He thought: She isn't absolutely sure, any more than I am, that he didn't do this. She won't be sure until he comes back; until he tells her so himself.

He said: "Listen, Julie, neither you nor I believe that Ives had anything to do with Brenda's death but we're not the district attorney or the grand jury. If we only knew," he added, "why Ives went off like that; if we only knew some reason for his going!"

Julie said: "He did have a reason, Tony, and I know what it was. He went away because he was in love with me and had told him it wasn't any use. Just that morning, I mean. He came to the house and begged me to listen to him, and I wouldn't and he must have got into his car and left town almost at once."

"I remember," said Tony. "That night at Irma's, Sam St. John said, 'So that's why Ives went away,' and you said, 'No! No, it isn't. He went away because—' And then you stopped. Why did you stop, darling?"

"I stopped because I didn't think it would make things look any better for Ives if I went on."

"Are you sure that you didn't stop because you didn't want me to know—well, what you have just told me?"

"No," said Julie. "No, of course not. I didn't mind your knowing, Tony. I guess I couldn't tell you did know, probably."

"Well," said Tony, "I didn't know. I knew he'd been playing around with



you, but I didn't know it had gone as far as that."

Julie looked as if it didn't matter either way. She looked as if it weren't in the least important.

Tony looked forward, and his fingers closed hard on her bare arm just above the elbow. He said: "Julie, was there anything between you two? Was there?"

Julie said: "You're hurting my arm, Tony." She added: "I suppose there always has been something between Ives and me, but it never got anywhere. It always stopped too soon."

"You mean—you're not in love with him, are you, Julie?"

"Well," said Julie softly, "what do you think?"

"You're not, of course," Tony laughed uncertainly. "Forgive me, darling, for even asking you, but for a moment you had me worried. I actually thought—"

"Never mind," said Julie, and she patted his cold sleeve. She smiled at him and noticed again how frightfully tired he looked and remembered that a few days ago, a surprisingly few days ago, she had promised to marry him when and if he persuaded Carol to divorce him. She had promised, she remembered, mostly because he had made his need of her seem so exigent. Now nothing seemed exigent except the need of clearing up this horrible business of Ives' having left town and of Brenda's having been found dead at the bottom of that embankment.

She said: "Tony, we have to find him. We have to, darling. A man can't just get in a car and disappear; that is, not for very long."

"No," said Tony, "of course he can't." And at that moment the door opened behind Julie, and Ives Tower walked into the room.

He looked at Tony, and then his eyes swung to Julie. They took in every detail of her small head with its childish dark curls, and her narrow cheekbones that were suddenly so white, and her sweet, wide mouth that was irrelevantly gay with crimson lipstick.

Julie stared back at him. He was wearing the same gray suit he had worn the last time she had seen him—that morning when he had come to the house; that morning after Brenda had been killed. Only none of them had known it, then—or had Ives known it?

She stared at him and saw him dissolve suddenly into a dozen Iveses all floating vaguely one over the other, like a photograph badly out of focus, and then abruptly they all shifted neatly together again and there he stood—tall, with those familiar arrogant shoulders and the straight dark line of his eyebrows slashing his forehead and the parallel line of his mouth with that straight, full, passionate underlip, and he was smiling at her with his lips but his eyes were saying: "You keep out of this, Julie. You leave that to me."

Tony spoke first. He said: "Ives, where have you been? We've searched everywhere for you."

Ives said: "I've been visiting a friend of mine who lives across the line. He's a swell guy and his liquor is okay but he can't read English so you never get to see the papers." He added: "I didn't kill Brenda, Tony, and I suppose I've got to plead to the State of Vermont that I didn't, or burn for it."

Julie spoke then. Or maybe she didn't

speak. But anyway, she made a soft sound and Ives looked at her again.

He said: "How about a shot of brandy, Tony? I think we could all do with a drink before we go on with this."

Tony said, "Sure; but it will have to be Scotch and water." He rose and went into the washroom for glasses. Julie got up and started toward him, and Ives grinned at her and said gently: "No, you don't. You stay where you are." And Tony came back with the glasses.

He poured three drinks. Then he said: "Carol will be in New York Tuesday. Weston Reid is meeting her and driving her up. I thought you'd both want him to be here, in case—" He stopped, picked up his whisky glass and then set it down, because his hand was shaking. "You mean," said Ives, "that if they get a conviction you think he'll probably manage to get me acquitted?"

"Listen," said Tony, his face grim, "do you or don't you realize how bad things look for you?"

Ives grinned. He said: "I can read, can't I?"

"Tell us what happened that night," said Tony.

"Wouldn't it be better if I saved it and told the district attorney?" said Ives.

"Listen," said Julie, "what happened after Brenda hung up on me?"

He frowned at her. He said: "See here, you keep out of this!"

"No," said Julie, "I won't."

"All right," said Ives; "but why mention the fact that you did telephone me?"

"Don't be an ass!" said Tony grimly. "The first thing Charlie Saunders did was check that telephone call of Julie's."

"Then he probably also knows that after Brenda hung up I tried to call Julie back but she wouldn't answer. By that time I was seeing red. I turned around and gave Brenda hell, but I didn't touch her. I started to, Tony; I started toward her and I think I was going to choke her. I was mad enough to, God knows, but she sort of crumpled up and said, 'Don't touch me, Ives,' or something like that, and her eyes looked so frightened that I stopped being angry and began to feel sorry for her."

"I told her she'd better go, and she went. I remember just how she looked—she'd been drinking a lot and she didn't walk very straight. Once I thought she was going to fall. But she didn't. She walked right out the door, and so help me God, Tony, that's all I know about it."

Tony thought: He's telling the truth. He didn't have anything to do with what happened to Brenda. I've known her didn't all the time, really. But Charlie Saunders had to go to prosecute, and there isn't a jury in the country who will believe him if the case once comes to trial.

He said: "It's damned funny that no one saw her leave. Neither the kid that runs the elevator nor the night clerk."

"See here," said Ives, "couldn't she have gone down the stairs? She'd been crying and she probably didn't want anyone to see her and she could have run down the stairs and if the night clerk happened to be somewhere else for a moment she could have got through the lobby without anyone seeing her and into her car."

"She didn't have a car," said Tony. "Johnny Grahame brought her home from the dance and left her on her front porch. Her folks were away for the week end with the family bus, and Brenda didn't have a car of her own. She must have walked."

"It was as black as your hat," said Ives softly. "If I'd only known; if I'd

any idea . . . She was always afraid of the dark. She must have had more to drink than I realized." Then his voice seemed to go to pieces. "Tony, let's get out of here—let's do something. We can't just sit here drinking Scotch."

"No," said Tony, "you're damned right we can't. We'd better be getting over to the district attorney's office."

They stood up and walked toward the door. Neither of them looked at Julie.

At the door Tony seemed to remember her suddenly. He said: "You'd better go home now, Julie."

Ives didn't say anything. When Tony opened the door, Julie could hear Michael saying to Cora Moffat in her sweet, childish treble voice: "When I grow up I'm either going to be a tap dancer or run an elevator."

Then the door closed and Julie was alone in that shabby sunlit room that smelled faintly and familiarly of musty leather books. That room which had once been her father's private law office and which now was Tony's. That room in which, a few weeks ago, Tony had said, "If you hadn't run off to Paris like that, I suppose you would be my sister-in-law." That room in which so very recently Ives had smiled at her, a smile that told her even more plainly than his words: "You keep out of this; you leave this to me."

She sat there for perhaps five minutes; then she got up and walked into the outer office.

Miss Moffat looked up at Julie, her brown eyes sympathetic. She said: "It's awful, isn't it—all this worry and everything? But now he's come back things are sure to be all right."

"She meant Mr. Twinner, didn't she, Mummy?" asked Michael, tugging at Julie's hand as they went down the stairs. "But what will be all right now that he's back?"

"Never mind, darling," said Julie in a tight, funny voice, and they came out into the hot brilliance of Main Street at four o'clock in the afternoon. And now Julie began walking so fast that Michael had to skip to keep up with her, and never once did she look across the street at the old brick courthouse.

Carol came down the gangplank, cool and immaculate in pale summer tweeds. Weston Reid, pushing forward to meet her, thought: She looks as serenely beautiful and composed as usual.

But the minute she spoke, he knew she knew everything.

She said: "Just how bad is it, Weston? It was impossible to tell from Tony's cable."

Weston said: "How much do you know?"

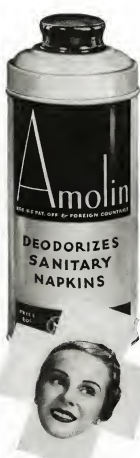
"Only that Brenda is dead and that Ives is involved. Just how badly is he involved, Weston?"

"Pretty badly if you consider the circumstantial evidence; not at all, otherwise." Then he said: "Let's get through customs and go somewhere where we can talk the thing over quietly."

They went to a near-by cocktail bar. Carol slipped cognac and listened carefully while Weston talked. When he had finished, she said: "But if they press a murder charge—"

He smiled at her. He said: "But it is my business as Ives' lawyer to see that they don't. If I can get to the district attorney tomorrow before he calls a special meeting of the grand jury, I think I can promise you that the case will be closed within thirty minutes. I intend to show beyond all possible doubt that Brenda Lane came to her death by accidental means."

Carol said, "I see." She added: "Just



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how do you propose to do this, Weston?"

He smiled. "It's exceedingly simple. So simple, really, that the district attorney and the sheriff will be chagrined to think they didn't see it for themselves. I shall tell them what really happened."

Carol said: "What really did happen, Weston?"

"At the moment, the coroner's autopsy states that Brenda Lane's death was due to a blood clot on the brain caused by a severe head wound. I believe the technical term is a 'trauma.' I shall point out to them beyond all reasonable doubt how she came by the head wound."

"She was walking home late at night from the Inn. She was struck by a hit-and-run driver, her body flung several feet through the air, and her death was caused by her head striking the sharp edge of a concrete culvert or some other hard object. The man who struck her, when he discovered she was dead, undoubtedly carried her a few yards into the underbrush, covered her body as best he could and went on, believing that by the time the body was discovered, his chances of being apprehended would be negligible. As they are."

"You honestly believe that this is what actually happened?"

"Yes," said Weston, "I do."

"Then why did Ives disappear?" said Carol. "And why doesn't he come back?"

"He has come back," said Weston Reid. "I talked with him yesterday on the telephone. He seems to have had his own reasons for going away, and so far he has kept them to himself. Listen, Carol, once this thing is over, will you divorce Tony and marry me?"

She stared at him. "What a funny thing to ask me at a time like this, Weston. It isn't even very good taste."

"Possibly not," agreed Weston, flushing darkly, "but get this, Carol: For a long time now I have wanted you and I have waited patiently, uncomplainingly. You know that. But my patience is nearly at an end. If this hadn't happened, I should have been in England now. My reservations were made on a boat that sailed last week. I meant to go straight to you and urge you to get a Paris divorce. I had everything planned, Carol; everything arranged."

"I'm sure you did," said Carol. "You seem to have overlooked only one thing: I don't happen to be in love with you."

Weston shrugged. "Possibly not. But neither are you in love with your husband. I told you that before."

"Yes," said Carol, "I remember. You said I wasn't in love with Tony, and that he was in love with Julie Shaw."

"Yes," said Weston Reid. "Now I shall tell you one more thing. Come away with me, and inside of six months you will be in love with me—or as much in love with me as you'll ever be with anyone."

"You are terribly sure of yourself, aren't you, Weston? You're sure that you can save Ives from a conviction of first-degree murder and that you can persuade me to divorce Tony and marry you. So much self-assurance is astounding, Weston, and almost frightening."

"You forget that my entire career has been built on that one thing alone," said Weston lightly.

"That's right," said Carol; "and you are one of the most brilliant defense lawyers in America, aren't you, darling?"

"Fortunately for Ives, I am," said Weston blandly. He added: "I suggest that we push along. With any luck, we'll make Westonburg in six hours. It's important that I be there tomorrow."

"Yes," said Carol, "of course."

From where Julie sat in the porch hammock she could see the telephone

inside the hall. It was an old-fashioned wall telephone with a golden-oak case and a handle you had to turn in order to ring the operator in the village.

Julie remembered that in June when she had first taken the house she had thought vaguely of having it taken out and a desk telephone put in, but then the figures in her checkbook had begun to shrink with frightening rapidity and she had forgotten all about it.

She moved her eyes from the telephone to Michael, who was stretched flat on his stomach, pasting Shirley Temple pictures in a bright-covered scrapbook. They had bought the scrapbook the day before, after they had left Tony's office; after Ives and Tony had gone to see the district attorney.

Michael was just saying, "Mummy, Mrs. McGurn says Shirley makes more money than the President of the United States," when the telephone rang. Julie walked across the porch and opened the screen door. She took the receiver off its hook and held it to her ear and moved her lips, but she had to try three times before her voice came. Before she could say "Hello."

Tony said: "It's all over, Julie—and everything is all right."

"Everything is all right?" Julie said stupidly, as if it didn't mean anything to her.

"Yes. They've decided that it was an accident—a hit-and-run case."

Julie pressed her forehead hard against the mouthpiece. She said: "You're sure it's over?"

But Tony couldn't hear her. He said: "Listen, Julie, I'll be over after dinner tonight. I have to see you."

She said: "Yes, of course."

Tony said: "Weston was marvelous. Julie, He handled the whole thing beautifully."

This time Julie didn't hear him. She had slipped quietly to the floor. She was sobbing silently.

The servants had put the house in immaculate order. They had waxed the floors and rubbed the tops of tables and laundered the cool white-linen slip covers and filled the rooms with flowers. They had laid out new magazines and fresh cigarettes and lighted tall candles and opened the windows to the warm September night. They had chilled tall bottles of wine and served an excellent dinner—and now they had gone and left Tony and Carol alone. They had gone, and Ives and Weston Reid had gone.

Tony had said, when the two men left, "You've had a strenuous day; you no doubt want to go up at once," and Carol had replied, "I'm not particularly tired. Let's sit here and smoke one more cigaret."

So they had lighted cigarettes, and now they were talking about Brenda's tragic accident. Or, rather, Tony was talking about it. He said: "It doesn't seem possible that for days we have all been so hopelessly confused about this thing, and now it's all cleared up. It just goes to show, I suppose, how a situation can be exaggerated and dramatized merely by everyone's being too close to it. That guy who struck her and left her there like that must have been a pretty poor excuse for a man."

"Do you think so?" said Carol slowly. "I've been thinking about that, too, and I don't know. It's hard to tell what you'd do in a case like that. I don't suppose any of us really know how we would act in a crisis. After all, there was nothing he could do for Brenda."

"You're not trying to justify him, are you?" asked Tony.

"I don't know," Carol lifted her eyes



and looked at him. "Perhaps I am." And she thought, Since yesterday when I found that bracelet I suppose that is just what I've been trying to do—and since Tony telephoned that Ives was cleared of everything, I suppose I have been trying to decide what I have to do now. If he hadn't been cleared, there'd have been no question, of course, about what she had to do . . .

But Ives had been cleared, and she didn't want to talk about it any more tonight—not to Tony, anyway. There were too many other things they had to talk about.

She thought: Is it possible that so short a time as five weeks ago I could have heard him ask me for a divorce and thought he didn't mean it? He did mean it. For the first time since I have known him, I am in love with him and he is through with me. He is going to leave me.

She looked at him sitting opposite her, so obviously waiting for her to say good night and go upstairs alone, and she wanted to put her hands on his hair and on his cheeks and on his shoulders. She never remembered wanting to touch Tony before. Always she had avoided any personal, intimate contact, withdrawing from his embraces, turning her head instinctively to avoid his kisses.

She thought now that if he would cross the space between them and kiss her lips it would be the most exquisite experience she had ever known. And she knew he wasn't going to do it; that unless she could convince him this divorce was a mistake, he might never do it again.

She crushed out her cigaret and clasped her hands together hard, so that their trembling might not betray her. She forced her voice to a semblance of its old cool composure. She had been away five weeks—and during that period this thing had happened to her—this necessity, more urgent than any need she had ever known, to keep Tony a permanent part of her life.

When he had talked of a divorce her pride had suffered a blow, but tonight it was not her pride that was suffering. This ache inside her went deeper than that. It went deeper than anything had ever gone with her before. Even that violent first-love she had felt for Michael Shaw was as nothing compared with what she was feeling for Tony tonight.

She said, "Tony, before I went away, you talked to me about a divorce. I have been doing a lot of thinking, and I want you to wait. I want you to promise me that you won't do anything about this for a while—for three months, at least."

He looked at her, his eyes narrowing slightly. So that was it? So that was what she had been waiting to say to him all the evening? He had felt a soft urgency in her manner toward him ever since dinner; ever since she had arrived the night before, in fact. She had come to him swiftly and, kissing her cheek, he had felt that she was disappointed because he had deliberately ignored her lips. For the first time since he had known her, he had felt that he would have found them responsive.

He had put him on his guard, had made him avoid being left alone with her, and now they were alone and she was saying, "I want you to promise me

not to do anything about this for a while."

He stood up abruptly and walked away from her. He said: "I'm sorry, Carol, but that's impossible, I'm afraid. I thought you understood when you went away that it was all settled; that I simply had agreed not to do anything definite about it until you returned."

"I know. I did understand. But since then certain things have happened." Since then I have discovered that I am in love with you, Tony; that I cannot possibly live without you, my darling.

He turned sharply. "You mean all this business about Ives, I suppose?"

She shook her head. "No. Not that, Tony."

He looked at her and saw that she had lifted one hand and laid it against her cheek, so that her face was in shadow. He ought to leave her and go to Julie. Julie is waiting for me. If I don't leave at once—if I don't go to Julie now—I may never go. And then he thought, But that is absurd.

He said, his voice deliberately unemotional: "What then? Nothing else has happened. Everything else is just the same."

She dropped her hand from her face. She said: "You are making it very difficult for me, Tony."

"I'm sorry." His voice was less deliberately controlled. "I don't mean to—but we've been all over this once. Isn't it useless to begin on it again, especially as it's late and we are both tired?"

"Perhaps. But I can't sleep until I have told you something." Suddenly she knew this was true. She said, "Five weeks ago when we talked about this I wasn't in love with you; tonight, I am. Terribly in love with you, Tony."

He heard himself laughing. It was an unpleasant sound. He came back to her and bent over her, shaking her shoulders roughly. He said, "Carol, what do you mean by saying a thing like that?" She said, "I was running down her face, her voice clumsy with emotion: 'If you will sit down, if you will listen to me, I will try to tell you. I will try to make you see what has happened to me.'"

He released her shoulders but he didn't sit down. He walked away from her again. He thought, If I listen to her now, I will never go. I will never leave her. If what she says is true, and she can convince me that it is true, I will stay with her forever. If I am to go at all, I must go now. At once.

But he didn't go, and Carol began to talk. She went back to that summer eight years ago—that summer of 1928. She told him about Michael Shaw. She took him step by step through that painful, frustrated first love affair of hers. She made him see Michael Shaw's golden hair with the sun shining on it, and she made him endure with her the bitter young agony of those days after he had run away to Paris with Julie.

"I didn't know he was in love with her. I thought he loved me. Not because he had ever told me so, but because I wanted it to be that way so terribly. And he was nice to her but no nicer, really, than he was to me, and I thought I was Ives she wanted—and then, one morning, they were gone. I didn't want to live, Tony. I wanted to die. I couldn't sleep. I couldn't eat. I was eighteen but I grew ten years older that winter. I was never quite young again, Tony."

She talked on and on. She didn't spare him anything and some time, while she talked, he came back and sat beside her and held her hand.

She arrived finally at Dick Fellows' wedding in Springfield. At her own wedding six weeks later. At their marriage.

"Every time you touched me, Tony, I thought of Michael. And something in me grew hard and frozen and turned away from you—and instead of fighting it, putting it out of my life, trying to forget it, I did everything I could to keep it alive. I was weak, Tony. I cheated us both. I cheated us horribly. I deliberately made myself remote and cold and inaccessible. I was determined, you see, that nothing you should ever do would break through and touch me. And now you want to leave me, and suddenly Michael Shaw is just a person I knew and loved a long time ago and can't even remember clearly, and you are—"

Beneath his fingers her hand trembled. Tony dropped it and stood up abruptly. He knew that she was telling him the truth. He knew that for the first time in her life she was being completely honest with him and with herself—and he wondered how he could possibly tell her that it was too late. That even six weeks ago there would still have been time to save their marriage, to make something fine and beautiful out of it, but that now it was too late.

She was talking again. She was saying: "All the time I was away I was sure when I came back everything would be all right. And then I came back and nothing was right. I came back and I saw you again, Tony, and I realized that you actually wanted to leave me. All the evening, sitting here, I've been thinking what my life will be like without you—and I can't face it. I want you, Tony. I want all the things you've tried to give me for so long."

"I'm sorry," said Tony. It seemed a horribly inadequate way to express the terrible pity that was sweeping over him, not only for Carol but for himself. Because this tenderness and understanding and passion that she was offering him now was what he had always wanted from her, and not getting it, he had turned hungrily to Julie.

Marriage with Julie would be good. It would be warm and protecting and gay. But it wouldn't have any of the ecstasy, the completeness, that marriage with Carol might have had. He knew that.

He supposed he had known it all along. Ever since that day in Springfield, when he had looked up and seen her coming down the stairs with her arms full of cornflowers, he had known that all the fine ecstatic moments of his life must be shared with her. And then for a long time she had failed him. Sitting there in a fragile yellow frock with candlelight flowing over her lovely, ravaged face, touching her hair, the shining toes of her satin slippers, she was offering him everything he had most wanted from her—and it was too late.

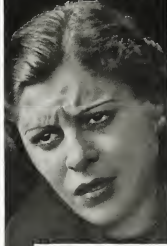
Oh. She stood up and walked toward him. She touched him. Her hands were light but urgent on his shoulders. Her face was close to his and ravaged with tears, but more beautiful than it had ever been in cool composure.

She said, her voice muted almost to a whisper: "Tony, it isn't as if there were anyone else—if there were, I wouldn't ask you to do this. I'd let you go. That is, I think I would. I hope I would. But there isn't anyone and I can't let you go. You can't ask me to."

He started to speak. He tried to find words in which to tell her that she was wrong; that there was someone else; that there was Julie Shaw. And then, searching desperately for words, he knew he would never find any way in which to tell Carol that he was leaving her to go to Julie, as Michael Shaw had left her eight years ago.

Putting his arms around her, kissing

"I Writhed with Pain."



I Couldn't Even Tell My Doctor the Torture I Suffered!"

WHAT agony Piles! What they impose in pain, in mental distress, in loss of personal efficiency!

The sad part about this affliction is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet there is nothing more liable to serious outcome than a bad case of Piles.

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her tearstained face, he didn't know whether he was happy or miserable. It didn't matter particularly. This, it seemed, was the way things were. This was his life and his marriage—to be lived through to their conclusion. And whether that conclusion was to be bright or disastrous was his responsibility—his and Carol's.

For a little while he had tried to escape it—for a little while he had believed that with Julie Shaw he could escape it—but he couldn't have of course. Presently he would go to Julie and try to make her understand this. He hoped he would be able to.

It was ten o'clock. It had begun to rain. When Julie had put Michael to bed the rain had been a light drizzle on the tin roof of the porch. Now, when she was downstairs again, it was just a soft patter against the west windowpanes.

It was so quiet in the room that Julie heard Tony's car almost as soon as it turned off the cement highway onto the gravel road. Then there was a sweep of headlights across the windowpanes, a blurred, rain-sparkled flash of golden light, and the sound of an engine being cut.

She looked up and he came in and stood in the hall a moment before he came into the room.

She smiled at him. There were no traces of tears now on her cheeks or in her eyes. She looked just as she always did.

But Tony looked different. Julie couldn't put her finger on what the difference was but it was there—she sensed it even before he spoke. She was sure about it as soon as he did speak.

He said: "Julie, I don't know how to tell you . . ."

Suddenly she began to shake—a cold, sick shaking. She said: "Then it isn't over."

Tony said: "If you mean Ives—yes, that's over. It was all in the evening paper. It was a hit-and-run case. They'll never do anything more about it."

Julie felt limp and empty, as if there was nothing inside of her; as if she were hollow like a papier-mâché doll. If her legs went out from under her and she hit the floor, she would just crack open and lie there in pieces. Her face and her brown arms and her slim legs but nothing inside of her—nothing to make her go.

She said: "Then what?" and her voice sounded empty too. It didn't have any substance; it was just a thin noise like a needle on a phonograph record.

"You and I," said Tony, and now he came up to her and his hands went out behind her. He didn't touch her. "You and I, Julie." He added: "I guess I knew all the time it wouldn't work."

Julie sat down suddenly on the plum-colored sofa. She smiled at Tony. "Do you want to talk about it, or do you want to just leave it like that—that it won't work?"

Tony said: "I want to talk about it." He sat down beside her and took her hand and held it lightly for a long time.

She said at last: "Well, why don't you tell me, Tony?"

He said: "I want to—but I don't know how to begin."

"Why not begin with last night?" she asked.

He leaned forward. "You know?"

She nodded. "I don't know but I can guess. Stop me if I am wrong, Tony. Carol—"

"No," he said; "I'd rather tell you myself."

So he told her.

She listened quietly. She didn't look

at him, but once in a while she said, "I know," softly, or, "I can understand that"—this was when he was telling her about Carol and Michael Shaw. When he came to the part about Carol and himself, she didn't say anything, so that, finishing, he didn't know whether she was angry or not.

He said, leaning toward her: "I suppose, in a way, I have behaved weakly, Julie. I suppose the honest thing, the decent thing would have been to tell Carol the truth."

"About you and me?"

"Yes, of course."

"But that is what you did, really, don't you see that?" She looked at him and her eyes were clear and friendly. "You never really wanted to marry me, darling; you wanted the sort of marriage you thought I could give you, but you wanted it with Carol. Well, now you are going to have it."

"I don't know," said Tony. "Tonight when we talked about it—about what we were going to mean to each other—we had it. But it may not last."

"But tonight was lovely?" said Julie.

"Yes, tonight was fine."

"Well," said Julie, "don't think about next week or next month. Think about tonight."

Tony got up and began walking up and down the room. He felt clumsy with bewilderment. He had told her and she wasn't angry. She didn't seem to mind at all. But she must mind. She had said she loved him—and if she loved him, this must have hurt her. And he couldn't bear to think that he had hurt her. Not that he was different from anyone in the world. Not Julie, who more than anyone he had ever known had seemed to understand him and offer him comfort when he most needed it.

He tried again. He came back to her. He said: "I did what seemed best so far as Carol and I are concerned but in doing it I have let you down badly, Julie—and that is the last thing I wanted to do."

She smiled. "Don't you worry about me. I'll be all right. I'll be fine."

He said, discovering it slowly, a little painfully, "You never loved me, Julie. You were sorry for me, but you never loved me."

She said: "If you mean the way you love Carol—no, I never did. But in another way, Tony, I loved you. I still do."

He stared at her, his eyes tormented. "Then you don't despise me for this, Julie? You don't hate me for it?"

"No," said Julie.

"I won't last, you know; that is, I don't think it will. After a little everything will be the same again. I won't have Carol and I won't have you. That's the awful part of it; that's what I keep coming back to. I might have had you, and now I won't."

"Listen," said Julie, "you never really wanted me. Try to remember that. And if you had married me, it might have worked out well, and then again it might have been a dreadful flop. When things go well with you, you'll think it would have been. When they go badly, you'll be sure it wouldn't. It's one of the things neither one of us will ever know."

"Don't you see"—she was talking quickly now, her voice light and eager—"it's like a party you mean to go to and then something happens and you can't, and afterward whenever you think about it you're never sure how it would have been, and if you're in one mood, you're sure it would have been quite the loveliest party you ever went to: the people would have been gay and charming, and the cocktails would have been superb. Or, if you are in the other sort of mood,



you think of it just the opposite way: you're sure you would have had a horrible evening."

Tony laughed, the taut lines of his face relaxing. He said: "You're a swell person, Julie—and I suppose there will never be a time, really, when I'm not quite sure that perhaps I have missed the best and most exciting party I was ever asked to."

She shook her head slowly. "No," she said; "it's sweet of you to say that but we both know it isn't true. And anyway, the party you'll be at will always be so absorbing that you won't have time to wonder about any you may have missed."

And looking at him, she thought: "I hope I'm right—and I think I am. But whether I am or not, it wouldn't have worked out for us. I've known that ever since that night at Irma's—that night we found out about Brenda."

But she didn't go on to what else she had found out that night; she closed her mind on that resolutely, and it was not until Tony had gone and she was alone that she came back to it. And then, when she did come back to it, it was only to run away from it—to run away from it so hard and so fast that at three o'clock in the morning she found herself packing her clothes and Michael's furiously, being careful not to awaken Michael, who would be heartbroken in the morning to find that they were going back to New York a whole month earlier than they had planned.

She never can tell, she thought, jamming the Shirley Temple scrapbook into the bottom of a packing box, when a summer is going to end. It hasn't anything to do, really, with a date on a calendar or even the weather. All of a sudden, it's just over.

She sat back on her heels and pressed her hands against her cheeks. She thought: Maybe youth is like that; maybe suddenly, without any warning at all, it's over; maybe you go to bed some night young and wake up the next morning middle-aged; maybe it happens just like that, and you've never really experienced anything, because you've been afraid—afraid of being hurt. And then suddenly it's too late: you're too old to be hurt. You're too old to feel anything acutely. You've run so hard and so fast that you've left all capacity for being emotionally depressed or excited far behind. And you realize it. So you stop running, but you stop living, too. That day you are through. That day you might as well be dead!

It didn't seem possible, as Irma North remarked at least a dozen times during the next week, that so much could have happened in so short a time. It fairly took your breath away when you stopped to think of it, she insisted. One minute there they all were, dancing at the club and drinking and making wise-cracks, and the next minute Brenda was dead and Ives was suspected of having murdered her, and now it was generally acknowledged (there were a few, of course, who would never be certain) that she had been struck by a hit-and-run driver, and Ives was going about his business as if nothing had happened, and everything was just the same as it had been except that Brenda was no longer around and Mr. Lane had sent Mrs. Lane off to Rochester. Last of all, the nervous collapse and Julie Shaw had

OFTEN, WHEN young Doctor Finlay Hyslop felt in need of exercise after a long day's driving in the gig, he would walk in the evening to the Lea Brae. It was a favorite walk, approached from Levenford by a gentle incline and sweeping steeply westward to the firth. From the top the view was superb. On a still summer evening, with the sun sinking behind Ardfyllan hills, the wide water of the estuary below and the faint haze of a steamer's smoke mellowing the far horizon, it was a place to stir the soul. Yet for Finlay Hyslop it was ruined by Sam Forrest and his wheeled chair.

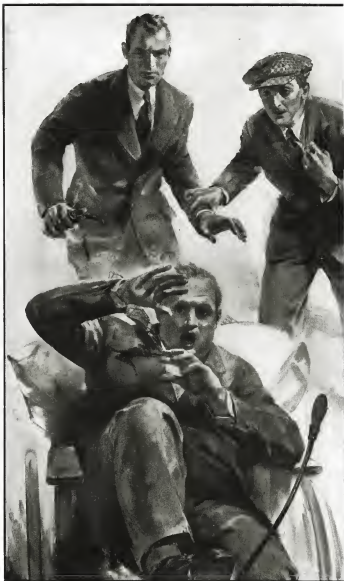
Up Sam would come, red-faced, bulging with fat, lying back on the cushions like a lord, with poor Peter Lennie panting and pushing the chair. Then at the top, while Peter gasped and wiped the sweat from his brow, Sam would majestically relinquish the little metal steering rod, pull a plug from his pocket, bite enormously and, mouthing his quid like a great big ox, gaze solemnly, not at the view but at the steep hill beneath as though to say: "Here, my friends—here was the place where the awful thing happened!"

It all went back a matter of five long years.

Then Peter Lennie was a spry young fellow of twenty-seven, very modest and obliging, proprietor of the small general store in College Street which he had named Lennie's Emporium. In fiction the convention exists that meek little men have large domineering wives, but in reality it is seldom so. And Retta Lennie was as small, slight and unassertive as her husband. In consequence, in business they were often "put upon." But for all that, things went pretty well, the future was opening out nicely, and they lived comfortably with their two children in a semidetached house out Barloan way, a genteel quarter to which Levenford tradesmen aspire.

Now, in Peter Lennie, the humble little counter-jumping tradesman, there lurked unsuspected longings for adventure. There were moments when, lying reflectively in bed with Retta of a Sunday morning, he would stare at the ceiling and suddenly declare: "India!" (Or it might be "China!") "There's a place we ought to see some day!"

Perhaps it was this romantic boldness which led to the purchase of the tandem bicycle, for though at that moment the craze for "a bicycle built for two" was at its height, in the ordinary way Peter would never have done anything so rash. But buy the tandem he did—a shining instrument of motion, a wicked, pneumatic-tired machine which



cost a mint of good money and which, being uncrated, caused Retta to gasp incredulously:

"Oh, Peter!"

"Get about on it," he remarked, trying to speak nonchalantly. "See places. Easy!"

It was, however, not quite so easy. There was, for instance, the difficulty about Retta's bloomers. She was a modest little woman, was Retta, and it cost Peter a week of solid argument and persuasion before he could coax his wife into the light of day in this fashionable but apparently improper garment.

Then Peter and Retta set out to master the machine. They practiced shyly, toward dusk, in the quiet lanes around

Barloan, and they fell off quite a lot. Oh, it was great fun! Retta, in her bloomers, was extremely fetching. Peter liked to lift her up as, red-cheeked and giggling, she sprawled gracefully in the dust. They had their courtship all over again. And when, finally, defying all laws of gravitation, they spun round Barloan Toll without a single wobble they agreed that never before had life been so thrilling for them both.

Peter, significantly producing a newly purchased road map, decided that on Sunday they would have their first real run.

It dawned fine, that Sunday; the sky was open and the roads were dry. They set off, Peter bowed dauntlessly over the

Sam's ideas about his old age went the Townsend plan one better!

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT W. CROWTHER

front handle bars, Retta manfully pedaling behind. They bowled down the High Street conscious of admiring, yes, even envious stares. *Ting-a-ling-ting-ting* went their little bell. A great moment. *Ting-a-ling-ting-ting!*

They swung left—steady, Retta, steady—over the bridge; put their backs into the Knoxhill ascent; then dipped over the crest of the Lea Brae. Down the brae they went, faster, faster. The wind whistled past them. Never had flight been swifter than this. It was great, it was glorious, but heavens, it was awfully quick; far, far quicker than either had bargained for.

From a momentary exaltation Retta turned pale. "Brake, Peter, brake!" she shrieked.

Nervously he jammed on the brakes, the tandem shuddered,

and Retta nearly went over his head. At that he lost his wits completely, loosed the brake altogether and tried to get his feet out of the pedal clips. The machine took the bit between its teeth and shot down the hill like a rocket gone mad.

At the foot of the brae was Sam Forrest. Sam had been down looking for drift on the Lea shore—that, indeed, was one of Sam's two occupations, the other being to support with great industry the corner of the Filter's Arms. Actually, Sam was so seldom away from the Filter's Arms that it never was in any real danger of falling down. In plain words Sam was a loafer, a big, fat, boozy ne'er-do-well with a wife who did washing and a houseful of clamorous children who did not.

Sam, with an air at once fascinated and bemused, watched the bicycle approach. It came so quickly he wondered for a second if he were seeing right. Saturday, the night before, had been a heavy night for Sam, and his brain was still slightly fuddled. Down . . . down . . . down whizzed the tandem.

Peter, with a face frozen to horror, made a last effort at control. The machine collided with the curb, shot across the road and crashed straight into Sam. In point of fact, it hit him fair in the back as he turned to run. There was a desperate roar from Sam, a loud clatter as the pieces of the machine dispersed

themselves, followed by a long silence. Then Retta and Peter picked themselves out of the ditch.

Peter grinned feebly at Retta, and Retta, who felt like fainting, smiled weakly in return. But suddenly they recollected. What about Sam? Ah, poor Sam lay groaning in the dust. They rushed over to him.

"Are you hurt?" cried Peter.

"I'm dead," he moaned. "Ye've killed me, ye bloody murderers!"

Terrible silence, punctuated by Sam's groans. Nervously Peter tried to raise the fallen man, who was quite double his weight.

"Let me be! Let me be!" Sam roared. "You're tearin' me to bits."

Retta went whiter than ever. "Get up, Sam, do!" she implored. She knew him well, having refused him credit the week before.

But Sam wouldn't get up. The slightest attempt to raise him sent him into the most terrible convulsions, and his big beefy legs seemed now no more able to support him than watery blanchmange.

By this time Retta and Peter were at their wits' end: they saw Sam a mutilated corpse and themselves standing palely in the dock while the judge sternly assumed the black cap. However, at this moment help arrived in the shape of Rafferty's light lorry. Rafferty, the butter-and-egg man, had been down at Ardillan collecting eggs. With his help Sam was hoisted up among the eggs and driven to his house in the Vennel. A few eggs were smashed in the process but Peter and Retta didn't mind. They would pay, they protested passionately; oh, yes, they would pay. Nothing mattered so long as Sam got safely back.

At last Sam was home and in his bed surrounded by his curious progeny, sustained by the shrill lamentations of his wife.

"The doctor," she whined. "We'll need the doctor."

"Ye-yes, yes," stammered Peter. "I'll fetch the doctor." What had he been thinking of? Of course they must have the doctor! He tore down the steps and ran.

At that time Doctor Snoddy lived in High Street adjacent to the Vennel. And it was Snoddy who came to Sam.

Sam lay on his back with his mouth open and his eyes closed. No martyr suffered more than did Sam during the examination.

The doctor, while puzzled, was impressed by Sam's condition—no bones broken, no internal injuries that he could find, but something seemingly wrong for all that, the patient's agony was so manifest. Snoddy was a small, prosy, pompous man with a tremendous sense of his own dignity, and finally, with a great show of professional knowledge,

Robert L.
Crowther
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With sudden devilish impulse Doctor Hyslop gave Sam's chair a push which sent it flying down the hill.

SURGEON

without a Knife

by **A. J. CRONIN**

Author of "The Stars Look Down"

he made the ominous pronouncement: "It's the spine!"

Sam echoed the words with a hollow groan, and horror thrilled through to Peter's marrow.

"Ye understand," he whispered, "it was us to blame. We take full responsibility. He's to have everything that's needed. Nothing's too good for him. Nothing!"

That was the beginning. Nourishment was necessary for the invalid, good strong nourishment. Nourishment was provided. Stimulant. Peter saw that the brandy was the very best. A proper bed. Towels, linen, saucers, jellies, tea, nightshirts, sugar, they all flowed gently to the sick man's home.

Later, some tobacco—to soothe the anguished nerves. And a little money, too, since Mrs. Forrest, tied to Sam's bedside, could not do her washing as before. "Run round with this to Sam's" became the order of the day. Snoddy, of course, was calling regular as the clock.

And finally there came the day when, taking Peter aside, he articulated the fatal word *paralysis*. Sam's life was saved; but Sam would never use his legs again.

"N-never?" Peter faltered. "I don't understand."

Snoddy laughed his pompous little laugh. "Just watch the poor fellow try to walk—then ye'll understand."

It was a staggering blow for Peter and Retta. They talked it over late into the night—over and over and over. But there was no way out. They had done it, they alone must foot the bill, and Sam—of course Sam, poor soul, his lot was far, far worse than theirs.

A bath chair was bought—Peter sweated when he saw the price—and Sam and his chair assumed their place in Levenford society. On the level his

eldest son, aged fourteen, could wheel him easily and "down to the Emporium" became a favorite excursion of Sam's. He would sit outside the shop basking in the sun, sending in for tobacco or a pie. Now there was no talk of refusing him credit. Sam's credit was unlimited, and he had his weekly dole from Peter as well.

When the nine days' wonder of the wheeled chair subsided, Levenford forgot. Hardly anyone noticed it when Peter and Retta relinquished the cozy little Barlow house and moved into the rooms above the shop; when the little girl gave up her music lessons and the boy suddenly left the academy to earn a wage in Gillespie's office. The gray creeping into Peter's hair and the worried frown on Retta's brow evoked little interest and less sympathy. As Sam himself put it, with a pathetic shake of his head: "They have their legs, at any rate!"

This was indeed the very phrase which Sam employed to Doctor Hyslop on that fateful summer evening of early July.

It was a fine bright evening, with the view looking its very best. The doctor stood on the brise trying to find tranquility in the sight. Tonight his surgery had worried him, the day had been troublesome, and his mood was cantankerous. At length the quiet of the scene sank into him. And then over the crest of the brise came Sam in the wheeled chair.

Hyslop swore. The history of Sam and Peter had long been known to him, and the sight of the big bloated fellow fastened like a parasite on the lean and hungry Leslie roused him immeasurably. He watched them draw near irritably, observing Peter's physical distress and, as they reached the summit, he made a caustic comment on the difficulties of propelling inert matter uphill.

"He canna complain," sighed Sam. "He has his legs, at any rate."

Coming Soon: Another Doctor Finlay Hyslop story by A. J. Cronin

Summer Lightning by Allene Corliss

(Continued from page 153)

"Nothing," said Carol. "Not a thing." "Carol—Carol, my dear." His hand touched her shoulder. "Listen, there are boats sailing for Southampton almost every day. If this means what I think it does—does it mean what I think it does, Carol?"

"No," said Carol, "not if you think it means I will go to England with you. You see, you're wrong about Tony and me, Weston. I am in love with him, but for a long time I didn't know it. I had my feeling for him confused with my feeling about something else; with something that happened to me a long time ago when I was very young—something that's been over and done with, really, for years, only," she repeated evenly, "I didn't know it."

The candle came up to them then with the cigarettes.

She said: "But if you do go to England this fall, Weston, I must remember to give you letters to me I know over there, especially the Reginald Robertes. They have a charming place in Surrey and would adore putting you up for a week end."

Weston smiled at her. So this was the end. The end to nearly three years of wanting her—of planning, of waiting, of proceeding intelligently. This was the end. . . Brenda Lane walked in front of his car on a dark country road, and Carol would give him letters to different

people she knew in England, especially the Reginald Robertes, who had a charming place in Surrey and would adore putting him up for a week end.

She was the only woman he had ever wanted to have permanently in his life, and now she was going out of it forever; she was going out of it just as surely and swiftly as they were walking over velvet-smooth turf to the ninth green. Brenda Lane's fligree bracelet that she would never wear again lay where he had dropped it, in his breast pocket beneath a monogrammed handkerchief. At his side the thin material of Carol's skirt swayed lightly about her knees as they crossed a footbridge and circled a small copse of white birch trees.

He wanted to say something to her. Something important. Something she would remember longer, perhaps, than she might remember him. Something that would come back to her at times and remind her of him, not as a man who had run Brenda Lane down on a dark country road and left her there, not even as a man who, through his own efforts, had managed to make millions and become one of the most brilliant defense lawyers of his day, but as a man who had loved her, who had hoped to marry her and keep her with him always.

But he could think of nothing. So in the end he said inadequately: "Try, if

And then, instinctively, Hyslop looked at Sam's legs as they lay snugly in the long wheeled chair. They were, strangely, a remarkably stout pair of legs. Fat, like the rest of Sam, bulging Sam's blue serge trousers. Peculiar, thought the doctor, that there should be no atrophy, no wasting of these ineffectual limbs!

He stared and stared at Sam's legs with a growing penetration; then with a terrible intentness he stared at the snarl-faced Sam. Supposing—supposing all these years

And suddenly, as he stood beside the wheeled chair on the edge of the brise, suddenly with a devilish impulse he took the flat of his boot and gave the chair a frightful push. Without a word of warning it shot off downhill.

Peter stood gazing at the bolting chair like a man petrified by the repetition of dreadful history; then he let out a nervous scream.

Sam, roaring like a bull, was trying to control the chair. But the chair had no brakes. It careened all over the road, dashed at a frantic speed into the hedge, overturned and shot Sam bang into a bed of nettles.

For two seconds Sam was lost to view in the green sea of the stinging nettles; then, miraculously, he arose.

Cursing with rage, he scrambled to his feet and ran up to Hyslop. "What the hell," he shouted, brandishing his fists—"what the hell did ye do that for?"

"To see if ye could walk!" Hyslop shouted back, and hit Sam first.

Peter and Retta have returned to the Barlow house. The wheeled chair is sold, and Sam is back at his old job: supporting the corner of the Fitter's Arms.

But every time Finlay Hyslop drives past, Sam curses and spits upon the ground.



you can, to think of me not too unkindly, Carol."

And she replied with that light smile which had nothing to do with him at all, which had everything to do with Tony. "Of course I shall think of you kindly, Weston." And she thought, suffused again with that new, tenderly fragile sense of happiness. If, or when, I think of you at all . . .

The apartment was no better and no worse, probably, than hundreds of other moderately priced, furnished apartments all over the city. This one happened to be in the East Thirties, just off the avenue. It had been chosen, Ives concluded, more for its convenient location and its low rent than because it was a pleasant place in which to live.

It was, he decided, indisputably dreary. Yet some attempt had been made to make it less so. There was the blue chair and the parchment-shaded lamp with its copper base. And because it was October, there was the brilliant splash of red-and-gold autumn leaves in an old pewter jug.

They looked oddly out of place in this little three-room city flat. They looked like Westboro, Vermont, and rolling country and the blue haze of wood smoke spiraling against a clear blue sky. They looked like Julie in a brown tweed skirt and scuffed brown leather brogues and

a red leather jacket. They looked like Julie with a red beret jammed down over her eyes and the wind in her hair and a bright scarf twisted about her throat.

Ives was staring at them when the door opened and Julie came into the room. She was wearing a slim, dark suit and a conventional white linen blouse and a casual dark hat. She didn't look wind-blown and young; she looked surprised.

She said: "Hello, Ives. How did you get in?"

Ives said: "Through the door—the most approved manner, I believe, of entering a lady's apartment." He added, "I met Michael and that blond nursemaid of hers just going out. I convinced Sweden with Michael's help that it was quite all right to let me wait here for you. She is Swedish, isn't she?"

"Yes," said Julie. "But how did you know where I lived?"

"I didn't," said Ives. "That's why I've been so long getting here. There are several thousand publishing houses in the city of New York," he confided seriously. "If you don't believe it, you just look in the telephone book. I began with the A's and I worked right through to the W's, and then I was told by a sassy-looking girl at a desk in the reception room that she was not allowed to divulge the addresses of employees. 'Divulge' was the word she used, Julie; don't you love it?"

"So you took her out to lunch," said Julie.

"No," said Ives. "There wasn't time. I told her she looked like Betty Davis, and asked her why she wasn't in pictures. I told her she was throwing herself away on a job in a publishing office; that a girl with her charm and personality ought to be in the spotlight. I found out eventually that her name was Justine and that she had a boy friend who didn't like the idea of her dancing anywhere—and after about forty-five minutes of this, interrupted by her duties as receptionist, of course, I found out that you lived at this address."

Julie took off her hat and put it on the table with her gloves and purse. Then she sat down on the davenport. She looked very small in her slim dark suit with its white blouse, and now that she no longer looked so surprised, she looked frigid.

Ives walked over and sat down beside her and smiled at her. "Hello, Mrs. Shaw," he said softly. "Hello, darling little Julie."

She said, "Hello, Ives." Her voice was breathless and she didn't look at him. She looked straight in front of her.

"You knew it wouldn't do any good to run off like that. You knew it all the time. Didn't you?" he persisted.

"No," said Julie. "I thought that if I took this apartment and didn't let you know where I was you would be angry and wouldn't try to find me. I wasn't even sure you wanted to find me. Not after everything that had happened—my not believing you about why Brenda was in your rooms and all the rest."

"But you did believe that I didn't have anything to do with—well, with what happened to her, didn't you, Julie?"

She nodded. "Oh, yes, I believed that absolutely."

"When everyone else was so willing to believe differently, you still believed I was innocent?"

"Of course."

"I don't suppose that proves anything to you?"

"Oh, yes, it proves something, all right."

"We'll come back to that later," said

Ives. "But there's one little thing I want to clear up now. Didn't it ever strike you as strange that Weston Reid should have had so little trouble figuring out exactly what happened to Brenda?"

"No," said Julie. "I never thought about that at all. You see, I was so terribly relieved to have you out of it."

"I know. That's the way I felt at first, too. Then the more I thought about it, the more I was sure there was something screwy about it somewhere. Well, there was. About a week ago Carol broke down and told me the truth. It was worrying her, so she told me."

Julie said: "What do you mean?"

When he had finished telling her what he meant, she said, "Well, I'm glad you told me. Not, of course, that it makes any difference. That is, I mean I was sure of one thing, anyway, Ives."

"What, darling?" said Ives. When she didn't answer him, he said: "I know, I know exactly what you were sure of. You were sure you loved me anyway, weren't you, darling?"

"Yes, I was sure of that."

"So you ran away. So you took Michael and came back to New York and took this apartment. You thought I'd be angry and wouldn't follow you. You thought I'd say, 'To hell with it!' And you thought that was what you wanted. You thought, 'Then I'll be safe from him; then he won't bother me any more.'"

"Yes," said Julie, "that's what I thought. I thought, I got over it once before and I can get over it again—and I would have, too," she added stubbornly, "if you had stayed away; if you hadn't come here like this."

"But why should you want to get over it? Why shouldn't you want to go on with it? You love me. You know damn well you do."

"Oh, yes," said Julie. "I love you, all right. And I've never been to Rome or to Vienna or to Stockholm."

"To hell with Rome," said Ives. "To hell with those other two cities. To hell with Europe and Palm Beach and Nassau and all the other lousy places where people go when they are running away from something! We're going home, Julie."

"Home?" said Julie, and she looked at him. Her breath was coming fast; it was pushing up in her throat and choking her; it was making her knees shake and her body feel empty—beautifully light and empty, as if all the breath in her was crowding out through her parted lips.

"Yes," said Ives. "Home. Westboro. You and I and Michael. She's got to go to school. We can't haul her around all over Europe. And anyway, there's the paper-box factory and the Towner Knit Underwear and the lime works."

Julie began to laugh softly.

Ives said: "See here, what's so damn funny about it? They're my job, aren't they? Just because I've never paid any attention to them, just because I've let a lot of old men keep on running them, isn't any sign I can't do it, is it? You may not believe it but I know a damn sight more about making paper boxes and knit underwear and lime than you think I do. And if I hadn't been so busy thinking off to Palm Beach and Nassau trying to get over you all these years—"

"It won't be easy," said Julie softly, her eyes thoughtful, "not after what's happened. There are always going to be people who'll think—"

"Sure," said Ives; "I know that. But after a while they'll think it less and less. And finally they won't think it at all. And anyway, running away again



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wouldn't do any good. It didn't do any good before—not for me; not for you, either, Julie."

"No," said Julie. "It didn't."

His glance, which for a long time had been on her face coldly, almost impersonally, smoldered suddenly into something neither cold nor impersonal. Julie put her hands behind her back, and the slim fingers of her right hand clenched tightly about the fingers of her left hand.

If she reached out, if she touched him, it would be all over. He would stop talking about paper-box factories and knit underwear and Michael's going to school.

She closed her eyes and she had a sudden picture of herself with her arms around his neck and her head pressed back against his arm and his face bending over hers. She opened her eyes, and she had not touched her. She thought, I'm afraid, but I don't know what I'm afraid of.

Once it might have been because of Michael; but Michael had said, "Maybe you should marry him, Mummy." She had said, "If it's because of me, I don't mind; truly, I don't. I like him."



Michael didn't mind. She liked him . . . She smiled at him, and he said: "Julie, Julie, sweet, you're licked. Why don't you admit it, darling, and not keep pretending?"

He was laughing now, and his face was coming closer. His arms were reaching out. In another second they would go around her. He was right. She was licked. She'd been licked right from the start, really. Eight years ago when she'd run away with Michael Shaw. Six weeks ago when she'd told Tony she'd marry him. Four weeks ago when she'd left Westboro and come back to New York.

You couldn't beat a thing like this. You couldn't do it. You didn't really want to—not really.

Somewhere out in the crisp blue dusk Michael was walking with the blond nursemaid.

For a moment Julie saw her clearly,

skipping along on her slim little legs in her blue reefer and her blue tam, her straight fair hair flying and her cheeks pink. Then she saw her in the same blue reefer and tam going down an elm-shaded flagstone walk, a black bag under her arm. There were other children waiting for her at the end of the walk; they all went off together, talking loudly.

And then Julie was back in a room on East Thirty-fourth Street, and Ives was saying, "You're not scared any longer, are you, Julie? You were scared but now you're not—and that's swell because there isn't anything to be scared of, darling. It's going to be fun. It's going to be a lot of fun."

"Yes," said Julie, "fun. Lots of fun." She added: "And I'm not scared, Ives. I was but now I'm not."

I'm not, she thought. Eight years, and suddenly I'm not scared of loving him. I never will be again.

And now her hands came from behind her back and her arms went around his neck, and it was all just as she had known it would be. Only it was better. Yes, it was quite a lot better.

THE END

Without Prejudice by Gloria M. Vanderbilt

(Continued from page 55)

of emotion; she has that inextinguishable hunger for life one finds in all Russians. I have never known another human being with so great a capacity for enjoying little things.

There is nothing that can so lift the spirit of an English crowd as the Derby. Lord Furness was one of the latest breeders of horses in England, his stud being in Ireland. This year he had entered Orwell for the Derby and Thelma had asked me over for the event. The favorite was "Duke's" horse, Orwell; the Furness colors were black and white with a red cap.

In our box were Lady Kimberley and Major Algernon Burnaby with his wife, who was the daughter of Henry Field of Chicago. They had all bet heavily.

The most thrilling part of the Derby is when the horses come pounding around Tattenham Corner, for about then one can tell within three horses which one will win. Lady Cunliffe-Owen sat in the box next to me and when her husband's horse, Felstead, won by a length, she had hysterics.

When it happened, Thelma, who was terribly disappointed, said airily, "Yes, it's nice to win the Derby, but one needn't take on so about it." But three weeks later, at Ascot, her self-control met its test. The Furness stables ran a horse called Wings of Love ("How could he lose with such a name?" said Lord Derby) which won by an eyelash, and Thelma dropped in her chair from excitement.

"You see," said Duke Furness, "if we had won the Derby, you would have had to be carried out."

It was soon after this that Gloria and her nurse arrived from France, and we all went to Borough Court to stay with Thelma.

This was an immense hunting estate owned by Lord Furness at Melton Mowbray on the border of the Quorn and Cotswolds. Borough Court, which could accommodate twenty or thirty guests with ease, was filled during the Hunt season, and everybody talked horseflesh during the entire period.

My first meet was at Melton Mowbray town proper, which is set like a backdrop on a small stage, for it is an enchanting

village with crooked streets and winding roads. The members of the Quorn wear pink coats with sky-blue lapels; those who come from neighboring packs wear lapels of a different color. All the ladies who are members of the hunt wear black and they are without make-up.

The most distinguished events are the notable hunt balls given at the famous neighboring estates. Thelma's surpassed all others that season for distinction and beauty. Her ballroom was decorated in the Furness racing colors, hung every few feet with enormous shocks of straw dyed black and white and red, and held together with the plunder of her households.

The occasion was made especially significant by the presence of the Prince of Wales, who came over after dinner from his hunting seat. It was the second time I had met him, and he smiled, saying, "We shall have our dance this time, as I see you are not in mourning."

When Gloria and I returned to London on our way back to New York for our annual visit to Mrs. Vanderbilt, the child developed intestinal trouble. As it remained a stubborn case after three weeks Doctor Gavin, one of the greatest specialists in England, advised a postponement of the New York trip. The expense of staying at the Ritz Hotel with trained nurses and specially prepared food was prohibitive, so I decided to rent a place in the country.

This house, Three Gables, was at Wentworth. Directly opposite was Port Belvedere, the Prince of Wales' country house. Immediately on entering Belvedere the Prince became a private individual with no one but an equerry to remind him he was part of the Crown. The world at large knows his democratic tendencies; it is hardly necessary for me to say he entertained on these few ends those he liked for pure liking's sake.

Royal personages are more picturesque, more dramatic, more tragic than any other human beings—tragic because they are like brightly painted tools used to shape a destiny not their own; dramatic because they move in a romantic pageant.

There never was a time when I entered St. James's Palace in which I was not conscious of this fact. While

York House is the most unpretentious of its many buildings, when the Prince of Wales lived there it held one of the most impressive rooms I ever entered. This was his private sitting room upstairs. One whole side of the wall was covered with a gigantic map of the world. It was the first thing that caught your eye as you entered.

The Prince's balls were also very informal. This night on which I had the honor of being his guest, no one was receiving for him. The Duchess of York was sitting down, and everyone was being informally presented to her.

On my arrival in the ballroom, the Prince spied me and immediately brought me over to the duchess. She asked me to be seated and seemed dreadfully shy until she learned I had a little girl, and then her face lighted up.

She was intensely interested in the American training of children and asked how it differed from the English. She thawed out so completely that I was sorry to leave her, and when I did so it was to be taken over by the Prince to meet King Alfonso of Spain.

His first remark was "I was disappointed in the best of all possible modes, that of an exhilarating good humor. At the door of the Palace, as I was leaving, he came forward. He asked me where I was going, and I told him to a small affair at the house of Harry Cushing, who married Cathleen Vanderbilt."

King Alfonso's English has an enchanting way of stepping off into Spanish gutturals. "I was going to ask you to go out with me," he said, "I am honored."

"Well, sir, so am I, but come to Harry Cushing's with me; I am sure he will be greatly honored to have you."

Which he was. And King Alfonso dashed through the evening leaving the crown of royalty, which he was so soon to lose, outside the front door.

Shortly after this Gloria and I paid the interrupted visit to Mrs. Vanderbilt, remaining for six weeks, and for the first time I received a sharp impression that, with the exception of Gloria's grandmother, the Vanderbilts can take but a tepid interest in my child's existence. She was now between six and seven years old, yet her aunt Gertrude had seen her only twice—once as a baby

and once when I had taken her to Gertrude's home in Paris.

Doctor Schiele, the child specialist, had informed me while in New York that at some future time Gloria would have to be operated on for tonsils, but as it was not advisable immediately, we returned to our home in France.

When I was in London with Consuelo and Thelma, I received a letter from Uncle George Wickensham. I read to the effect that it was the surrogate's wish that I make my future residence in America. Somewhere under the bland and friendly phrases lay a peremptory tone coupled with a cold finality.

I was like a pawn moved about by the Vanderbilt money. The humiliations that grew out of the disposal of the Vanderbilt fortune were at times unbelievable and insupportable.

I immediately set sail with Gloria for New York, and my first visit was to Mr. Wickensham. He took refuge in one of his impersonally affectionate attitudes of advice. "I think you will have to comply with the surrogate's wishes," he said.

"I am perfectly willing to live in America, but I have a lease on the Paris house. It still has three years to run and it was signed only with your approval."

"I am very sorry I can do nothing about it." His tones were the soft, consultative ones of Uncle George, but the eyes that answered were those of Cadwaller, Wickensham and Taft.

This interview ended in a compromise. I was to be given one year more in France, allowing me that time to wind up my residence there. In the meanwhile, Uncle George suggested, he would make application for Gloria at Miss Chapin's School, for which there was a long waiting list; and to this I was glad to agree.

We remained with Mrs. Vanderbilt on this visit—and it will always be remembered for a constant and steady fare of sweetbreads, which she insisted were good for our health. She was her same indomitable, restrained self: a little frazier, a little more insensible to outside things, a little more withdrawn. When I left her she handed me a check for Christmas, and when I thanked her she said:

"I want you to have it for making Reggie so very happy."

When I returned to Europe, Consuelo and Benny Thaw were celebrating their wedding anniversary with a large dinner dance, so I crossed to London to stay with them. I had to tell my sisters that the next year would see the Atlantic between us. We were all sad at the contemplated separation.

It is high time you were presented at the Court of St. James's, Consuelo said. "We will make application for you next year, and then you will be with us again."

The usual procedure for a Court presentation requires the names to be presented for approval in time for the Court Chamberlain to inquire into the personal history of the applicants before the card of acceptance is issued.

About five o'clock in the afternoon Consuelo drove up in great haste to inform me that one of the American debutantes had suddenly fallen ill; that the Embassy had substituted my name and the Court Chamberlain was sending over my card of admittance later—that I was to be presented at the Court of St. James's that very night!

It was six o'clock, and my maid and Consuelo and I took a hasty exit. Excitement, the Court train, the three feathers, the long tulle veil—these are the traditional appanages of a Court dress, and I was without them.

"Never mind, we'll phone Thelma. She has them," said Consuelo, and soon Thelma rushed over with everything I needed in her arms.

I don't believe I ever went through such a fever of thrilling expectation. My own tiara and more elaborate jewels were in my Paris bank—all I had with me was my pearls. I had telephoned Nada Milford Haven immediately, and she raced over with a tiara so magnificent it might have been a museum piece. She had inherited it from her mother, the Countess Torby; it was shaped in the Russian headress fashion and composed of enormous pearls and diamonds, with huge pear-shaped pearls at the tips.

Thelma lent me her pearls, Consuelo her string, and other friends swept in with more plunder; when I was dressed I was laden like a Chinese idol.

Presentation at the English Court is a grueling experience and demands all your savoir-faire; you are in a parade before the most distinguished and critical eyes of all Europe. I was not with the American Embassy group; I was to be presented alone and, as the saying is, I had to enter cold.

You drive through the courtyard gates and proceed to a cloakroom where attendants relieve you of your wrap. You then walk up an enormously broad staircase lined on both sides all the way to the top by the famous beefeaters of England in their striking Elizabethan costume with its huge white ruff. You enter a large gold room hung with standards and decorated with escutcheons and shields. Here the chairs are arranged as in a theater and you sit in rows until the Court attendant announces your name as the next on the list.

You hand your card to the attendant as you enter and he announces the name of your sponsor and your own name.

You pass first before His Majesty and make a curtsy, then proceed to the Queen. When I had finished bowing to King George I raised my eyes for my next move and almost stumbled in my surprise, for there before me, to the left of the Duchess of York and with the King and Queen of England, sat Lady Milford Haven, the corners of her mouth twitching with amusement. She had said nothing to me about attending.

Behind the King and Queen stood the Prince of Wales and Prince George with others of the royal house. All the men stand throughout the presentations, with the exception of the King.

As I started to make my way out, an equeury of the Prince touched my arm and placed an extra chair for me. At the end of the ceremony the King and Queen arose and with their retinue passed through the supper rooms to a smaller room of their own.

By this time my mother had settled in New York. No demand of the surrogate's was unknown to her. She was in constant communication with Uncle George and had informed him of every move I made, but I looked upon her influence as negligible, as he was too sound a man to be swayed by emotions.

I came to America in accordance with my agreement with the surrogate, decided on a house and signed a lease for one at 49 East 72nd Street. It was at this season Doctor Schiele informed me that Gloria's tonsil operation could be performed in July. These consultations—their verdicts, their alarms, their reversals—were turned on and off like electric-light signs in a thoroughfare.

As my home in Paris had not been closed yet, my mother-in-law suggested



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my asking Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt—it was the second Mrs. William H.—if she would invite my daughter for the summer while I made the journey back to France to wind up my affairs. Mrs. William H. replied she would be delighted to, and the time was set for the day following my departure on the *Europe*. Gloria was surely no frailer three short days after I left for France than she was the hour of my departure. Nevertheless, I received a wire from the nurse saying the doctor had advised against the journey to Newport as too arduous, and as Mrs. Whitney had asked Gloria to visit her at Wheatley Hills, could she do so and proceed to Newport later? I gladly consented.

I had no sooner arrived in France than I received an alarming cable from Gertrude Whitney to the effect that Gloria had had severe pain on her right side and the doctors had decided to operate. Again my reply was a request to postpone the operation, if it could be done without endangering the child, and the advice that I would immediately come back.

THIS CABLE was answered by one from Gertrude saying the doctors had discovered it was not appendicitis and there was no danger, so I remained in France until my furniture could be shipped. French workmen are not fast and the crating required time, so, leaving my maid in charge, I joined Nada Milford Haven at Cannes. Consuelo also came to us for three weeks. It was a happy time. But at last the hour came to say goodbye to this light and lovely land—to my friends—to my sisters.

On my arrival in New York I walked at my hotel until my goods arrived and were uncrated, and then I moved into my new home.

From now on events pivoted in a hard, bright light. I was the only one in darkness. It was like a drama where the main character is utterly unconscious of what is going to happen, but where all the scenes are set with deliberation toward a certain climax.

It was September and I drove to the station to meet Gloria. She was returning from her visit to Mrs. William Vanderbilt at Newport. When I arrived I saw Gertrude's car and chauffeur, but there was nothing to warn me of a pre-arranged move, even when Emma Keislich, the nurse, said:

"We are going to Mrs. Whitney's."

I answered, "No, certainly not. You are going home with me."

I thought this development only an evidence of a desire on Gertrude's part to be considerate and take Gloria while my house was being settled. She spent one night under my roof.

She now had for her physician Doctor St. Lawrence, who was in attendance on the Whitney grandchildren. It was Doctor St. Lawrence who suggested to me the day after Gloria's arrival that she should return to her aunt in Wheatley Hills, as he considered the climate of New York bad for her. I immediately drove to Gertrude's and communicated to her the doctor's suggestion, asking if it would be convenient for her to take Gloria. Her attitude was kind and gently sympathetic, with no suggestion that she knew exactly what Doctor St. Lawrence had said to me. She knew what my reaction would be, however. Gloria went to Wheatley Hills that day, and I went through months of seeing her only at the Whitney estate.

Six times in one year I walked into Doctor St. Lawrence's office with the expectation of hearing that my child's

health would permit her return to her home; six times I was disappointed. And now for the first time I was gripped by apprehension.

Consuelo had arrived in America and was staying with me. "What is it?" I asked her. "Why don't they let my baby come to me?" She shook her head silently.

I made up my mind to go to see Gertrude the next day. My heart was aching badly, as it always did in times of stress. I could hardly breathe as I said:

"I want my baby back. Gertrude, she is the only thing I have in the world."

She put her hand on my arm; her voice was filled with sympathy. "Sit down and quiet yourself. Of course you want her. It is natural that you should, but Doctor St. Lawrence advises just a few more months in the country. It is best to let her remain there."

Helena at this time was separated from Lord Furness and very unhappy. She was living at Regent's Park and my father had been making his home with her. One day I received a cable from her to come immediately as he was ill.

Father awoke one day to find that my mother had obtained a divorce by publication, although she could have received his address at any time from the State Department. The deception was a blow he never recovered from. There had never been a separation between my father and mother, and while she had not lived with him since his appointment as consul-general in Buenos Aires, the reason had been that she preferred my ménage as a residence. He died directly after this.

Helena then lies a letter from Gertrude Whitney which came at that time: "I was so distressed, knowing how much your father meant to you, to hear of his death. You have my deepest sympathy, dear Gloria."

My mother-in-law, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, had died in the spring of 1934, and with her death the last strong link in the golden Vanderbilt chain had snapped in two. She left me in her will \$100,000, no part of which has yet been paid me.

Uncle George informed me at one of our many interviews that the surrogate was critical of my running my establishment with my child not there.

I turned on him in amazement. "Not there—not there! It is not through any fault of mine she is not there!"

That very day I called up Thomas Gilchrist and asked him to luncheon. When he arrived I communicated to him the surrogate's objections and asked him if he would go with me that afternoon to Doctor St. Lawrence and have him confirm what he had told me of Gloria's physical condition. I also begged Mr. Gilchrist to make appeals for an increased income so as to enable me to take a country place on Long Island, if that was where they wanted the child to live. Mr. Gilchrist promised he would.

Gloria was arriving that day from Sabbatis, the Whitney Lodge in the Adirondacks, on her way to Wheatley Hills, and I had asked Mamma over to luncheon.

When we had finished, Mr. Gilchrist and I drove over to the doctor's. Doctor St. Lawrence was the same soothingly sympathetic physician of my earlier visits. He told Mr. Gilchrist he admired me tremendously "for sacrificing myself for Gloria's good" (his exact words); that it was purely by his advice I had left the child all these months with Mrs. Whitney. Then suddenly his even, soothing voice changed. He looked at Mr. Gilchrist and said gravely and emphatically:

"I will wash my hands of the whole case if by my advice is disregarded and the child removed from the country. She must be left for the present where the climate agrees with her."

Mr. Gilchrist listened with attention, as though weighing the doctor's ultimatum. "It is best to leave the child at Westbury," he said.

When we returned to my home, Mamma was in the drawing-room downstairs. "I want to talk to you," she said to me. Mr. Gilchrist was still in the room as she continued: "Gloria, I want you to listen carefully to what I have to say. While you have been kind to me, no one knows how bitter it is to live on the charity of others. When your daughter is twenty-one years of age, you will have to live on hers—and I am going to tell you that you won't like it."

"If you will permit her to live with Mrs. Whitney, I am informed"—she corrected herself hurriedly—"I mean I feel sure Mrs. Whitney will give you fifty thousand dollars a year for life."

"Your interference has made me sorry for much in the past, Mamma," I said, "but if I ever consented to a thing like this, it would be a sorrow to the end of my days."

With that my mother left the house. Before this I had been introduced at a dinner party to A. C. Blumenthal. I had occasion to ask him to recommend a lawyer in a case of accident to my car. He gave me the name of the late Nathan Burkan, whom I engaged, and when the matter of the car was settled a strong instinct prompted me to speak about my child and her guardianship.

"What are you appointed guardian of the child?" he inquired.

"I was never appointed," I answered. "I always knew I was never guardian of her property, but I always thought I was guardian of my own child."

"Do you mean to tell me that when you became of age your lawyers never told you it was your legal right to obtain guardianship papers?"

"Never," I replied in bewilderment.

"Well, then," he said sharply, "it is about time you did so. You should apply to the court to be made sole guardian of the person of your child and joint guardian of her property."

"Will you act for me?" I asked him—and so it was arranged.

MR. BURKAN, Mr. Murray of his office and I walked into a crowded courtroom this hot July morning utterly unconscious that we were to become part of a drama that would stir two continents. I sat there listening to interminable legal phraseology until my case was called.

Mr. Burkan rose and presented his application. His plea summed up the fact that I was now of age, older, wiser and competent to be given the guardianship of my child's person, and to be made joint guardian, with Mr. Wickersham, of her property.

When he had finished addressing the bench, a small, carefully dressed man sitting behind me rose to his feet and said:

"I object to the petition."

"On what grounds?" asked Mr. Burkan.

"On the grounds that Mrs. Vanderbilt is unfit."

All I remember of that moment was the surrogate's face above his black gown—it seemed poised in mid-air with a startled expression, like a moving picture in a stoppage in full motion. He held up his hand quickly.

"Case adjourned." Then, turning to

head of the steps as you appeared there!"

Her laughter was like small bells ringing in tune. "I'm Susan Penn. I came on today's boat. I'm not disappearing until next week's boat, or just possibly the boat the week after that. Anything else?"

"Yes. Why are you wandering about at this time of night alone? It isn't safe!"

"Oh, I'm not wandering about alone. I hired a car. It's a quarter-mile back. You know, where the road gets too difficult for a car? I'm staying at Madame Hernandez's. It was going to one of the hotels, but the captain of the ship said I'd better go to Madame Hernandez's."

Geoffrey smiled with relief. The hotels were no more than bars with a few wretched rooms upstairs. But Madame Hernandez ran a completely respectable pension for the few whites who had occasion to come to San Bernardino. "So," her clear voice went on. "I dressed for dinner, not knowing whether I should or not, but I expect it was right because Madame Hernandez dressed too. Then her son asked me if he might escort me to the dance at the Spanish Club, only—only—well, I was a little puzzled."

If she had not been so breathlessly lovely Geoffrey would have laughed. It would have been a feather in Martin Hernandez's cap to appear with this North American girl. He was a pleasant young man, of a rather dark coffee color. Miss Penn's bewilderment was understandable.

"Anyway, I said I was tired and thought of going to bed early. But the night was so wonderful that I sat a while I telephoned for a cab. I speak enough Spanish to use the telephone."

"You mustn't go about after dinner alone, you know."

"Oh," she abandoned that. "Since you saved me from tumbling downstairs, I think you might introduce yourself."

"My name's Geoffrey Norton. I work in an American bank here."

"This must be a lovely place to live."

"Very beautiful."

She seemed to notice something odd in his voice. Her wide eyes, gray or hazel—in the moonlight he could not tell, except to know that they were very clear—regarded him speculatively.

"How long have you been here, Mr. Norton?"

"Five years." This time he kept what she noticed out of his voice.

"My father told me that when traveling abroad alone it was usually all right to speak to another American for advice. That was very tentative."

He answered gravely. "Of course. Have you traveled much abroad alone?"

She shook her head that was so much blonder than his. "This is the first time."

"How did you happen to choose this island?"

"It said 'not recommended to tourists.' And I wanted to see some place real—some place as much as possible as it used to be, when the galleons lay anchored in the rivers, filled with cargoes for Spain." She smiled, as if even the sound of the words enchanted her.

"Columbus' own galleons anchored down there in the river. Did you know?"

"Yes, I read that." Her shining eyes regarded the river all silvered with moonlight, as if she might see some shadow of those high-powered ships so long vanished from the Spanish Main.

But there was no sound in the stillness except a faint rustling of the wind in the jungle.

She said, "You aren't laughing at me because I keep saying 'I read that'? You see, since Father died, I've been alone

and read a good deal about all the places I want to see some day. Daytimes, I work."

"What can you work at? You're so young."

She was offended. "I am going to be a painter. Meanwhile, I am a fashion illustrator. I began when I was sixteen, and I'm nearly twenty now. I want to paint vivid colors in clear, clear sunlight, the very look of warmth. I thought I should find it here."

Geoffrey remembered Anita Davila before he spoke, but nevertheless he spoke. "May I show you about the island while you're here?"

She clasped and unclasped her hands. "I should love it if you would. I've been a little disconcerted. I didn't expect—"

He did laugh then. "You didn't expect that the conquistadores' descendants should have turned out as many colors as the rainbow, if the rainbow were all shades of brown. It does take getting used to. But you must not go out evenings alone. Promise me!"

Anita! he thought. But there was surging through him an excitement, a warmth, a gaiety he had long forgotten. Just to know for one week a girl of his own kind. To laugh with her, to drive with her through the jungle roads, to take her sailing and swimming in the pretty cove by Boca Chica.

She said, "I suppose it's very late and I should go home."

"Are you tired?"

"Not a bit."

"Then I'll get my car, or we'll take yours if it's quicker, and go to a native café. Would you like that?"

On the way out from the city she sat straight up suddenly, listened, and said breathlessly, "Drums! Drums beating in the hills. Oh, Mr. Norton, could you take me to a voodoo dance?"

"Not exactly. There's no voodoo around here, officially. But I can take you to a hill dance."

He remembered to delight her!

She remembered with surprising vividness his own first evening in San Bernardino, even hearing suddenly that sound of far-off drums, beating, beating. And on the same night wind that bore their sound, there had been the strange, sweet fragrance of jasmine flowers.

He had been nineteen. Five years! Yet that long-ago evening seemed in another life, unreal, something dreamed. Or else the memory of the first night beside him. She was not dreamed, but real.

SHE TURNED toward him, her wide eyes shining. "That fragrance—so sweet, so very sweet. What is it?"

"Jasmine flowering somewhere near."

She folded her arms across her young breasts as if she were embracing her own delight.

He sat rigid beside her. That very evening, before dinner, Anita's parents had left him alone with her for five minutes. She had come into his arms warmly, docilely. He had kissed her lips.

This girl beside him was from another life, a life lost to him forever.

He said stiffly, "You must drive out this road in the daylight. The marines cut it straight through the jungle, and there's a wonderful tangle of trees and lianas. Do you know what lianas are?"

"I have read they are the great vines that grow from tree to tree for hundreds of yards, strangling the trees they cling to sometimes."

"Yes." But he would not let himself make a comparison that occurred to him about lianas; made an effort, instead, to entertain her with legends of the island.

And all that evening, dancing with her at the small café, where her eyes (that were a clear hazel, he saw when they came into the light) grew wider and wider and out of the brown women in their bright kerchiefs and petticoats, the orchestra of gourds, the torches making a crude illumination, he continued to hold himself stiffly. Even on the long dark ride home under the setting moon.

Before he said good night he made an engagement with her to go swimming the following afternoon. By that time he had come to various decisions; that he would see as much as possible of her, because it would be something to remember afterward; that he had a right to do that. It had nothing to do with Anita Davila or with the rest of his life.

When he had been seen with her three times, which is to say two days after their meeting, Señor Davila sent a note to the bank saying that he wished to speak to Señor Norton on a matter of the gravest importance. Geoffrey had expected the message and had more or less determined what to do about it.

In two days he had traveled a long road to know that he was in love with Susan Penn as he had never been in love with anyone in his life, and would never be again; to know that every moment spent out of her presence was a moment appallingly wasted, since all the moments they would have would be so few, measured against the long years afterward. To know, nevertheless, that he was inescapably bound and must never speak of that love to her.

What the next fifty years of Anita's life would be if he jilted her, as in some mad moods he had considered, he understood well enough. He could not do that. He was pledged, and his word meant something to him. But so far as making explanations to Señor Davila went, that was easy.

The Señor's first words were, "You have not seen my daughter in two days, Ge-offrey."

That constant mispronunciation of his name, which had always irritated Geoffrey, suddenly exasperated him almost beyond self-control. But he said calmly, "No, I have telephoned her. She is, I understand, occupied with her trousseau. I am, of course, involved with many things which I must complete at the bank before I leave."

"Quite. I understand you are also otherwise occupied."

Geoffrey's voice was smooth, even, as expressionless as Señor Davila's. "Yes, A Miss Penn, a painter, was sent down here with introductions to me from friends up North. I have been escorting her and shall continue to do so until my wedding. However, she sails four days after that, and meanwhile she will have become acquainted with my colleagues in the bank so that they may serve as escorts for the rest of her stay."

In Spanish as slow, as elaborate as Davila's own, Geoffrey said all that, and waited. But he did not expect the response that came.

"Ah! You must bring her to dine with us. We will, I am sure, be interested to see a Bernadinean home. So few tourists have the opportunity."

By an extreme effort Geoffrey let nothing show in his face. That will be very pleasant. It is thoughtful of you."

Mockingly Davila repeated, "Thoughtful, yes; I am a thoughtful man. Let me see, this is Thursday. Shall we say on Saturday? As you know, we are giving a dinner party that evening for our relatives from the hills, whom you have not met. They arrive Saturday morning and will remain through the wedding

festivities. It will be a good occasion for the young North American to see our society, don't you think?"

"Splendid," said Geoffrey.

He went back to the bank with rage and despair in his heart. So he would have to tell Susan about Anita! He should have told her before, only, while he accepted the fact that he was but to interlude with her, there hadn't seemed to be any need.

By six that afternoon he had forgotten all about Señor Davila, as in Susan's presence he forgot temporarily everyone he had ever known but her. He had driven her to Boca Chica to swim. They had swum hard, laughed, been utterly at ease with each other.

There was no tomorrow, no yesterday, nothing real beyond that clear blue water, her slim body moving past him, the golden sun sliding down the sky.

When they stopped swimming, they plinked, sitting on the high black rocks, watching the sun go down behind the empty sands and the empty sea. They ate ravenously, laughed about their appetites.

But afterwards they fell silent until she said, "Empty sky and beach and sea. There might be just a few in the whole world, Geoffrey. How well we've grown to know each other in two days." Warmth in her young voice, a warmth he had noticed before—and dared not answer!

He hurried into speech. "Let's count how many things I know about you. That since you lost your father, you have lived with Michael Adams and his wife. That they were both friends of your father. That Mr. Adams is a very good painter and has helped you enormously. That they lost most of their investments in the depression and are sorry because they hate to have you work, but you wish you could earn more, so you could do more for them. That they are darlings, but treat you as a child, whereas really you're completely adult."

"Geoffrey, you're making fun of me!" "No, I assure you I am not! I know also that you paint magnificently. That picture you did yesterday of the castle had the most remarkable quality of light about it. I know that you're very kind to give a dull person like me so much of your time, and that I should have you meet the other men in the bank, who are more amusing."

"Geoffrey, you are not dull! You are seeing that I have the nicest sort of time. You know, somehow I think I shall never forget this particular day, this special minute. I shall remember the sea and sky, and you with the sun on your hair, looking like a slightly discounted Viking."

A sea gull rose from the rocks and skimmed across the golden sky. She flung her head back, watched the bird flying. Her firm pink mouth quivered.

"So strange, Geoffrey, that feeling that a moment which seems timeless will pass, will be gone, as the sea gull's gone from sight into the sunset; that just memory will be left."

"And memory fades?" He did not understand why he wanted so savagely to insist on that. "Your memory of the sea, the sky, will blur. When you go North, the sky will blur. When you work, when you marry, as no doubt you will, a day will come when if someone mentions San Bernardino you'll say, 'Oh, yes. I spent a fortnight there. It was rather beautiful. And a young man took me about. His name I can't—quite—remember.'"

Why should she be tears in her hazel eyes? Those years—those tears broke something in him.

He caught her hands. He said harshly,

"Remember, then, if you choose! Remember that I loved you; that I've loved you since you stood, a silvery vision, at the top of the Spanish Steps."

Deep color stained her cheeks. She said, "But-I-love-you-too," and put up her face for his kisses.

There was a moment when he thought, What have I done? I never wanted to cause her an instant's pain, and she will suffer if she cares.

Then he could not think. She was in his arms, her mouth answering his, her hair a golden tangle in which thought, remembrance, hesitancy drowned.

It was a quality in the very utterance of her surrender, a quality of innocence, that held him at the last. And gently, as on that first evening when she had stumbled on the broken stairs and been for an instant in his arms, he let her go. Even in the fast-fading twilight, he could see the radiance on her face. His young saint was human, was an ardent girl. He loved her the more for that.

When she spoke her voice was shy, but her eyes were steady on his face. "Sometimes I've thought about love. I always thought it would be like this: that suddenly one would know, and ever after all the world would be different. Just like this!" And she put out her hand to him confidently.

He took her hand. He made himself look straight at her.

He cast about for ways to hurt her as little as possible in saying what he had to say. There was no way he could find. He must wipe that radiance from her face, must hurt her. She would hate him for a little while, and he hoped—oh, for her sake he hoped—that she would forget him quickly.

Something in his face troubled her. Her clear gaze grew puzzled.

He said, "I don't ask you to forgive me. It is true I love you, though I never meant to tell you, because I had no right. I am being married in a week to a girl down here."

He let her hand go, so that it should not be necessary for her to take it away. She stood up. She walked away from him, stood with her back turned to him for a minute. Then she came back.

"Will you take me home now, Geoffrey?" There was dignity in her young voice. There was pride. There was no reproach, only all the intimacy was gone.

He did not try to talk to her on the way home. But after a while she spoke to him coolly about some rock formation at the side of the road.

That happened to be the first night that Madame Hernandez' jasmine vine was in flower. The fragrance enveloped them as they stood at last at her gate, looking at each other, with nothing to say that mattered any more.

He remembered something he had forgotten and spoke about it indifferently. Madame Hernandez' father suggested you dine with the family Saturday night. There's no reason why you should, of course."

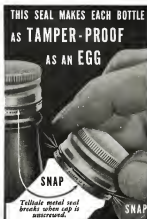
"May I let you know?" Her tone was precisely that of any woman uncertain whether her engagements permitted her acceptance of a particular invitation.

"Certainly."

She said then, very quickly, "Good-by, Geoffrey. Don't—don't mind." As if she wanted to comfort him! And she ran away up the steps into the house.

He did not go straight home. He drove through the streets of the city a long time. Once he stopped outside a saloon and hesitated. Then he shook his head.

Not since she had come into his life had he had a drink, because she did not like to drink, and he had not wanted to, with her. Now, he had a feeling that he would like to make an altogether futile



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gesture in her honor—that for the few days remaining while she would be on the island he would not drink.

Afterwards, he supposed he would turn out like the rest, of whom he'd seen so many in various stages on the road to "going native." Sodden with rum, fat.

He struck his hand against the steering wheel. He said, "I will not! I will not!" And a small cynical voice within him answered, "After ten years of managing a hill plantation for a native owner, you don't know what you'll do."

He drove on. He thought, I mustn't hang about and annoy her. Of course she'll not go to the Davilas. But I may meet her accidentally in the town.

That reminded him of her utter ignorance of what places were safe and what were not. Surely she would not go about alone again after dark. He must see to it that she did not.

He drove to the house where his best friend at the bank, Hal Marquis, shared a floor with young Roger. They were reading and playing phonograph records.

Geoffrey hesitated. Roger, after one glance at his face, said, "I take it you want to discuss business. You don't look as if you came for pleasure. I'm going to bed." And he departed.

Hal turned off the phonograph. When it stopped, through all the noises of the crowded city came the drum-beat.

Geoffrey thought, I meant to take her to a hill dance. She would have been interested in the types. He thought that dully. Tomorrow, he might feel again. But now the world had stopped, and feeling had stopped with it.

Hal sat waiting, his lean controlled face a shade more controlled than usual.

"I want to write a note, first."

Hal fetched stationery and a fountain pen. Geoffrey wrote:

Dear Susan,
This is to introduce my best friend here, Hal Marquis. It will be a great pleasure for him to take you about during the rest of your stay here. He knows the island as well as I do, I mean that—about its being a great pleasure. He will be delighted.

And I must beg you not to go about alone, either out of the city by daytime, or anywhere at all at night. It really is not safe. Please trust my judgment in that.

He wanted to write so many other things. He wanted to explain, to try to make her understand, so that she would not blame him. Yet he knew she could not possibly understand and that it was better to let it go as he had already decided—let her despise and so forget him. He added only two sentences.

Do just as you wish about Saturday. If for any reason at all you should want to see me, you have only to telephone or send me a note.

Geoffrey
He put the letter in an envelope, wrote her name across the front: "Miss Susan Penn." He had never had any occasion to write her name before, and probably he would never again have occasion to write those words, "Miss Susan Penn." A plain name, an American name—the name of his dear love.

He had been holding the envelope in his hands a long time when Hal spoke. "Is there anything I can do, Geoffrey?"

His eyes came back to the room. "Yes." Hal would ask no more than he told him, and would understand a great deal, no doubt. "For the past two or three days I've been seeing a very nice American girl, Miss Susan Penn."

"Yes," Hal drawled. "All the city knows that."

"I shan't be seeing her again. Naturally, this week the Davilas have a

great deal planned. Miss Penn doesn't understand conditions down here and is likely to get into difficulties by going about alone. I want you to look after her until she sails. Here is a note of introduction."

"All right," said Hal. Geoffrey seemed not to have heard him.

Hal tried again. "You look like the devil. Want a drink?"

"No, thanks. I'm not drinking." Geoffrey went to the door and turned. "Hal, you do understand? You will look after her?"

"Yes, I won't let her go anywhere alone. I'll present your note before I go to the bank in the morning."

"Thanks; I wish you would. Good night." He was off down the stairs.

Hal cursed the Davila family loudly in a mixture of Spanish and English that befuddled Roger out.

"Can't anything be done to stop it?" Roger wanted to know.

"Nothing. He's nicely trapped." "That Raoul's come back—Anita's original boy friend, I mean. What I don't see is why Raoul wouldn't serve as well as Geoffrey if the old man wants a manager for his hill plantation."

"Nonsense! Raoul would cheat his father-in-law out of half the revenue and spend them playing roulette. Señor Davila knows he's got a jewel in Geoffrey, and Geoffrey'll be his son-in-law sure as next Thursday's sun rises."

"It's a pity."

"It's worse than that," said Hal. "But there's nothing to be done. I suppose it's better than a knife in Geoffrey's back, which is the other alternative, since he won't run away. Let's go to bed."

Various things that had been fairly clear to Hal from Geoffrey's face became much clearer when, early in the morning, he sent his card and the note in to Miss Penn.

She came into the parlor immediately, and Hal thought if he'd ever seen a beautiful girl who had just spent a night sobbing her heart out on her pillow, this was the girl. Clearly, at first, she wanted nothing to do with him or any friend of Geoffrey's. But at some moment in their interview she changed her mind, for no better reason, he suspected, than that she had a dread of spending the time alone until the next boat.

BY THE TIME Hal left her, having made an engagement for dinner, he judged that whatever had happened between her and Geoffrey had been serious.

All that day the memory of her white, too-composed face stayed with him. This—at least might have been spared Geoffrey, since it was completely futile. Geoffrey and this girl had met, had fallen in love, then the facts of Geoffrey's situation had come out, and their two or three days were ended.

Hal, giving the bank's business that day scant attention, came to a resolution. This girl couldn't possibly judge Geoffrey fairly. But at least he, Hal, could make her understand the real facts. And perhaps, knowing them, she'd say good-by to Geoffrey kindly.

When the bank closed, Hal sought out Roger. "We're having Miss Penn to dinner. No doubt you've heard about her."

Roger said, "I saw her in a car with Geoffrey. She's beautiful."

"We're going to talk to Miss Penn about the tropics—and not about how glamorous they are, either. In fact, we're going to tell her the story of Anita Davila and Geoffrey Norton."

"Oh," said Roger.

During that dinner Roger played all

the phonograph records in Susan's honor. Susan commented on them politely, said nothing personal at all, and never mentioned Geoffrey's name.

She was thinking, I should not have come. These two men who know Geoffrey are being kind—and I can't bear to have them be kind over something that never was anything, really, except in my heart.

But in her heart that hour by the sea at Boca Chica had been more real than anything in her nineteen years of living.

Hal waited until dinner was ended, until they sat on the high gallery that overlooked the dark city. Then he said: "Did you like Geoffrey Norton?"

SHE was startled, but quickly forced composure upon herself. "Of course. He's been extremely pleasant to me."

"He's being married in a few days."

"Yes, I know."

"Do you know why?"

"Really, Mr. Marquis, I've known Mr. Norton only a few days. I'd scarcely be interested in the details of his marriage."

"They're interesting, rather."

He saw her fold her hands so that the knuckles showed white. But she said, "Tell me some stories of the island, instead."

"His is the most typical story of the island that I know."

Hal began to talk about Geoffrey's five years in San Bernardino; about his own four years and Roger's few months. He told about the money Geoffrey sent to his mother; about the leaves he never took, so that there would be more money to send. He told her about the kindnesses Geoffrey had done to younger men on the island, and to older, broken men who would never see snow again.

He told her that phrase—its use as a kind of flippant epitaph.

He made her see the girls with duennas walking in the plaza, where the hands played the same Spanish marches, Thursdays, Sundays, month in month out, and the dinner parties given by the staff of one bank to the staff of the other. The loneliness, the everlasting heat, the boredom.

Then he told her about Geoffrey's move to another house, and the girl who sat in the room facing his. He told her about those meetings, which were talked about in the town before Señor Davila knew. About one day the señor came into the room, and Geoffrey told the only thing possible, in decency.

He even told her about Raoul, and managed to make her see what Anita's life would be if Geoffrey did not marry her.

He told her about the death of Geoffrey's mother.

Geoffrey had spoken of his mother only as of someone who had died a long time ago. Susan understood why, now.

When Hal was finished, two tears shone on her long lashes.

It was Roger who said very quietly what Hal was still hesitant about saying. "Perhaps, Miss Penn, you will see Geoffrey once or twice more before you sail. Perhaps, if you do, you'd be especially pleasant to him, so he'll understand that a girl like his sort—the sort of girl he might have met up North and loved and married, if he had not stayed here a little too long—did not disapprove of him."

She said, "Of course. I shall see him and I shall make it clear that I think he is—admirable. Thank you both."

Next morning she sent Geoffrey a note.

Will you telephone to tell me what time you are calling for me for dinner with the Davilas? Would we have time to go for a drive, or swimming before that, my dear?

Susan

During that drive she seemed as gay, as carefree as in the first days they'd spent together. And as friendly!

Geoffrey left her at Madame Hernandez to dress, dressed hurriedly himself, went back to call for her.

She wore a chiffon frock the color of a turquoise sea. She looked so beautiful he caught his breath.

She smiled. "Truly, darling, you must promise not to look at me like that during the dinner party. It's all right on the way there, I suppose." And she sat with her arm in his, driving there.

But her heart was pounding. With her mind made up that in the five days remaining she was going to try to overcome the effect of five years, to make Geoffrey come to her because he loved her, not Anita, she was nevertheless assailed by doubts both as to whether she could—and whether she should.

Through the Davilas' arched gateway she went on Geoffrey's arm, her breath uneven. But composure came to her under the eyes of the people assembled in the patio.

Many people, a musical sound of Spanish voices. A man with a narrow head, an amused glance, making introductions. That would be Señor Davila. A girl in rose color that set off to perfection her pale skin, her brilliant eyes. Geoffrey bending over the girl's hand. Anita How exquisite she was!

In Susan's jealousy, doubt, mounted and mounted. She forced it down.

A faded dark woman—that would be Señora Davila—was speaking incomprehensible English. Another woman, who had been standing with her back turned, moved and stared suddenly.

She was an old mulattress, not fat but strongly built. She wore a green satin gown of a fashion of twenty years before, cut low, showing her handsome bronze shoulders. She blazed with yellow diamonds. So wonderful were the jewels, they seemed to outshine the candelabras on the table, to cast a golden reflection into the old woman's eyes, so that they shone like the eyes of a great cat.

Señor Davila presented her, saying, "She regrets that she does not speak English to welcome you," and the mockery in his glance grew.

They sat down at table. Geoffrey was beside his fiancée, a long way from Susan. She was at Señor Davila's right. He made her some sort of prepared speech on the beauties of the island. The mulattress, diagonally across from her, stared at her continuously, her canary diamonds flickering like so many eyes. Sometimes Susan noticed from far down the table Anita's look, watchful, curious, not unfriendly, turned to herself and turned away. But Geoffrey never looked at her once.

The great candelabras shone waveringly. The shadows they cast across the faces of that company had the strangest effect. When Susan looked down the table once, all the guests looked white. When she looked again, they all looked dark, negroid, not white at all. A third time they seemed white.

Only in two people that uneven light made no change: in the handsome mulattress, whose yellow diamonds seemed alive as herself, and in Geoffrey, whose fair skin seemed even fairer than usual.

Susan's heart ached, watching him. Like an automaton he moved his head right and left, his lips in rapid speech.

She stroated to hear his voice, but she could not.

Toward the dinner's end a strange thing happened.

Opposite Susan was a colonnade, with a door in it under the pillars. The door opened quickly. A tall dark young man in dinner clothes entered.

Anita's back was toward him, but as if his very presence compelled her, she stood up, faced him, cried out, "Raoul!"

Then several things happened simultaneously. Señor Davila uttered rapid orders in Spanish. The mulattress, moving with incredible rapidity, seized Anita's arms. Servants surrounded the young man. Geoffrey moved to Anita, and—as Susan gathered from his tone and manner—commanded the mulattress to take her hands off.

The mulattress laughed, deep rich laughter somehow shocking. Before it stopped echoing in the patio, the servants, with the unknown young man in their midst, had moved to the door. Señor Davila had returned to his place, the door had slammed.

The servants returned quickly. The mulattress released Anita.

There was no sign of the young man. Señor Davila said to Susan lightly, "There will be musicians after dinner. You will have an opportunity to hear some of our best Spanish melodies."

Susan glanced at Geoffrey. He was talking as if nothing had happened. But an unreasonable dread was growing in Susan, a sense of something sinister under Geoffrey's calm, Señor Davila's smile, the mulatto woman's laughter.

When they left the table and the musicians entered, Geoffrey came to Susan as quickly as he could, as quickly, in fact, as Señor and Señora Davila engaged their daughter in conversation.

"No," he said, before she could speak, "Don't ask about the young man, here."

"All right. Tell me, instead, who the amazing mulatto woman is."

"The mulatto is my grandmother-in-law to be—Anita's grandmother. I never had the pleasure of meeting her before."

"Geoffrey, you cannot do it."

"Susan, I have done it—to all intents and purposes. I wonder what Anita's conferring with her parents about."

Susan was not interested. "Did you know before tonight about—about—"

"If I had chosen to examine the matter with any attention, I should have known. I didn't choose, deliberately. Señor Davila himself shows signs."

"Geoffrey, I love you."

He stared at her. "Even now?"

"Yes, now more than ever."

He looked at her as if she were a miracle.

Then she made herself look at Anita, standing white-faced between her parents. The mulattress had joined them.

Susan watched, Anita flung herself on Geoffrey, look desperate in its appeal. But Geoffrey did not see it, and Susan did not know how to answer it. While she hesitated, that look was gone. Weary indifference succeeded it.

For Anita had made her grand gesture of defiance; it had failed. How quickly she had been beaten down from her indignant beginning!

"Father, you knew he had come back."

"Yes, but not where he was hiding, or that he would be so presumptuous. However, that does not matter now. He saved me some trouble by appearing."

Her heart had stopped, started again. "You have not—you have not—"

She couldn't finish.

Her father saved her the trouble. "He is not dead. Only locked up in the citadel until you are safely married."

She pleaded, then: "Let me marry



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him. Not this North American. Look at him with that fair girl. They are in love. Let them go their way, and me mine."

Señor Davila had been most dreadfully matter-of-fact. "Do as you please. But if you make a scene, even tell one word of this to your fiancé, Raoul will spend the rest of his life—which will be brief—in the citadel, and you—I'll give you into your grandmother's charge."

Her grandmother was standing with them. Her laughter boomed out again.

"I shall take her for you. I have taxed many in my time."

Anita remembered the old, long-abandoned slave barracks in the hill plantation where her grandmother reigned as a kind of unofficial queen of the district—and rumors of dreadful things that still happened there.

SHE SUCCEEDED, said, "Very well. I shall do as you wish, having no choice, really," and she went across the room to Geoffrey and Susan.

As if the ending of that family conversation was a signal, guests began to say their good nights.

Anita said to Susan, "It is too bad there were so many people that we had no chance to talk. Perhaps another time." She took Susan's hand, dropped it, looked at Geoffrey. "You will be able to explain, perhaps, that I wish for her, for you, for myself, things might have been otherwise."

She went away. Her rose-colored frock was a shimmer of fading brightness under the colonnade, was gone. They did not see her again. The senior Davilas seemed only to want to be rid of them quickly when they said their good nights.

Outside, in Geoffrey's car, he said, "I have one or two things to do before I can tell you—"

Hands folded, Susan sat beside him. He went to the bank, unlocked it, turned on lights, dusted off a chair for her and made some telephone calls in Spanish.

"All right," he said finally. "I'll take you home if you like, and tell you about it now. As it happens, Señor Davila, as Finance Minister, is as powerful as any man on the island except the dictator. If he'd chosen to have that young man Raoul stabbed in the corridor, no one would have done much about it. But he just locked him up until Anita and I are married. The bank's not without influence. It wasn't hard for me to find out. I'll tell you about Raoul."

"No, don't bother. Had told me."

"Well," His shoulders sagged.

She made her voice gay, lest she weep. "Better drive me home. Tomorrow's another day—to make the most of."

Driving home, they were silent for a time. Then Geoffrey said, "You must not remember me, even. You will meet so many men, stronger, wiser. If you remember me it might make you unhappy for a little while. That—I never want."

"Geoffrey, my father told me once that my mother and he met at a dance one moonlight night, danced twice, knew they loved each other, were engaged that evening and married in a month. Neither of them ever loved any one else. So it's in my blood to love once and forever."

"But—"

"There aren't any important buts. Before I met your fiancée tonight, I meant to struggle, to convince you that you had to give her up, that you couldn't help yourself. Now, I shan't struggle. You must come to your own decision."

"She said to explain to you that she wished things had been otherwise."

"So—she guessed."

"I suppose so. It doesn't matter."

"Do you love me, Geoffrey? You haven't said so, tonight."

"I love you so much that I don't dare speak about it; so much that I don't mean to see you again."

"You aren't the sort that runs away. See me for the days you have left—for the hours you are free. Because it will make me happy if you do."

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday. They went by like days in a dream. Through all that time they did not speak again of love. But they dined once together, drove into the country two or three times.

Twice, when Geoffrey was busy at the bank, Susan lunched with Hal.

The second time she said to him, "Is there no way to leave this island before the regular weekly steamer sails? I should like to leave on Thursday."

Thursday was the day on which Geoffrey and Anita were to be married.

He said, "Yes. Remember Roger was talking about the cargo boats from Puerto Felipe, the other evening? They take one or two passengers, stop at various islands to the north, and it's easy to make a plane connection from one of them. One sails Thursday, as a matter of fact. I happen to know the captain and I'll see that he looks after you."

So he arranged it for her. It was a four-hour drive to Puerto Felipe. She should leave about ten in the morning. Geoffrey would be married at eleven.

Susan told Geoffrey when she had made all arrangements. He seemed glad that she would be gone; that they could never meet in the days after his marriage. He understood that.

She asked him whether he would be occupied on Wednesday, the evening before his marriage. He said "No," and did not explain that a North American who married a native was not expected to give a bachelor dinner. Too few of his former friends would come.

"Well, then, may we have a long evening together?"

As if there was any chance of his refusing her!

He arranged to take her to dine in a small restaurant he knew, where they would not be likely to meet anyone. When he called for her, she was wearing the silver dress in which he'd first seen her.

At dinner neither he nor she spoke of the morrow—of her sailing or his marriage—or mentioned that this was a last evening. But when, after dinner, he said to her, "Where do you want to go?" she said, "Boca Chica."

The beach where once they'd shared a sunset, watched a sea gull's flight, kissed each other! It would be dark, empty, forsaken. It would not be as it had been.

But in her bright silver slippers she went along the cliff to the very place they had been. There was no moon, and cliffs and sea were dark, but the bright starlight showed the path.

He carried a coat for her to sit on and spread it for her. She put out her hand, caught his, made him sit beside her.

Her clear voice trembled a little. "Geoffrey, kiss me."

"Can't kiss you, Susan, and let you go."

"I know."

At those two words his heart seemed to slip sideways in his chest.

Her voice did not tremble any more. "I remember I said that day—'empty sea, empty sky—we two in the world.' So it is. We have—just now and nothing after."

Yes, he have now, until the dawn when now becomes tomorrow. I want us to be

everything to each other, Geoffrey, for the sake of all my life after, and all yours."

He said, "Susan, my dearest." He said, "Susan, you don't know..."

But she put her head against his breast.

In the rose and gold and purple dawn, when he brought her home through the silent streets, her head was quiet against his arm. Her smile was serene.

He was not conscious of grief or any regret. She had brought him ecstacy and peace. And watching her lovely face, he thought that perhaps she too had reached that strange place beyond doubt, beyond grief, where his soul rested.

They had completed life for each other. It seemed in that sunrise on that golden morning that not in all the years they might live could they lose each other, though they never met again.

But at the gateway of the house where she stayed, he knew that he could not say good-by. Not yet; not while the fresh golden light illumined the world.

She knew without his speaking. She said, "No, not like this, but casually, later, like old friends saying good-by for a little while. On my way to Puerto Felipe, I shall drive past your house, at ten o'clock, and say, 'Good-by, my dear friend.'"

She smiled, a smile radiant, confident, secure, and left him.

In his living room he faced the windows of the room where Anita slept.

What was she thinking? That girl alien to him, as he to her; that girl helpless as he against the net of things that bound them, probably she wanted him no more than he her, except for the saving of her pride.

Perhaps she had awakened on this morning of her wedding day with dread, regret, with an ache in her heart for that man locked in the citadel because he'd come back to her... Suddenly Geoffrey had to know what she wanted.

Precisely. A desperate idea came to him. He went down to his courtyard, got a handful of pebbles. On his way upstairs again there swept through him echoes of Susan's voice, the feeling of Susan's lips. Almost he could not remember why he stood there, holding a dozen small stones in his fingers.

HIS MIND began to function with a kind of independent life. Raoul was locked in the citadel. The dictator might let Raoul out, if it were to his advantage. The bank always had several things in reserve in dealing with the dictator. Loans, legitimate to grant, to companies in which he was interested, which they held off from granting—until there was a quid they wanted for their quo.

For days Geoffrey had thought chiefly of Susan, a little of Anita, vaguely of himself. Now, as if that finished night had set him free from the cod in which he was bound, he thought, quickly, easily, of a narrow chance that remained.

He climbed the rest of the stairs, carefully tossed the little stones one after another. Anita must have been awake, because in an instant a shutter opened. Dark hair down against her white robe, her lovely face quiet. The strangest emotion filled him. He did not want her, but if he escaped her, he would not quite forget her.

"Anita, tell me the truth now. If you had the choice, would you marry me or Raoul? Tell me quickly."

Faint color rose in her white face. "I should marry him, perhaps. It is futile to discuss it now, Geoffrey. You will make me and yourself unhappy."

construction of aircraft and in the exploitation of transoceanic routes. American planes were the first to fly by sea to South America, and the recent conquest of the Pacific by the China Clippers still has the world thrilling with admiration. American pilots have no superiors. American flying equipment is the best in the world. The proof is that all American air lines use only American planes and engines, and that many of the chief transport companies of Europe have bought ships in this country.

Moreover, our Pan American Airways, the line which has specialized in overseas flying, was the first company in the world to look toward the Atlantic crossing. As early as 1930, Pan American, although it differs from its rivals in being no government-backed trust but a private corporation entirely financed by private capital, made tentative arrangements for flying rights from the Dominion Government of Newfoundland. When Newfoundland reverted to the status of a crown colony in 1933 this concession legally lapsed, but it was nevertheless recognized by the British aviation trust, Imperial Airways, and later by the British government itself. Then Pan American made an agreement with Imperial Airways to undertake transatlantic operations cooperatively.

But this has not been all. Five years ago, too, the American company approached the air trusts of the various continental European governments with regard to landing rights and other technical necessities of an ocean airway between Europe and the United States. Out of these advances came preferential rights for Pan American in Greenland and Iceland. Since then Pan American has sent five expeditions into the far North to study the Greenland-Iceland route, one of them conducted by Colonel Charles Lindbergh, who, accompanied by his wife, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, made the spectacular 30,000-mile survey in 1933.

Thus, no other air transport company has duplicated Pan American's initiative in the North Atlantic, though both the German and French air lines now compete with the American company in South America.

AT LAST winter's conference in Washington, both Air France, the French monopoly in commercial aviation, and Lufthansa, the German trust, obtained temporary experimental landing privileges on the North Atlantic, as did also, in fact, the American and British organizations. What these and perhaps other players will seek at this summer's session of the international poker game will be permanent rights, without which no serious transatlantic service can start.

No modern nation has a quicker sense of the importance of the North Atlantic flying than Great Britain. She holds the advantages, the same advantages that encouraged her sea power—the ocean terminals. With flying equipment what it is now, there are only two feasible routes—routes that will pay dividends to stockholders—offered to the transatlantic flyer. One is by way of Newfoundland and Ireland, the other via Bermuda and the Azores.

British owns or controls both ends of the northern route, which is the favored one. Bermuda is her island on the other. The French held exclusive flying privileges in the Portuguese Azores but allowed them to lapse through nonoperation. With the improvement of airplanes, however, Portugal's Azores are losing

importance as a mid-Atlantic landing place.

But, an innocent reader may object, if we have been so long ready to fly the North Atlantic, why don't we go ahead without asking England's permission? The reason is that, though air is a common simile for freedom, actually it is no longer free. The gentlemen who divided the loot at Versailles saw to that. The World War had advanced aviation as much as twenty years of peace could have done. It was not until the planes which had crossed international borders to drop bombs could also cross them with samples, salesmen and goods—it was obvious, in short, that business was soon to take to the air. Therefore, the treaty makers voted into international law the principle that control of the land carried with it the control of the air above that land, and that no aircraft could fly over foreign territory without permission of the foreign government.

So England absolutely controls the two practicable routes across the Atlantic by controlling the terminals and landing places. Let us kibitz the cards of the other players.

America with its preliminary spade work, its tested oceanic equipment and trained personnel, its agreement with Imperial Airways and its rights in Greenland and Iceland, holds something that resembles a flush—an ace-high flush, too, since it controls the landing rights in the United States.

France is sitting behind at least a strong pair. Britain's shortest air route to her African and Asiatic colonies lies across France. Moreover, Imperial Airways recently thrust a spur north from their Australian line to connect Singapore with Hong Kong, China. Only flying privileges in French Indo-China make this important trade route possible. Against these concessions to British planes, France is permitted by England to use ports and air in India in order to reach her important colony, Indo-China.

Germany has less to trade with England. In fact, nothing at all. But she does hold the threat of the Zeppelins, which can fly nonstop from German soil to New York. Moreover, Germany is now flying the narrower South Atlantic with the aid of mother ships permanently stationed in mid-ocean. This is an expensive technique and not feasible for passenger transport; but Lufthansa is a subsidized trust. Denied port privileges for her planes, the Reich might well support with public money a mother-ship route across the North Atlantic rather than be crowded out of the competition.

All four of the principal Atlantic aspirants are making feverish preparations for intercontinental air lines. Pan American Airways, the only American company interested, is ready to start tomorrow. From the factory in Bridgeport, Connecticut, is proceeding a steady stream of Sikorsky Clippers. So far, these have been put in the Caribbean service, but any of them could be easily adapted to transatlantic flying.

At the Short Brothers' factory at Rochester, England, a seventeen-ton, four-engine flying boat is undergoing test flights before acceptance by Imperial Airways. Not until this model was in immediate prospect did England signify her willingness to discuss terms this year and put transatlantic flying on a permanent basis. The ship now being tested is the first of twenty-eight ordered by Imperial Airways. Only slightly smaller than the Sikorsky Clippers, they will enable a British company to reach any Empire goal without crossing any but British territory.

France also is ready to fly the North Atlantic. The giant thirty-seven-ton flying boat *Lieutenant de Vaisseau Paris*, which after a South Atlantic crossing and a good-will tour of South America and the West Indies was wrecked at Pensacola last fall by a Florida hurricane, was the first of seven ordered by the French Air Ministry. The rest are being test-flown or are about to issue from the factory near Paris. Only Germany is backward with big ships, but she has now begun the construction of long-range, four-engine seaplanes for the Atlantic campaign.

IN ADDITION to England's ownership of the north transatlantic routes, her position is strengthened by these two facts:

She may look her rivals in the eye and say that her only interest in transatlantic flying is to connect her Dominion of Canada with the mother country and thus complete her imperial network of air lines. She can assert truthfully that her new flying boats will allow her to re-route her air lines so that she need ask no privileges from any other country, and that therefore she doesn't have to grant any concessions.

As certain as a modern Douglas air liner evolved from Pansey's Langley's "aerodrome" and the Wright brothers' bird-cage at Kittyhawk, so surely will the supersonic of the air come, capable of flying nonstop with a pay load to New York from any port in Europe. Should England refuse to allow others to fly her routes, thus barring her own ships from the United States, in a brief time she might find her continental trade rivals beating her into New York by a day. And in foreign trade a day of 1936 is worth a month of 1836.

So it seems likely that when the players cash their chips everybody will emerge with something. The future set-up may be something like this:

Great Britain and the United States leaving the conference virtually as partners from the operational point of view, Imperial Airways and Pan American Airways running a joint transatlantic service across the Newfoundland-Ireland route, and a spur service from the United States to Bermuda.

France and Germany operating independently but on the southern routes.

Then, somewhere on New York's lower bay will mushroom into existence a great international airport where some day the airplane identification letters of the earth will be as numerous and varied as national flags now are in New York's slips and basins. Indeed, unless every indication fails, that port will be in operation ere the present year be spent.

That being so, let us consider a typical New York businessman whom we may call Mr. John Farway. Mr. Farway is export manager for a manufacturer of sewing machines, and his sales officers are scattered around the globe. Now and then it is necessary for him to visit his territory, to call it that. He used to put this off as long as possible, going out about once every five years. He made the best ship and train connections he could, but even so, five or six months always glided past before he could get home. Of late years, airplanes have helped him a good deal, but he still has had four weeks at sea, counting the Atlantic and Pacific crossings, to say nothing of his waits for the steamships.

Now Mr. Farway has become aware of transatlantic plane service. There are several wrinkles in his organization that need ironing out—something really to be attended to personally. What better time

than the holidays, when the firm is taking inventory and girding itself for next year's campaign?

Accordingly, on the Sunday before Christmas, Mr. Farway's valet awakens him at four o'clock in the morning. At five, he is boarding the airport launch at the Battery. At six, after he and his baggage have been weighed, a bell rings in the waiting room, and on the bulletin board glow the words: "Pan American London Express."

The ship is at the quay, her engines warm, her crew aboard. Mr. Farway joins the line at the door, climbs the gangplank and descends the rubber steps into the cabin. His baggage has already been stowed in the express room forward. The steward shows him his berth.

It does not take Jules Verne's imagination to describe the flying ship, since that ship already exists. Mr. Farway finds himself in a roomy cabin with a central aisle leading through compartments in which berths can be made up for sixteen passengers but which afford daytime seating accommodation for thirty or more. The seats are deeply upholstered and of modernistic design. The central compartment, directly under the flying boat's horizontal center of gravity, serves as a smoking lounge. The cabin resembles a Pullman car in design but gives the luxury of a private yacht plus the comfort of a gentleman's club.

Later in the day the steward is to take Mr. Farway on a tour of the ship. He sees the steward's own galley just in front of the forward stateroom—a compact but complete kitchen with an electric grill, dishes, glassware, a butter's sink, even hot and cold taps. Down a few steps on what might be called the C Deck are the spacious mail and express rooms. Up a few steps is the mezzanine cockpit, a glass-enclosed room in which are the captain, first officer and radio officer. Behind and above them, in a special room on A Deck, tucked up under the engine is the flight engine, whose exclusive business it is to manage the engines.

Behind the rear stateroom is the lavatory, then the after hatch, and behind that, in the tail of the vast hull, two bunks for members of the crew. The transoceanic plane carries a crew of seven—captain, first officer, second officer, navigator, radio officer, flight engineer and steward. Any one of these men can control the ship in flight except the steward.

When the pilot gives his four Wasps the gun, the only sensation for the passengers is the acceleration as 3,600 H.P. leap to work. Almost before the passengers realize the ship has left the surface, the spangled carpet of the sleeping metropolis spreads below, and Mr. Farway finds himself looking down at the twinkling buoys of Ambrose Channel.

When the sun is well up the ship has moved too far out for the passengers to see the white Christmas New England is going to have.

After the steward has served him his bacon and eggs and coffee, Mr. Farway goes into their lounge. There the passengers grow acquainted; a bridge game starts. Fog banks begin to flock the ocean, and shortly before noon there is a dim line of coast to the north. Nova Scotia. An hour later land is under them, and at two o'clock they come down at the ocean air base at St. John's, Newfoundland.

Here the ship must refuel. There is an hour's wait, and the passengers have Sunday luncheon in the airport restaurant. At three the ship takes off again, heading now into the east, which is

thick with fog. But the Clipper climbs above it into winter sunshine, and the fog bank is a fleecy snowfield below.

The distant roar of the engines sinks from the consciousness. There is nothing to see, and Mr. Farway drowns in his cushions. Night closes in early, the declining sun turning the fog bank pink. They run into boisterous weather, even at their height, but the great power of the engines carries them ahead steadily.

At seven the steward serves dinner. Good food and the monotony of flight are a soporific. At nine Mr. Farway asks to have his berth made up.

"What speed are we making?" he inquires.

"About average," the steward answers. "We're halfway across."

Mr. Farway asks to be awakened when they sight Europe. It seems as if he had just dropped off, when the steward is shaking his shoulder.

"Treland, sir."

Mr. Farway raises his curtain and looks out. Below are the revolving beams of a coastal lighthouse. Mr. Farway dresses as quickly as he can but has not finished shaving before the plane comes down in the dark at Galway. More passengers come aboard; the Clipper roars off and lands on the Thames in time for Mr. Farway to keep his nine o'clock appointment with his British manager.

That conference keeps strictly to the point. Mr. Farway catches the Imperial Airways noon plane at Croydon, and that night has dinner in an Alexandria hotel.

On Tuesday afternoon Mr. Farway meets his Persian manager by appointment in Baghdad. On Wednesday he confers with his branches in India. On Thursday he is landed in the Dutch East Indies in time to smooth out a difficulty in the company's Batavia office, and by using a Dutch K.L.M. plane he gets back to Singapore in time to catch the weekly Imperial Airways ship for China.

Thus he spends Christmas flying over Siam, Indo-China and the Island of Hainan. The British plane lands him on Saturday at Hong Kong. He crosses the bay to Portuguese Macao and next morning is aboard the Pan American China Clipper bound for the States.

Then five smoldering days of flying across the Pacific—Manila, Guam, Wake Island, Midway Island, Honolulu. He arrives in San Francisco on Thursday in time to make a long-distance call and catch the night plane for New York. Next morning Mrs. Farway meets him at Newark Airport. It is New Year's Day.

Now, this is no fictionist's dream. It is something that could occur, in parallel, today; something that will occur just as soon as England is willing to do permanently the status of transatlantic commercial navigation. Nothing to make it possible is lacking, except that agreement.

Thirty years ago it was a dream, and one of no less eminent a man of letters than Rudyard Kipling. Thirty years ago he wrote a vivid piece of imagination called "With the Night Mail," which dealt with a night's crossing of the Atlantic in a weird sort of ray-driven airship. Kipling projected his tale into an aerial age in which air liners moved on clockwork schedules between terminals half a world apart, the controllers of this air traffic exercising supreme command of all earth's affairs. He took a resolute breath and was bold in prophecy. He dated his story 3000 A.D.—a hundred years away. It is ironic that the master story-teller lived to the beginning of the very year in which his fantastic dream is actually to become a reality.

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Strawberry Roan by Bruce Hutchison

(Continued from page 63)

you your head, like your dad said, haven't I?"

"That's right, Pop."

"And I'm not trying to boss you now, boy. I'm telling you what your dad would tell you. I'm telling you, you're right—that girl isn't the kind for the ranch. Cut it clean, boy, before it hurts too much. They need you out there. We all need you. Let's go."

Gerry didn't say anything at first, just stood looking out at all those lights. At last he said, "Thanks, Pop. But I guess you understand how it is. And Dad would, too. I've got to stay here for a while."

Gerry was still in bed next morning when I spoke out. It took me a little while to find the horse. An old Swedish scrubwoman showed me up some dark stairs, and when I knocked at the door, Dallas opened it. She was wearing a yellow kimono, and the sun, shining through the windows, glistened on that hair of hers. It was strawberry roan, all right. And when I saw her smiling there in the sunshine—well, the sight of a girl like that, so fresh and young and clean-looking, makes an old fellow remember some other girls' faces, a long time ago.

I sat down on a sofa, and she sat beside me and looked me straight in the eye with that funny little smile of hers. I avoided her eyes and kept looking at the tiny white scar on her forehead like a cross. It wasn't going to be easy because I couldn't help liking the kid.

"Look here," I said quickly, to get done with it, "I've been talking it over with Gerry and—hadn't you better let him go home where he belongs?"

"So that's it!"

"Y-you understand how it is," I stammered. "You and Gerry—can't you see? You're—well, you're different, that's all." She got up and stood at the window, looking out, with her back to me.

I tried clumsily to tell her what the ranch meant to Gerry: how his grandpa had fought the Indians for it and built the house with his own hands. I tried to tell her how all those people living and dying there in that old log house had left their mark on it, given it a queer kind of feeling, as if they were still around there somewhere—all the Marshons from the beginning.

I tried to tell her how Gerry was the last of them, and of his feeling for the place—the feeling for the land that grows into you when you've sowed your own wheat and seen it grow to harvest, and sweated out on the range all day. I tried to tell her how those ranchers were depending on Gerry for the dam.

She listened without a word, and I was still speaking when she wheeled around and I could see that she'd been crying.

"Stop it! Don't you think I know what you're trying to tell me? So you've talked me over, you and Gerry. And now you know what I'm like—good enough for New York, but not for your ranch!"

"Wait a minute!" I said, facing her.

"So Gerry sends you to tell me because he's afraid to tell me himself—that he's had his fun, and now he's going home."

"That's not it."

"I know what you think of me, all right, both of you! That's what they all think in this town. Oh, I admit he had me fooled for a while, why, I even thought he was going to ask me to marry him! Can you imagine that? But I was right the first time, that night at the tunnel—just another masquerade, just another playboy from the country."

"Listen, girl," I said. "You don't understand."

"I understand, all right. Now, you take your good little boy back to his nice, pure ranch where he belongs. And if he changes his mind, tell him not to bother trying to see me again."

"I'm sorry," I said clumsily.

"Sorry? Do you think it matters to me? Do you think I'm interested in hayseeds and Indians and hair pants and rattlesnakes? Do you think Gerry is the only one?" Then she crumpled up on the sofa.

I leaned over and touched her with my hand. I was going to tell her that she was all wrong. I was going to tell her that Gerry wanted to take her out to the ranch. I was going to tell her the whole thing. But what was the use? I remembered Gerry's mother, young and fresh like this girl. They couldn't stand it out on the ranch, this kind. No good for her, no good for Gerry—even if she'd go. Best the way it was.

I took my hat and walked to the door. She was still lying on the sofa with that hair of hers tousled over the cushions. I sneaked down the stairs feeling lower than a rattler.

All that day I kept away from Gerry, but when he came in at night I was waiting for him with a telegram. It had come in the afternoon from the Little Bar outfit, offering two hundred thousand for the ranch and stock complete. I couldn't understand it, because Gerry had refused two-fifty for it from the same crowd in the spring.

He didn't even look at the telegram.

"Dallas has gone," he said.

"Gone?"

"Nobody knows where. She quit the show, and she didn't leave any address at her flat. Pop, what is it? Why?"

I couldn't face him. I turned away. "I don't know, boy," I said. I kept telling myself that it was best this way, even if it did hurt at first. "Did she know—how you felt about her?"

"I don't know. I never told her. I was waiting—for something. Now it's too late."

"Boy, I'm sorry. I guess that finishes it. Hadn't we better be getting back to the ranch?"

"The ranch? To hell with the ranch! I'm staying here till I find her."

WE WERE SITTING on a bench in Central Park one night looking up at the moon through the trees. It was good to get a breath of fresh air away from the pavements. For two weeks we'd been climbing back stairs, living in taxis, chasing after girls in the show who knew Dallas. But none of them had heard from her. Of course I knew that we'd never find her. We'd go home after a while, and that would be that. So I kept quiet, still feeling lower than a horse thief.

We didn't talk about the ranch any more, but I guess we were both thinking, as we sat on the bench there, how the range would look on such a night—like black velvet, lying creased and wrinkled—and how the irrigation water would be chuckling in the ditches, shining under the moon.

I couldn't stand much more of this. When I looked at Gerry's face, all drawn and white in the moonlight, I suddenly knew it was no use lying any more.

"Boy," I said, "I quit. I can't keep it up any longer."

"Can't keep up what any longer?"

"No matter what, now. But there was a newspaper picture today of a show they're getting ready to put on at the

Lincoln Theater. I cut the picture out. Your strawberry roan was in the chorus."

When I awakened in the morning, Gerry was gone, but he came in about eleven o'clock and started to walk up and down my room restlessly. I knew he was trying to tell me something.

"Come on, boy," I said. "I can take it."

"Well, it's all fixed, Pop."

"What, you and her?"

"Not that—yet. I've found where she's living, but I didn't want to see her until I'd got everything lined up."

"Lined up?"

"Yes. That was what I was waiting for before. I mean—well, I've been down to Pine Street this morning and arranged to buy myself a kind of partnership in that financial outfit. And I'm sorry, Pop—I'm selling the ranch."

He started to walk up and down again, avoiding my eyes. "Nothing final yet, but I wired the Little Bar outfit you'd be out Friday to talk over details," he said. "Then we can sign the papers here. You can make it if you leave tonight."

"Okay, boy," I said.

So that was to be the end of it—his grandpa's work, his dad's, his mother's little life, the life of now, the dam and everything—all to be chucked away like this. But if he felt that way about it, I didn't blame him. I would have done the same thing, I guess, when I was young.

"Pop," he said desperately, "I know how you feel and it's not going to be any picnic for me either, living down here. But I couldn't go back without her, that's all. And it's no place for a girl like her. Anyway, she's got her career to think of."

"Sure," I said. "That's right."

"I knew that before she ran out on me, and I'd decided then to sell the ranch. When she left without telling me, I couldn't understand it at first. Then I saw it. She couldn't make up her mind to leave New York, and she was too good a sport to ask me to stay here."

"But boy—"

I started to tell him the truth: why Dallas had walked out on him; how I'd let her do it. But he'd find out all that, anyway. And nothing seemed to matter, now that he was selling the ranch. I suddenly felt that I had to get out into the air—out where I could breathe.

"I'm going downtown now. Got a little special shopping to do," Gerry said. "Solitaire diamonds are ugly," I said, "but that's the kind they like."

"Thanks. She doesn't finish rehearsing until about one o'clock, and I'm going to surprise her at her flat. There ought to be a telegram from the Little Bar crowd any time, so if you'll pick it up and meet me down at Pine Street about four we can fix things then."

"What about the dam?" I said.

"The Little Bar outfit can build that."

"Okay," I said.

It was funny to think of anyone else building the dam, after Gerry had planned every inch of it.

Gerry had started for the door, but he came back. "Pop, I'm going to turn over half the money to you. And I'm sorry things—broke this way."

"Don't worry about the money, or anything. You and me—well, you know. Our trail was bound to fork sometime."

I got dressed slowly and went downstairs about noon. There were a couple of telegrams and a letter for Gerry at the desk. I shoved them into my pocket and stroked up toward Grand Central.

When I'd bought my ticket and berth on a night train West, I looked up at the

big clock. Ten after twelve. The idea came to me all of a sudden. Crazy, of course, but worth trying. I went out and jumped into a taxi.

"Lincoln Theater," I told the driver. I hung around the stage door until about a quarter to one, when a crowd of men and girls started coming out. Dallas came out alone. I stepped up beside her.

She looked at me sideways, but kept on walking. "What's the good of us talking any more?" she said. "I told you the thing was finished."

"That's the trouble," I said. "It isn't finished."

"Yes, it is." She turned up some steps into an old brick house. I followed her inside. When we got into her room she threw her hat on a chair and lit a cigarette.

"Well?" she said, looking out the window, as she'd done before.

"Gerry is looking for you," I said.

"I know. He phoned when I was out. He has his nerve. Well, I've written him, and it's all finished. So you don't have to worry about your little boy any more."

"Listen to this: Gerry has got himself a job in New York and he's selling his ranch and he's probably on his way here, with a diamond ring in his pocket."

"What?"

"That's it. You see, he always wanted to marry you, but I gumbled the whole thing up, because I was a damned old fool. But we've got no time for that now. There's something else."

She started to say something but slumped down on a chair and began to laugh, a crazy, wild kind of laugh.

"There's something else," I said again.

I knew I had only a few minutes before Gerry would be coming up the steps.

"This is getting funnier and funnier," she said.

"Not so funny," I said. "Not for Gerry, anyway—rotting down in that hole on Pine Street."

"What am I supposed to do about it?"

"That's what I came for. I came to ask you, because Gerry won't, to go out there with him—on the ranch. And you'll do it if you think enough of him."

"Funnier and funnier." She was laughing and crying at the same time.

"I know it's hard on a woman out there," I said, as clumsily as a Clydesdale colt. "I thought at first you couldn't stick it. But I've changed my mind—after watching you."

"Oh, you have, eh?"

"Of course I know you don't want to give up your career and all that, but what about Gerry? Do you want to do this to him? He couldn't stand it down there, I tell you, after the way he's lived."

"This is really a riot! Let's get it straight. He sells his ranch because I can't stand the rough western life—is that it?"

"I guess that's it."

She stood up in front of me and pointed with her finger at that little scar on her forehead. "Where do you think I got that?" she said.

"What's that got to do with it?" I said.

"I got that when a latigo broke."

"A latigo broke? Where did you ever hear of a latigo?"

"So! You're beginning to see a glimmer at last! At last! The latigo broke and the cayuse tossed me and the saddle on a fence post. Now, are you beginning to get the general idea?"

"Walk a minute!"

"And Gerry is selling his ranch because I can't stand it out there! Because I can't give up my career! And he half starving down there, dancing in cheap leg shows, to keep our little place in Montana out of the sheriff's hands."

"Well, I'm damned!"

"And you telling me about the land, and the smell of sagebrush and the horses! Horrors—why, I lived on a cayuse until I came here three years ago."

"But why—for God's sake, why didn't you tell us?"

"Oh, I thought he was just another of the same old sort, down here for a good time, stepping out with chorus girls. And I'd seen enough of them. Too many. Hounding you; pawing you. Not for me."

"What made you think a thing like that about Gerry?"

"He followed me in his car that afternoon, didn't he? And when he bumped us on purpose, what was anybody to think? Then he trailed me to the show—all the old stuff."

"You didn't stop him."

"Oh, I know. I let him buy me a few good meals. I needed them. And I'd begun to like him. I'd begun to think he liked me. But he never said anything, not about the ranch or wanting me—out there."

"But couldn't you see what kind of boy Gerry is?"

"I was beginning to, when you butted in and made me think—oh, why did you have to lie to me like that?"

"I see her in my arms as you'd take a little girl. 'Let's forget it,' I said. 'I'm a damned old fool. Always was. Sure, I busted everything up, but I'm putting it together again.'"

Over her shoulder I could see out of the window. A taxi stopped in front of the house, and Gerry got out.

"I think there's a gentleman to see you," I said. "Complete with ring."

She tried to get away from me, but I held her tight.

"It's finished, I tell you!" she said, and her voice was hoarse. "After I heard Gerry had phoned, I wrote him. When he gets the letter he won't want to have anything to do with me. I can't see him. I tell you; I can't see him!"

Somebody was coming up the stairs outside, three at a time by the sound. That would be Gerry. No time to waste.

"What did you tell him in the letter?" I whispered.

"A lot of crazy, horrible things."

"What things?"

"Oh, things about him and about me. Things that would make him go home and be glad—not to see me again. I didn't want to see him, not after what you'd said."

There was a heavy knock on the door. I fished around in my pocket and pulled out the letter I'd picked up at the hotel.

"Is this it?" I whispered.

"Where did you get it?"

"Never mind."

I tore it up and let the pieces drop out the window. Then I opened the door.

Gerry looked at me and then at Dallas with a puzzled frown. "What's this?" he said.

"It's a surprise party that turned out to be a family reunion," I said. "But Dallas will tell you all about it."

He looked at Dallas again with his shy kid's grin. She was dabbing her nose with a handkerchief and crying and smiling at the same time.

"I wanted to tell you," Gerry said, "that I've—"

But he didn't finish. He passed me in two steps and took Dallas in his arms and kissed her on the lips. Funny thing, what I noticed was the way the sun made her hair glint like copper.

At the door I turned. "So long, Gerry," I said. "You and your strawberry roan can drive home in the car. Me, I'm taking the train. It's safer. You never know what you're going to bump into in the traffic, do you?"



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An American Doctor's Odyssey by Victor Heiser (Continued from page 37)

with the other children at my desk in the public school, and in summer, when all my friends were playing baseball and fishing, I was still sitting at a desk, but this time in a private school. My evenings were spent under a study lamp learning French and German with a tutor by my side. When the catastrophe came, I was ready for college, but ill equipped for life.

By a freak of chance, a chest which had stood in the upper hall of our house was found practically intact on one of the piles of wreckage. In it were my father's Civil War uniform with a large old penny in one pocket, a miscellaneous collection of flat silver, and my mother's Bible. The sole value of these slender possessions lay in their associations.

Since everything else belonging to my father had been swept away in the flood, I had to find some way of earning a living. I hired out as a plumber's assistant, and rapidly learned to cut and fit pipe, and even to "wipe" a lead joint, which is regarded as one of the most difficult accomplishments in the plumbing trade.

My next job was with a carpenter. Framing a house was more difficult than wiping a joint but, to my own satisfaction at least, I soon considered I had mastered carpentry. I aspired also to cabinetmaking but, fascinating as this was, it too failed to offer sufficient inducement as a lifework.

I then decided to become a mechanical engineer. By this time some of my father's real estate had been sold, and with the money thus salvaged I went to an engineering school in Chicago.

Although I did fairly well in my studies, met many people, and gained much worldly experience, I could not be entirely happy. For a youth of seventeen, particularly one who had led so well-ordered a life, to be cast out into the cold world was not an easy experience. For many years I suffered because I could not avail myself of adult counsel. My first lesson in the realities of life was that nobody wanted to be bothered with the problems of others; I had to learn to keep my troubles to myself.

I do not know definitely what turned me toward medicine, but after my first year at engineering school I concluded that I wanted to be a doctor. Nevertheless, I have never considered the time wasted which I spent in learning to do things with my hands. The practical knowledge thus acquired has been of incalculable service to me in the career which I ultimately chose.

I entered medical school in Philadelphia, worked hard and finished a four-year course in three years. Upon graduation from Jefferson Medical College, I was fortunate enough to be accepted for my internship at Lankenau Hospital. There I not only had ward experience but was given the special opportunity of attending private patients.

The customary routine after finishing at the hospital was to go immediately into private practice. But the more I saw of the latter, the more I came to consider it a retail effort. The prevention of disease on a wholesale basis appealed to me far more.

At the end of my first hospital year, I considered I had earned a vacation, and went to Washington with no plan in mind except diversion. But before I could get well under way with this project, I chanced upon a notice that an examination for entrance into the Marine Hospital Service was about to be held. I had

already considered attempting to enter this branch of the service because of my great admiration for the officer in charge of the Marine Ward at Lankenau. I knew these examinations were extremely difficult, but I thought this was a good opportunity to find out the requirements.

In answer to my question, the officer in charge said, "Sure, you're here, why don't you take the examination?"

"I'm not prepared. I could never pass." "Well, suppose you didn't, what then? You could come up again next year. If you took it now, you'd have the actual experience, which would be far more helpful than anything I could tell you."

He convinced me there could be no harm in trying. I was somewhat startled to find I was one of forty-two candidates for only three vacancies.

The preliminary physical examination was so rigid that twelve aspirants were promptly ruled out. At the end of a grueling two weeks, eight were left from whom the lucky three were to be chosen.

I dismissed the examination from my mind and started off with my bicycle, leaving my cares in the wild Pennsylvania hills. Pedaling vigorously on level stretches, coasting down the long slopes, wandering around the little towns, I soon regained my spirits and was rapidly recovering the twenty pounds I had lost.

The morning of my arrival in Pittsburgh, I saw an announcement in the Post that Fricks, White and Heiser had passed the examination for the Marine Hospital Service. Naturally, I was jubilant over this triumph, but doubtful over the wisdom of accepting the commission, because I was only half through my internship at Lankenau. In the belief that another year's intensive work and study would make me far better equipped, I wrote the Surgeon General a long explanatory letter, hoping that he would agree with me.

The only reply was a peremptory telegram that I should report at once to Boston. I was now in the service. Since I could not question orders, I necessarily complied. I was then assigned to the task of medical examination of immigrants.

For years the flood of imported cheap labor had poured unchecked through the wide-open gateways of Francisco, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco and other large ports, bringing with it the lame, halt and blind. In Boston the medical examinations were always held by daylight on the pier where the ship docked. The stage had to be carefully set so that the immigrants would not be aware that they were being observed.

I had it so arranged that they would walk down the pier, in single file, ten feet apart, unencumbered by baggage, and then make a right turn in front of an examining officer. From his apparently casual station at the angle, he could obtain a front, side and rear view of each passer-by. The path had to be level, so that the immigrant would not have to watch his feet, and also lead away from the water so that there would be no glare to cause squinting.

The system of diagnosis worked so well in Boston that I was promoted to the chief center of immigration at New York, where a new system was to be developed for the inspection of first- and second-class passengers.

The government realized it was treading on delicate ground and that such inspections would have to be handled with finesse. It was vital, first of all, to make sure that no American citizen should be mistakenly included in the examination. Before we had formulated an efficient

working method, one of my subordinates made a serious error.

One day he called exultantly, "I've a fine case of acne rosacea." "Let's have a look at him."

To my horror I recognized the elder Pierpont Morgan. My assistant had been led by his professional enthusiasm to forget the routine question as to citizenship. I have rarely seen such an angry man. At first he would accept no apology; but I explained to him that my assistant was very young, and we really ought to be easy on him because everybody makes mistakes. Perhaps Mr. Morgan, observing my own youth, was amused at these solemn platitudes; he began to laugh and said he would forget the incident.

SHORTLY AFTER this occurrence I received a summons to Washington, where Surgeon General Walter Wyman informed me that I was to undertake a delicate mission to Europe.

To become familiar with the problems I should have to solve in my new assignment, I journeyed from one capital of Europe to another. The mellow grime of London, the feverish boulevards of Paris, the goose-stepping orderliness of Berlin and the gray ruins of Rome, each in turn captured my imagination.

At last I arrived at Naples, melodious with sound and glowing with color, where I secured reluctant consent from Italian officials to act as temporary medical officer.

Considerable organization was required to examine expeditiously the three thousand emigrants who would sometimes sail from Naples in one day. Almost all the emigrants were inveterate smugglers, with a particular predilection for cheese, on which they thought there was a high duty in the United States. They would hide in the most impossible places, even sewing it in the lining of their clothes. They would protest violently that they had no cheese. But when the doors of the ten-foot cylinder of the disinfecting plant were locked and the steam was turned on, the effect of the heat was often disastrous. On one occasion when we opened the chamber, a great stream of hot, sizzling liquid cheese came running out.

Shoes also were favorite objects of concealment. The owner's eyes would start with amazement when a pair which he had tucked away in his mattress roll would emerge from the cylinder shrunk to the size of two watch charms.

I had worked almost a year in Naples and was beginning to make progress in winning the confidence of Italian government officials when I received an urgent message from Washington stating one hundred thousand bales of unaccounted-for rags had entered the United States. Many of them were readily identifiable as Egyptian robes, some of which might have come from the bodies of bubonic-plague victims. I was ordered to Egypt to solve the mystery.

The American public was becoming alarmed over the steady march of plague around the world. Crawling insidiously from Hong Kong into the Red Sea ports, it had fastened upon Egypt. Coming slowly west, reaching out to India, it had filtered into Spain and subsequently Italy, England and France. Its progress could be followed on the map as it crept around the other way. In 1892, it leaped to Hawaii, and in a relatively few months bridged the final gap to our own Pacific Coast.

In 1900, the method by which plague

was transmitted, in spite of unremitting research, still remained a riddle. But it was suspected that these filthy cotton rags of Egypt, most of which ultimately found their way to the paper mills of the United States, might be sources of infection. I was to determine how these rags were getting into the country, when every port was blocked against them, and also to apply myself to research on the disease.

In Alexandria the plague was endemic; sometimes epidemic. A case would break out in one section of town. It would be isolated at once by the English and German doctors in the employ of the Egyptian government. We would set to work to investigate.

Then another case would be reported from an entirely different section. Since we were certain contact between the two must have taken place, we would follow every clue in the effort to establish some possible connection. Seldom were we able to find any. The difficulty of the work was increased because we could not make the Orientals realize the importance of giving straight answers.

The fleas must have been laughing at our ineffectual efforts.

After considerable detective work I traced the Egyptian cotton rags to Liverpool, and found they were thence being re-exported to Canada. A final manifest made them appear as Canadian rags, in which guise they could enter the United States freely. I suggested simple legislation requiring shippers to declare the place of origin of the rags. When passed by Congress this bill effectively put an end to the abuse.

As soon as the exportation of rags from Egypt was under control, I went back to finish my work at Naples. The United States immigration officers were gradually being permitted to return, first to Italy, and later to the other countries which were sending us their excess population. I had scarcely returned, however, before the Surgeon General begged me to stop another leak in the health dam. Back across the water I came.

Immigration laws had been growing more and more effective in our own ports. But their success was largely nullified because the rejected aliens soon learned a method of circumventing them. No matter how contagious the disease might be for which they had been barred, they were finding free entry from Canada.

It was impracticable to guard three thousand miles of border, but our government had obtained permission to open stations at Quebec in the summer and at Halifax and St. John in the winter, where a commission could examine every immigrant who applied for entry into the United States.

In Canada, as in Egypt, I had a dual assignment. Although I was technically medical officer for this commission, my real function was to persuade reluctant Canada to pass an immigration law similar to ours. The Premier of Canada, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, had first to be persuaded that his policy of settling his country would be helped and not hindered by barring the same types of aliens we had found undesirable. But, once convinced, he acted immediately.

After Canada had passed her immigration law, the main reason for my having been sent there was concluded. Four years of study of the immigration problem at Boston, New York and Naples, as well as Canada, had convinced me that more constructive legislation was needed. During the long winter evenings in Canada I had studied law, which helped me to gather together in legal form the data I considered vital for this

purpose. I submitted these to Washington, and they formed the nucleus of the Immigration Act of 1907.

But long before the Immigration Law had been passed, my activities had been completely shifted. I received the appointment of Chief Quarantine Officer for the Philippine Islands on the other side of the world.

At the end of the Spanish-American War the United States was confronted with large responsibilities in the field of tropical sanitation. Suddenly we found on our hands an unsought duty. In the Philippines the Army Board of Health was presented with a medical situation of unparalleled gravity; an entire nation had to be rehabilitated.

All the long way out to the Philippines I had considered the nature of the task before me. As chief of the quarantine officer, I was to work with the Health Board, so that when the time came to release the army officers who largely controlled it, I should be ready to add to my duties those of Commissioner of Health. My future was in my own hands.

I had already formulated my answer to the constant reiteration of the British, the French and the Dutch that it was a waste of time and money to sanitize Orientals, who wanted to be left to their ancient unsavory habits. My answer was, "You cannot let people suffer if you have the means to relieve them."

Whatever the relative importance of the medical man in other parts of the world, he, and the profession he represented, stood first in the Philippines. The health of the people was the vital question. To transform the Filipinos from the weak race they were into the strong, healthy people they might become was to lay the foundations for the future on a sound basis.

Across the street from my office was smallpox, to the right was plague, and to the left cholera.

We had first to extinguish the conflagration of disease, stand long before the American occupation. Plague was creeping through the alleys of Manila. The morgue was piled high with the bodies of cholera dead. Forty thousand unvaccinated were uselessly slaughtered each year by smallpox. Tuberculosis, unconsidered and unfearsed, was responsible for fifty thousand deaths annually. The beriberi victims were numbered in the tens of thousands. Every other child died before its first birthday; the Philippines had the unenviable distinction of having the highest infant mortality rate in the world.

More than ten thousand men, women and children, blighted by the scourge of leprosy, wandered, sad and lonely, among the uncleanliness. Only a few hundred were cared for by the churches. The insane were chained like dogs underneath the houses. Imitation quinine pills were sold at fabulous prices to woe and shaking sufferers from malaria. Medical relief had never been extended to the three hundred thousand wild peoples of the mountains.

With the exception of an antiquated and polluted Spanish water system in the capital, there was not a reservoir, not a pipeline and not an artesian well in the islands. Without let or hindrance the vilest class of food products was shipped into the country. Perishable provisions were sold from the ground, so that dust and dirt were soon intimately mixed with them. No proper inspection of animals was made before slaughter, and diseased cattle were constantly marketed to the public.

In general, the people of the Philippines were strongly imbued with superstitions. They were apparently contented



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in their ignorance and poverty, and resigned to their many ailments.

I set myself the goal of trying to save fifty thousand lives a year.

The Philippine Archipelago stretches along the coast of southern Asia for more than a thousand miles. The only quarantine station in this vast and scattered collection of islands was at Mariveles. Ships which came into any port of entry with communicable diseases sometimes had to be remanded enormous distances. In order to ease the burdens on commerce, one of my first duties was to build a quarantine station at the populous port of Cebu; later I built others at Iloilo, Zamboanga and Jolo.

In Spanish days the quarantine department had been run on a simple system. Whenever a ship sailed into Manila with dangerous communicable disease aboard, its captain would take up a "collection," as it was called. If it were sufficient, the ship would be promptly released without being delayed in quarantine. If not ample, another collection, and perhaps even a third, would have to be tendered.

The result was that an outbreak of plague, cholera or smallpox in China or Japan would usually be followed by an outbreak in the Philippines.

We applied water, soap and disinfectant rigorously. Whenever ships came in from Hong Kong or Amoy, the crews, many of whom had loathsome skin diseases due to filth, were scrubbed, sometimes forcibly.

Later, we had an arrangement with Hong Kong so that the crews of ships about to sail for Manila should be banded there. The Chinese, who objected strenuously to bathing and who were always highly skilled in evading regulations, promptly formed a guild of professional bathers. A boatload of sailors on its way from ship to quarantine station would change places midway with a boatload of the professionals, and depart to seek pleasure elsewhere. The only censors to stop this practice was to send inspectors to see that the Chinese performed their ablutions satisfactorily.

At first I had great difficulty finding medical men who were qualified and at the same time interested enough in the cause of humanity to undergo the innumerable hardships and discomforts to be encountered in the provinces. I cannot now recall one case of breach of trust, although members of the force were often guilty of peccadilloes.

I often used to play the fascinating game of catching an Oriental squarely in a lie. The caretaker of the Manila morgue had the strictest instructions to see that rats were kept out. One day when I made my inspection, it was all too evident that, in spite of my injunctions, rats had been there.

"There are rats here," I said sternly to the caretaker.

"It's impossible," he replied stoutly. "Oh, yes, there are," I corrected him. "No, sir, there are no rats," he stubbornly maintained.

"What's that right under the roof?" I asked, pointing to a dark object on top of the wall.

"That's just some old rags I put up there." Rather than take the trouble to remove the cloths with which he had wiped off the tables, he had tossed them up on the rafters. But I knew that cloths could not move of themselves.

"You go get them."

"I haven't any ladder." I had one brought in and he gingerly climbed up the rungs. The animated bundle of cloths quivered as he approached. The caretaker hesitated.

"Bring them down," I ordered sternly.

He reached over, and the rat, which could retreat no farther, bit him savagely. He uttered a bloodcurdling yell.

"Are there any rats in here?" I demanded intently.

This was the only time I ever won the game.

Most of the more serious diseases in the tropics can be avoided by the observance of a few simple rules. Anyone who follows these faithfully will be practically sure to remain well. Among these, the first and foremost is never to drink any water that has not been boiled or otherwise sterilized. It may be pure, but the chances are against it. Another is never to eat raw any low-growing garden truck, such as lettuce or cabbage, because it may, in spite of laws against it, be fertilized with human excreta. I am certain that at least a third of the people who violate these two laws sooner or later have amoebic dysentery or some other form of intestinal parasite.

The Philippines were a huge laboratory in which my collaborators and I could work out an ideal program. Often in emergencies this would have to be dropped, and months might elapse before we could return to it, but in the end, in my opinion, we had the most complete set of sanitary laws in the world, and as good enforcement as any country ever had. In the course of these years we met the chief enemies of man in the tropics, and fought and conquered many of them by simple prophylaxis. The goal of saving fifty thousand lives a year was so soon attained that I realized it should have been set at one hundred thousand.

In the course of my work in Egypt, I had formulated certain theories of my own about plague and could not reconcile them to the findings of the commission. The subject had been extensively discussed at the Cairo Medical Congress in 1902. On my way thence to the Philippines I met captain (later Lieutenant Colonel) W. Glen Liston of the Indian Medical Service, and made the trip to India in company with him. He also was dissatisfied with the conclusions of the Plague Commission.

Before Liston and I separated, we agreed to continue plague research, he in Bombay, and I in Manila.

THE PLAGUE had made its appearance in Manila in December, 1899. The measures adopted against it then were very strict and in full accord with the status of current medical knowledge. The sick were sent to the hospital, and the dead taken in charge by the Army Board of Health. The houses and their contents were completely renovated and disinfected. All vessels arriving during the epidemic were disinfected. Although it was not known at that time that the rat flea was the communicating agent for the plague, many of the measures taken had resulted in the destruction of the rats which carried the fleas.

Constant guard had to be kept to see that plague did not slip through our defenses. Manila was within a few days' steaming distance of infected foreign ports. Passengers, crews, rodents and vermin all might arrive well within the incubation period of the disease. Plague was detected from time to time upon incoming vessels, but such infections were invariably intercepted at quarantine. As a preventive routine measure, all ships which had not touched at plague ports were fumigated with sulphur at six-month intervals.

We had big sulphur furnaces at the

quarantine station, and Dutch ovens to take on board where we could not run the hoses. The sulphur killed everything it reached, but as a rule, it did not displace more than eighty percent of a ship's rat population.

Sometimes unwittingly we helped to smoke out other travelers, mostly Chinese who were always trying to smuggle into the Philippines. On one occasion, after the customs officers had examined a boat from stem to stern, my men started fumigation. Hardly had they batted down the hatches and turned the sulphur taps loose when suddenly there came a rap-rap. As soon as we could locate the sound, the hatch was opened, and three Chinese stumbled into the fresh air. By signs we asked them, "Any more?" They shook their heads.

AGAIN the hatches were batted down; a few moments later came another knocking. In front of our astonished eyes, forty coughing coolies, one after another, emerged with streaming eyes through a thick veil of billowing yellow smoke.

For the third time the hold was sealed. But in no more than a few moments the knocking began again. The remaining hardy souls in the coal bunkers who had thought they could stick it out tumbled gasping and nearly suffocated to the deck.

The ship had carried one hundred and two stowaways.

Our primary concern in the Philippines was to keep rats from landing. Under exceptional circumstances rats will swim. Vessels were made to remain at least six feet from the pier, special iron ratguards were placed on all lines leading to shore, and the gangplanks lifted at night.

As a final precaution, we built in Manila the first rat-proof wharves. They were of concrete throughout so that no rat could gnaw his way through, and so flashed with steel sheathing underneath that the rat could not find a foothold. Clever as he is, he has never yet contrived a method of walking upside down on smooth metal.

People no longer need wring their hands in futile terror and despair at the appearance of plague. The mystery of its cause has now been solved by the laboratory worker; the link in the chain of transmission has now been broken by the prophylaxis of the watchful sanitarian.

If plague does creep by the outer defenses, it can still be dealt with swiftly and with certainty. Finally, the health officer, who stands sentry at the port, knows when it is safe from any attack. Flea surveys are now made to show what species are present among the denizens of the rat underworld.

The Bureau of Health in the islands was like the tree of life, Yggdrasil. Dean Worcester, Secretary of the Interior of the Philippine Insular Government, W. Cameron Forbes, Secretary of Commerce, and I were the three Norms who assiduously watered its roots, which pushed their way around stones and through clay into the not-too-clean earth of Filipino existence, so that it might reach from the hell that was to the heaven that might be.

Necessarily we had to invade the rights of homes, commerce and parliaments. We had to guard against the entrance of dangerous communicable diseases by strict measures, even when they conflicted with personal convenience or necessity, and segregate the cases of leprosy which might endanger

the health of the greater numbers. Hospitals for the sick had to be built, and doctors and nurses trained.

When we arrived, the hospitals were of the most primitive type. There was not a good operating room in the islands and no laboratory facilities. Modern medicine had not penetrated far. To remedy this condition Worcester, in 1900, had formulated a plan on a noble scale to build a hospital, a medical school and a laboratory of science all in one integral group—the medical-center idea adopted in the United States so much later.

After the Bureau of Science was started in 1901, the next step was to train doctors. The ancient Santo Tomas University already had a medical school attached to it, but it was inadequate. In 1905, we secured an appropriation for a government institution with American curricular requirements, which later was to become part of the government-owned university of the Philippines. When the church school saw the more modern one in operation, it raised its standards so that, in addition to turning out our own graduates, we were, by our example, assuring a further supply of well-trained young men. The Filipinos made excellent physicians.

But the project was not yet completed. Session after session and year after year Worcester presented to the legislative body a request for money with which to build a modern hospital in Manila. After eight years of steady pounding he was rewarded with success. The Philippine General Hospital was authorized in 1908 and completed in 1910.

But a fine hospital was not enough. The imported American nurses would soon go home and it was essential to have Filipinas to take their places. Hospital nursing was foreign to the Filipina of the upper social strata. This prejudice had to be overcome.

I first persuaded five girls at the Normal School to include a course of nursing which in the beginning was to be entirely theoretical. They seemed to enjoy learning out of a book how much of this or that ailment, but hating them into practicing their knowledge was another matter.

I threw up my hands. Not even Miss Mary Coleman, who was in charge, could persuade the young ladies. Finally, in a moment of inspiration, she announced, "We'll have to write a play."

"But I don't know anything about play-writing."

In the end, however, we composed a remarkable drama. I supplied the technical details and Miss Coleman the plot. We engaged professional actresses to play the rôles of the nurses, who were all co-starred.

The performance was attended solely by invitation and sparkled with social tone. The play, which was produced before a capacity audience, proved an unbelievable success. Crisis followed crisis. Almost every instant a situation arose where a nurse saved the day. Whenever one of the numerous heroines would rush in and snatch half a dozen lives from the jaws of death, enthusiastic applause would shake the hall.

The next morning the five girls were back again, this time to finish their preliminary course.

Once the nurses had accommodated themselves to Western ideas, they worked faithfully and fulfilled our highest expectations. During a major outbreak of bacillary dysentery at Cebu they went from house to house, showed the inhabitants how to dispose safely of bodily excreta, sterilize water and prepare food,

and demonstrated the importance of clean hands; dysentery disappeared almost in their wake.

One of the most satisfying successes of the Bureau of Health in the Philippines was the almost complete obliteration of smallpox.

When the Division of Vaccination was reorganized in 1905, my aim was to vaccinate all the seven million inhabitants of the archipelago, and furthermore, to see that everybody was kept vaccinated.

In 1906, the first year of the campaign, the stupendous number of 1,687,787 people were vaccinated.

Many regions in the islands were so remote that to reach them required from two to three weeks of toiling over rocky trails. But unless everybody could be vaccinated, the danger of infection always lurked in the background. It was important to reach to the uttermost parts of the islands.

Our vaccination record in the Philippines was unique both in its wholesale nature and in the total lack of injurious after-effects from infection. In the course of a few years we performed twelve million vaccinations; practically no cases of smallpox occurred among the properly vaccinated, no one died as a result of vaccination, and not one arm or leg was lost. This was absolutely unprecedented.

Hundreds of thousands of lepers still exist throughout the world as social pariahs, thrust out of society because they have, through no fault of their own, contracted a repulsive disease. Far beyond their physical suffering is their terrible mental anguish. No criminal condemned to solitary confinement is confronted with such torture and loneliness.

When I became Director of Health of the Philippines I realized that one of my first important duties would be to isolate the lepers, whose numbers were estimated anywhere from ten to thirty thousand, although officially a little less than four thousand were recorded. There were twelve hundred new cases developing every year and almost nothing was being done about them.

In May, 1906, we prepared to transfer the three hundred and sixty-five inmates of the San Lazaro Hospital at Cebu to Cullion. My plan was to remove lepers first from well-isolated islands which had comparatively few victims, so that the spread of the disease could be prevented where it was not firmly entrenched. For the leper-collecting trips we chartered the *Basin* which could accommodate one hundred and fifty. Orders were telegraphed a few days ahead to the local health officials to have the lepers assembled at central points in preparation for my arrival.

The actual work of collecting the lepers and caring for them after they were gathered together presented almost insurmountable obstacles. When it came to transporting lepers to a seaport, making the necessary medical examinations and attending to their needs, experience again and again demonstrated that only those of my doctors who were possessed of superior courage and were capable of supreme self-sacrifice could be induced to continue at the work.

There was always, of course, the danger of infection. On one occasion cholera broke out on the *Basin* in the midst of a collection trip in the southern islands. I ordered the boat to make for Cullion as quickly as possible, but at best it would take several days, and the quarantines on board were too small for effective isolation. After we arrived at Cullion, I immediately segregated the lepers in groups of ten, so that if one group



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should become infected, it alone would have to be quarantined.

One leprose woman was not only violently insane, but also came down with cholera. Since she was completely uncontrollable, she was a deadly menace to everyone. It required a physical struggle, but I finally succeeded in pinioning and imprisoning her.

In the process she scratched me so deeply in the arm that I still bear the scar. It is extremely unpleasant to be scratched by an insane leper with cholera, and I lost no time in drenching the wound with disinfectant, though I could not be certain that it would prove effective. There is no way to tell who have and who have not immunity from leprosy, but the twenty years of possible incubation have passed, and I have not yet evidenced any signs of leprosy.

On July 13, 1914, I left Manila to join the Rockefeller Foundation. Before Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Senior, began to dispose of his wealth on a large scale he sought a plan for distributing it which should be commensurate with the super-human efficiency with which it had been accumulated. He allowed it to become known that he was open to suggestion. Naturally, innumerable ideas were eagerly presented. He looked into them carefully; none appealed to him.

In 1901, the Reverend Frederick Taylor Gates, who had begun his association with Mr. Rockefeller by procuring from him six hundred thousand dollars for the University of Chicago, read Sir William Osler's "The Principle and Practice of Medicine." With unbounded admiration and enthusiasm, he rushed to Mr. Rockefeller and said, "I have the idea! The world isn't getting its full share of benefit from scientific discoveries. This knowledge must be distributed in a practical way to relieve the ills of the world."

Mr. Rockefeller was already convinced that education and health—two words almost synonymous in his mind—rather than indiscriminate charity, would make philanthropy produce dividends. In 1901, the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research was chartered with a pledge of two hundred thousand dollars from Mr. Rockefeller for grants-in-aid to investigators in institutions. Later, millions were available. Doctor Simon Flexner, Professor of Pathology at the University of Pennsylvania, became its leader and the Rockefeller Institute developed into the outstanding research laboratory of the country.

My first month with the Rockefeller Foundation I spent at its offices in Washington, going over the various phases of future operations. It was agreed I should make a thorough survey of the East and thereafter propose a plan based on the same effective methods already in use in the United States. First of all, I had to return to the Philippines and then continue to Borneo, Java, Malaya, Siam, Ceylon, India and Egypt.

When I joined the Rockefeller Foundation, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Junior, had already given up his business direction and was devoting himself to social service under the able tutelage of the men his father had chosen. But before many years had elapsed he had

taken his place at the head of the table, not by right of inheritance, but by right of ability.

Traveling with Mr. Rockefeller was an amazing experience. The incredibly bad-mannered curiosity about the whole Rockefeller family was a revelation to me.

On shipboard Mr. Rockefeller could never escape impertinent inquisitiveness. Not a day passed that Mr. Rockefeller did not receive several dozen letters from passengers on board, all asking for aid. When we visited the Philippines, airplanes circled overhead dropping requests on the ship. He took all letters seriously, insisting on knowing the contents of each, so that nothing might be overlooked for which he felt responsibility.

In undertaking the position of Director for the East of the International Health Board I was obligated to spend

produced for my benefit the local forms of diversion, among which dancing was naturally prominent.

In all Eastern countries dancing is a highly formalized art to which the performers are usually trained from childhood. It has attained a degree of perfection remarkable to behold, though often unintelligible to Western minds.

One of my trips stands out for the quantity and variety of dancing exhibitions to which I was invited. The Japanese government, always lavish in welcome, wished to show me the beauty of the geisha dances and staged an elaborate display. I found them delightful and said so. My next stop was Peking. The Chinese, who had heard how impressed I had been with Japanese dancing, were not to be outdone, and produced their best singing girls.

I then went to Canton, and the Cantonese did their utmost to prove that dancing in South China was the finest in the land. When I reached the Philippines the girls at the normal school had been learning old Filipino folk dances, and proudly reproduced them for me. At Bali I saw the world-famed symbolic interpretations of Hindu legends, acted by masked dancers whose every tiny gesture was significant. But at Jogyakarta the Dutch said the genuine Javanese dances performed to the haunting melodies of the gamelan orchestras were incomparable, and proved it. I even saw the temple dance at Angkor Wat, which is supposed to be the acme of Oriental perfection.

By this time I knew that I did not care to see more dancing. When not a word of it was breathed at Singapore I sighed with relief. I thought I was finally done with spending evening after evening at this business.

But at Siam the word that I was a connoisseur of dances had again preceded me. The Crown Prince had arranged a special exhibition, beginning at nine and ending at three in the morning.

I was now sure I must have seen the end of dancing, but hardly had I stepped ashore at Rangoon when the wife of the governor said to me, "We've held up our annual dancing fête until your arrival. We thought you, as an authority on Eastern dancing, would be particularly interested to see it." That afternoon she gave a tea party to which all social Rangoon tore its hair to be invited, and I was regaled with the native dances of Burma.

I went to India. In Madras, Travancore and Bombay the nautch dancers swayed to the shrill piping flutes. I continued to Egypt—the dancing girls of Cairo swung wildly to the monotonous minor of Arabic music. Not until I had left the East did the competition for my unofficial approval finally end.

Borneo, human, animal and machine power, on land and in the air. I have traveled over the globe. I did not roam from Wanderlust or curiosity as to other lands, nor to criticize ways alien to my own, nor to bring back adventures' tales to those who must travel in armchairs. My mission was to open "the golden window of the East" to the gospel of health, to let in knowledge, so that the teeming millions who had no voice in demanding what we consider inalienable rights should also benefit by the

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**A story of the smart
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Ten Goal Lady

by **DAVID GARTH**

most of my time away from the United States and practically ostracize myself from permanent ties of family and home.

Movement, change, flux have governed the pattern of my life for many years. The throb of engines, the mournful wailing of foghorns, white-jacketed stewards, tourists vociferous with erroneous information; gentle seas, rough seas, calms and typhoons, landfalls once strange but later familiar, golden sand and green jungle, heat and dripping humidity; alien customs and alien faces, white skins, yellow skins, brown skins, the patter of many tongues; trains swaying along uneven roadbeds and hurtling over level ones, shrill whistles in the night, hotels with sleepy porters; cots, feather beds, wooden pallets; flat roads meeting the horizon, white roads curving up mountains; cities large and small with prideful citizens anxious to display civic wares; hospitals everywhere.

Pleasant memories stretch behind me of kindly hospitality in government mansions and native huts, friendly clubs and charming homes. Everywhere people went to great pains to entertain me. In addition to dinners and banquets, my hosts

discoveries of science, that in the end they, too, could have health.

The beauties of tropic nights on moon-bright waters have been sung by poets for centuries. But even a poet can convey no more than an impression. A scientist finds the reason behind this magic effect equally full of wonder. He knows that when the oars of his boat drip silver and gold, and the wake is molten metal, this enchantment is caused by certain minute organisms at breeding time.

I HAVE OFTEN traveled at night in a launch, and from the bow watched the startled fish, like luminous arrows, flash right and left. If we were speeding fast enough, the phosphorescence set up by our passage, red and green or white and blue, would send so bright a glow into the air that a newspaper, held near the water, could be easily read. A Japanese discovered that, after being dried, these bodies retained their radiance.

This was not the only natural reading lamp which I chanced upon. One black night I was coming down the Butuan River in Mindanao and saw ahead a reflection so brilliant that I wondered what traveler might have built his campfire there. As the boat swung round the bend, I saw it was a tree all illuminated with the flickering lights of a myriad giant fireflies, brightening and dimming in unison.

The flying fish of the Philippines, which seemed bigger than those in other waters, were never-ending sources of interest. We used to spend hours hanging over the rail of the *Basilisa*, watching the gossamer-winged fish leap, skim and dive. My cabin was close to the water, and the electric light by which I read shone out over the waves. Many times these cold and clammy visitors from the deeps would come shooting out my bed. I would revenge myself for the shock by sending them to the galley, and the next morning would enjoy a fish breakfast.

In the course of my interisland voyages I had discovered many good fishing waters, and was able to introduce General Leonard Wood to them. One morning in 1924 we were going off Apo Reef on the west coast of Mindanao. After a fairly good morning, a lull came. Finally the General's line began to run out slowly.

I sank back on the cushions, saying, "General, it's hardly worth drawing in. That can't be much of a fish. There isn't enough pull to it."

"Oh, I don't know. It may be a long thin one swimming toward us," he replied defensively, and that is why it doesn't offer much resistance."

But just as he had reeled the fish almost alongside and I had my gaff ready, the line started off furiously.

"I've a bigger fish than you think!" exclaimed the General triumphantly.

"Oh, it's not so much," I retorted.

He began taking up the slack, winding and winding until the spool was almost filled, and we were expecting the fish to break the surface any second. Suddenly the reel started zing-g-g-g, and the line cut through the water like the bow of a ship. It curled up spray a foot or more as it boiled out.

"Now you'll have to admit I have a big fish," boasted General Wood as he applied the brake ineffectually. The line ran out to within a few feet of its four-hundred-yard length. The General, with a jubilant glance in my direction, began his labors once more. The reel spun and whirled as he lost all that he had gained. He battled with his catch for an hour before it was exhausted enough to bring within gaffing distance.

Looking down into the transparent water, I saw an eight-foot shark still lashing around. It gaffed it and we hauled it in. "General, that was never the fish that was on your line when you had the first strike," I said firmly.

"It may have been," he insisted. "No, never," I repeated, and turning to a sailor, I said, "Hand me a knife."

I ripped open the shark and inside found a three-foot Spanish mackerel. The General showed some surprise, but the smirk of satisfaction did not leave his face.

"What's more, you never had that Spanish mackerel on the first time," I asserted.

"Go as far as you like."

I cut open the mackerel and found inside a ten-inch polka-dotted lapu-lapu, a species of grouper, with the hook through its lip.

Baron Munchausen would have had difficulty in improving on this story. I took the precaution of having General Wood sign an affidavit testifying to its truth, and that it was the Great Seal of the Philippine Islands.

Fishing for sharks is great sport as long as the fisherman himself is not the bait. In 1923, I was inspecting health progress in Central America where there were no roads from one country to another and, as yet, no airplane service. Because the capitals of these countries are so far inland, I had to make the long journey around by sea. The hot, humid and dusty journey from Guatemala City to San José was especially tedious and trying. I left at six in the morning, and it was not until afternoon that I arrived at San José.

From my hotel window I could see the gentle swell of the broad, empty Pacific purring on a fine sandy beach. The cooling water was so alluring that I changed quickly into my bathing suit and hurried down to the deserted pier.

As I gathered speed for a running jump off the end, I was faintly conscious of shouts and yells behind me, but the water called me irresistibly and I dived in. I swam slowly and steadily until I began to tire, and then rolled lazily over. My gaze was still wandering when it was suddenly arrested by the pierhead, which had miraculously become black with people. Paint cries of "Tiburón! Tiburón!" came to my ears.

Almost at the same moment huge, dim shapes loomed through the crystal-clear sea. I was surrounded by enormous sharks, their yellow-green eyes all fixed unwinkingly upon me!

My first startled impulse was to frighten them away by splashing; but my reason checked this rash action. I had swum out leisurely with long, steady strokes. The sharks had not yet attacked me, and perhaps would not so long as I made no violent move. I therefore turned quietly toward shore.

Finally the sharks swung around with me. Occasionally one would come so close that I could almost feel the clammy brush of his tail and imagined I could see the ominous white of his belly. Nobody who has not looked into the cold, glassy eye of a shark swimming beside him in the water can ever realize what a horrible experience it was. The sight of the long snout, the longest segment, I believed, that anybody ever had, and, stroke for stroke, the sharks kept pace with me.

After what seemed hours, I was off the end of the pier and could see the agonized expressions of the people, who were momentarily expecting to see me devoured. But when I reached the little

iron ladder I did not obey my impulse to leap for it. I grasped one rung cautiously. Nothing happened. Then I lifted the other hand with equal deliberation. I put one foot on the ladder. Still nothing happened. Another foot. Nothing.

Once free of the water, I swarmed up the ladder without pause, to my great relief to my late companions. Not until then had I dared to take a full-sized breath.

There has been much controversy as to whether sharks bite human beings. But in my hospital experience I have treated patients whose legs had been bitten off by sharks. A crocodile may also bite off a man's leg, but its canine teeth tear and crush; a shark's curved razor-like teeth shear cleanly through the bone, leaving an unmistakable mark.

I was anxious to do my part in quashing the fallacy that sharks do not bite human beings. A cocksure English magazine had long offered a reward to anybody who would send in an authentic account of a shark bite. I watched as the years went by, and no case apparently was submitted; the reward was continued.

Finally, I carefully photographed a femur showing the easily identifiable tooth-marks, and claimed the money. My letter was unacknowledged. I wrote again, and, after a third communication, I received a notice that the reward had been withdrawn.

By boat, by train, by motor and by ricksha I traveled up and down Japan.

On all my Japanese trips I took with me Doctor John B. Grant, Professor of Hygiene at the Peking Union Medical College, an extremely able young man whose popularity in China and Japan was unparalleled.

The Japanese are the most hospitable people in the world, and entertained me as I had rarely been entertained elsewhere. I shall never forget my first dinner at the Maple Club, given by the Japanese Cabinet, at which Doctor Grant and I were the only Americans.

Because I had been a bachelor for many years, a hole in my sock below the water line made little impression upon me. But since shoes are not worn in Japanese houses, such nonchalance would not do; I had, as a precaution, provided myself with a supply of new black silk socks so that I should have a new pair available for each function. For this particular dinner I garbed myself in morning clothes, the accepted attire for evening wear in Japan, and one of my new pairs of socks.

We arrived a little before six. My shoes were whisked away but, instead of being conducted directly to the reception room, I was regaled with the beauties of the Maple Club's rock garden, reputedly the finest in the country. My guide conducted me down winding paths and over little bridges, and past fern grottoes where goldfish twinkled, rippling little waterfalls, shrubs and flowering plants. Everywhere bloomed gorgeous iris, the loveliest I have ever seen, shading from purest white to deepest purple. Posed here and there among the rocks were geisha girls in brilliantly embroidered kimonos.

Feasting my eyes upon the attractions of the scene, animate and inanimate, I did not notice that the many steps I had taken along this maze of gravel paths, tortuous as the dwarf-tree trunk, had had their effect upon my frail silk socks. Not until I reached the reception room did I suddenly realize that one of my toes was peeping shyly forth.

Instead of bending over as was my wont in Japan, I drew myself up to my

full height, so that the short Japanese with whom I was conversing would have to tilt their heads up at me. By the use of this subterfuge, I trusted the disgraceful condition of my toe might escape unnoticed. I carefully covered the exposure with my other foot and congratulated myself that nobody seemed to have remarked it.

After a round of courteous conversational exchanges, the paper doors were slipped aside and we entered the dining room. I was unable to hide my foot under the table, because there was none. The seating was on the floor in the shape of a horseshoe, and I, as guest of honor, sat in the depth of the curve.

I tried unsuccessfully to fold my legs under me in the approved fashion. I imagined I could see dotted lines from the guests' eyes focused upon me, and then I noted with unbounded horror that there had been a hernia of the big toe and it had popped through the sock. Tightly constricted as it was, it had become as fiery red as the tail-light of an automobile. I hastily concealed it under my leg, but try as I might it would slip out, and the burning gazes were renewed.

For at least two hours I struggled with the recalcitrant digit, but when at last the dinner was over and the signal was given to rise, another embarrassment was in store for me. At Japanese banquets hot sake is always served in tiny porcelain cups, and courtesy demands that each diner approach the guests of the evening and with a profound bow drink a cup of sake with them. Although this is not a particularly strong drink, if there are forty diners the odds are heavily against the guests and considerable alcohol is consumed.

Doctor Grant, who was sitting some distance down the horseshoe, failed to rise with the rest of us. A horrible thought struck me. Mr. Rockefeller was the premier Prohibitionist of the world, and one of his officers was so drunk at a Japanese banquet that he could not rise to his feet!

I approached Doctor Grant with a firm tread and whispered severely, "You've got to get up!"

He looked up at me appealingly but made no effort to rise. I took him by the arms and lifted him; he sank limply to the floor. In a few sterner tones I said, "You've simply got to stand up!"

I lifted him again; again he sank back. "Are you drunk?" I demanded.

"No!" he replied indignantly. "Certainly not!"

"Then why don't you stand up?"

By this time our whispers had risen to audible tones and our Japanese hosts were hovering solicitously about.

"I can't! My legs are paralyzed."

Immediately the Japanese bent over him and massaged his legs vigorously, and he was soon on his feet.

Probably my contortional efforts to hide my toe had alone been responsible for saving me from the same cramps. I realized also that in my efforts to conform to the customs of the country I had erred on the side of elegance. Thereafter, at all functions instead of silk socks I wore stout cotton ones similar to those with which the Japanese protect themselves from such predicaments.

On the morning of May 13, 1922, in the midst of our busiest days in Manila, the British cruiser *Renown*, bearing the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VIII, dropped anchor in the bay. The Prince

landed at noon, but before he could have any lunch he had to review the crack Ninth Cavalry on the Luneta, and the crack Constabulary company at Malacanang. Although he must already have experienced similar demonstrations of local pride hundreds of times, he had to school his countenance to pleasant appreciation. To my mind his charm of manner was much heightened by his apparent embarrassment. He gave the impression of a boy of eighteen who had never performed such a function in his life.

By way of further entertainment, General Wood had arranged a polo match for the afternoon. He and I were watching from the grandstand when by acci-

doing the right thing, I ordered the injection made. A cable was immediately dispatched to King George V, informing him the injury was slight and that the Prince expected to keep his full program the next day, and a similar message was sent to President Harding.

The Prince was able to attend a luncheon at Malacanang the following noon. I found that he was, as so often described, truly a Prince Charming, but he also had an astounding grasp of the problems of his country. He was quite serious, discussed world events with great judgment, was well-informed on names and places, and seemed to have an extraordinary memory for his experiences in France and for what he had learned on his long journeys in behalf of the Empire.

That night the Prince himself gave a dinner on the *Renown*, at which it was imperative that he appear. Although it was time for the antitoxin to show a reaction, he succeeded in taking his place at the head of the table. I noticed he was surreptitiously scratching and suspected what was wrong with him.

As soon as the dinner was over, I approached him. "Are you feeling comfortable?" I asked in a professional tone.

He playfully hit me a tremendous punch in the chest. "You know perfectly well I'm feeling miserable. I hardly slept last night at all. Look!" And he displayed the most beautiful case of hives I have ever seen. Fortunately, he suffered no other ill effects from the injection.

Just before the Prince left the Philippines I paid my official farewell call on the *Renown*. He asked me into his quarters and presented me with a silver cigarette case, thanking me for my services, both official and unofficial, and saying, "Doctor, do come and see me in London."

"That would be very pleasant," "Just let me know in advance. I want you to come down to my farm. I'll show you I sometimes work too."

My career has necessarily deprived me of close family ties and many other experiences which enrich our lives. But the deprivations have been more than compensated by the opportunity to bring the discoveries of the laboratories to disseminate millions who knew of no possibility of relief and scarcely hoped for any.

Mine has been an extraordinarily happy and satisfactory life. Among other compensations has been the host of friends who have made my path pleasant. In my mind's eye I can picture them in every quarter of the globe, and I have a vivid and grateful consciousness that a welcome awaits me in the sixty-old country I have visited, should I resume my travels.

Laying down active administrative responsibilities and breaking the habits and associations of a lifetime is tinged with unhappiness and a keen sense of personal loss. Yet the realization of an earnest effort to serve and the joy of past accomplishments soften the pangs of regret at this parting.

THE END

"An American Doctor's Odyssey" embraces some representative sections and highlights of Doctor Heiser's complete autobiography, to be published later by W. W. Norton and Company under the same title. . . . Doctor Heiser's book has also been selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club to distribute to its members.

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dent our royal guest was struck on the head with a ball. The game was stopped, and the Prince was carried off the field.

General Wood exclaimed, "Come on, Heiser! We'd better go over." We jumped into his automobile and dashed across the field to the stable, where we found the Prince lying on a bench with an incised-and-a-half cut on his forehead. A severed artery was spurring a stream of blood with each heartbeat.

The Prince, still conscious, blinked up at me with his one good eye and said, "Won't you look after me, doctor, and have my surgeon help you?"

I clapped a compress on the wound at once and said, "We'd better do the rest of the dressing at Malacanang. The stable's not a good place."

Tetanus germs may always be lurking about a stable; consequently the recognized practice was to give an antitetanus injection for any wound received in the vicinity of one. But I knew that the only serum in town at the moment had been causing the most violent reactions.

I was in a quandary. I retired to meditate. "If the Prince dies of tetanus, I shall be condemned by the entire world for not having given him the injection. On the other hand, if I give him the serum and he dies of that, the result will be equally bad." I had in my care the most valuable asset of the British Empire; his life might be in my keeping.

I went myself for the serum to the hospital, where I received dubious assurance that it was safe. Hoping I was

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